

## Mockingbird and Liarbird

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### Relationships:

Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/ Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi

### Characters:

Midoriya Izuku, Shinsou Hitoshi, Midoriya Inko, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Class 1-B (My Hero Academia), Kan Sekijirou | Vlad King, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Hatsume Mei, League of Villains (My Hero Academia), Sensei | All For One, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight, Takami Keigo | Hawks, Wild Wild Pussycats (My Hero Academia)

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Cuddles all around, Inko Hizashi and Shouta are the trifecta of good parents, they support their boys wholeheartedly while still worrying, Hizashi and Inko will feed you, You can't escape this fate, Protective Shinsou Hitoshi, Bullying, Disassociation, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Protective Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Good Parent Midoriya Inko, Good Parent Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Good Parent Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Best Friend Hatsume Mei, Hatsume Mei is a Good Friend, Mei is the crazy that holds their group together, Mei and Izuku are science buddies, Hitoshi's just along for the ride and to put out their fires, Boys Kissing, Boys In Love, Izuku and Hitoshi being idiots, it works out in the end, Partially Deaf Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Married Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic

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Part 1 of [The Tale of Mockingbird and Liarbird](#)

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[My Hero Academia Fics That Light My Life](#), [Orahime's favourite fics featuring Deku, MHA, Histórias topzinhas](#), [My Favourite Bnha stories to read](#), [Completed stories I've read](#), [Marmalade's MHA Mayhem ^\\_^](#), [Bnha fanfic who has my heart](#), [Creative Chaos Discord Recs](#), 🍉 [Melon's heart is held hostage by these wonderful fics](#) 🍉

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# Mockingbird and Liarbird

by [Reiya\\_Wakayama](#)

## Summary

Izuku spends a lot of his life silent, unable to open his mouth. Not because he can't but because everyone is afraid of his quirk. They call him voice stealer, even though that's not how his quirk actually works. He just wants someone to talk to who isn't afraid of him and won't call him villain for something he can't help.

He just wants friends who won't turn on him and to show the world that he is not a villain, despite what everyone seems to think.

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Hitoshi has spent his life since his quirk came in being passed from one home to another, never staying long enough before his foster parents decide he's too much of a risk, or claiming he went after another foster kid to send him back only to start the whole process again.

He just wants someone to see him and not his quirk, to not be tossed aside like yesterday's trash and to not be afraid of talking for fear of being accused of using his quirk. Is it too much to ask for to be treated like a person and not a villain?

## Notes

This one is a fun fic. I'm not sure where I got the idea but BAM!, here it is. It's still a work in progress but I've got it written up to the Hero Killer Arc and I'm planning to finish after Kamino arc.

There's plans for a second fic that takes follows this one but from Inko, Hizashi and Shouta's POVs, and possibly another that continues to after with the Shie Hassaikai arc and maybe the Liberation arc, but for now, that's a big maybe as I still have to finish this one.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Summary

Izuku is born mute.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Izuku is born mute.

He remembers that much. He remembers struggling to communicate with the other kids because he couldn't speak and none of them knew sign language. Remembers being mocked because he couldn't talk and going home in tears as he soundlessly voices his frustrated sadness because he just wants to be normal as his mother hums and pets his curls.

His quirk doesn't come in at four like everyone else and for a while there, they think he's quirkless which just adds a whole different pattern to his torments as the other kids find new ways to make fun of him: worthless, defective, quirkless...Deku.

He's six the first time he speaks only...it's not his voice that comes out. His mother had been talking on the phone and Izuku had wanted a cookie but she wasn't paying attention and can't see him signing at her and it just...comes out...his mother's voice comes out of his throat.

Needless to say, they're both shocked, his mother hanging up quickly to look at him. After a few more tries, it happens again and Izuku bursts into tears because he's talking but it's not even his voice. He stole his mother's voice.

They go to a quirk specialist the next day and after many extensive tests and Izuku nervously demonstrating his new ability, even stealing the doctor's voice, they soon quickly narrow down what his quirk is. A quirk councilor confirms it after a few more sessions and they soon have a name for his quirk: Voice Box.

Izuku doesn't have a voice. The doctors confirmed it already after many tests. His vocal cords never developed right when he was still in his mother and so he can't actually physically speak. Instead, his quirk allows him to copy other people's voices he's heard and reuse them as

his own voice. He can even copy sounds, which is pretty cool. The doctors patiently explain that he doesn't steal people's voices. They can still talk with their voice, even after he copies it.

Of course, his classmates don't see it that way. Voice Thief and Voice Stealer becomes the new chants they throw at him after his new quirk is announced to his class, Izuku using a voice he heard on TV to speak quietly. It usually goes three ways when it comes to others and his quirk: they either refuse to speak to him thinking he can steal their voices, they try to get him to mimic sounds like he's some parrot on display for their amusement, or they lash out at him for stealing their voice even though that's not how his quirk works at all.

Izuku soon learns over the years it's better to remain silent than to engage with any of them, refusing to speak unless he absolutely has to and getting away with signing when he can. He does play around with his quirk at home though when his mother's away at work.

He quickly learns that he can copy any sound. If it makes a sound, he can recreate it. He remembers every sound, too. He can recall exactly the way a jar of pickles pops open when its seal is broken like he's just heard it, or the way Kacchan's explosions pop like pop rocks in your mouth when he's uses his quirk, though they've gotten louder here recently. He can also throw his voice, making a sound appear to be coming from somewhere else without opening his mouth which means he technically doesn't even need to move his mouth to speak but that makes people even more uncomfortable so he still does it.

It takes a bit of practice, but he soon learns to make new sounds he's never heard. Mixing voices and sounds in interesting ways and he eventually finds a mix of voices he likes and wants to use as 'his' voice, what he'd wanted his voice to sound like when he was younger before his quirk came in.

By the time elementary ends, Izuku has a good grasp on his quirk and no friends, but that's okay. His first day of middle school dawns as he expects with Kacchan being the center of attention and everyone avoiding talking to him as the others warn those who don't know about his quirk.

Four days later, a late arrival is introduced to class. Izuku perks up a bit because new people are interesting with new voices to study. The young teen that comes into class has a head full of messy purple hair, stony purple eyes and the shadow of bruises across his face.

Yodoru-sensei introduces him as Shinso Hitoshi who had suddenly changed schools right at the start of the semester and it's why he was starting so late. Yodoru-sensei makes him reveal his quirk, despite the obvious discomfort at doing so and the class grows quiet with a few mutterings as he tells them: Brainwashing.

Nervous eyes watch Shinso as he walks to his seat, the boy ignoring them with shoulders hunched. Izuku sends him a little wave but if he sees it, he doesn't react and then the class is forced to look ahead as Yodoru-sensei starts the announcements.

Lunch comes around and Izuku looks around for Shinso but doesn't see him at first until he spots a head of purple hair heading down the hall away from the cafeteria. Taking his tray, Izuku silently follows, no one looking his way and it takes a few minutes to find Shinso sitting outside near the wall under a tree.

Izuku shuffles his feet as he gets closer and Shinso looks up with a glare at Izuku, as if waiting for Izuku to make fun of him or something. "H-Hi, Shinso-san...um can I join you?" Izuku asks nervously.

Shinso stares at him for a long moment before huffing and looking away with a shrug, "Not like I can stop you," he grumbles and oh, he has a really nice voice, low and soothing, with a bit of a hum to it that makes Izuku want to see if he can recreate it.

Izuku sits with space between them and notices Shinso doesn't have any food. "D-Do you want to share?" Izuku offers.

"No thank you," Shinso huffs, pulling an apple out of his pocket and taking a bite and Izuku nods, taking a bite of his own food.

They don't see one of their classmates come up until she's standing over them with a derisive smirk on her face. "Oh look, the Voice Stealer's made a friend. Guess even future villains want friends," she mocks with a laugh before walking off and Izuku can feel his hands tremble as he stares down at his food, the bite he just took feeling like a lump of lead in his stomach.

Shinso, when Izuku peeks up at him, is staring at him with a contemplative look on his face. "Why did she call you that...Voice Stealer?" he asks curiously but Izuku doesn't hear any trace of fear in his voice.

Izuku sighs, setting his chopsticks aside on his tray that's on his lap.

“Because of my quirk,” Izuku admits softly. “I can copy voices,” Izuku explains, using the girl’s voice that just left them.

Shinso blinks in surprise. “That’s pretty cool,” he admits. “Why do they call you Voice Stealer though?” he asks.

Izuku fidgets with his fingers. “Because technically I was born without a voice, I’m mute. My vocal cords didn’t develop right and before my quirk came in, I was mute. I can only talk using my quirk and only using other people’s voices,” Izuku admits quietly.

“Oh,” Shinso says softly and Izuku waits for him to get up and walk away. Finally, he speaks up, “Can you do mine?” he asks.

Izuku jerks his head up in surprise and sees him grinning. “I can do yours,” Izuku says with Shinso’s voice and frowns because that hum he heard in Shinso’s voice isn’t there. “Is your quirk voice based?” Izuku asks in his regular voice.

Shinso flinches a bit and then nods. “If you respond to a question, I can brainwash you,” he admits softly.

“That’s pretty cool too,” Izuku says with a grin. “I think I can hear it in your voice,” he admits softly, “like this little hum just in hearing range,” Izuku explains excitedly and Shinso blinks in surprise.

“You’re not afraid of me brainwashing you?” he asks in shock.

“You’re not afraid of me ‘stealing’ your voice, why should I be afraid of you brainwashing me?” Izuku asks and cocks his head to the side. “I happen to think it’s an awesome quirk.”

Shinso looks down with a slight flush on his cheeks but Izuku can see a bit of a smile. “Thanks, yours is awesome too,” he mutters. “My foster dad would just love your quirk. He’s got a voice based quirk too,” he adds.

“Really, that’s cool,” Izuku says excitedly and they soon get lost in conversation, only interrupted by the bell ringing for the end of lunch. That afternoon, Izuku goes home with a smile on his face and a brand new friend’s number in his phone.

## Chapter End Notes

Aw, my sunshine boy Izuku making friends. Hitoshi never stood a chance. Next chapter is Hitoshi's side of things when they first

meet.



# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

Hitoshi is so tired of this.

## Chapter Notes

I lied!!! Well, I didn't lie. I was planning to do one chapter a week, but I'm weak and really wanted to post the next chapter, so enjoy my weakness. I'm just about written up to the forest training camp arc so this is close to being done, ending just after the whole Kamino arc. Enjoy.

Also, I haven't decided if once I finish it to post the rest all at once or to do a trickle of a chapter every few days, but look forward to more frequent posts once it's done. :)

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TW: bullying, disassociation, muzzles

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hitoshi stares ahead blankly as his social worker makes call after call, trying to get him a new placement. This is the sixth foster home in the last year that has sent him back because they feared his quirk. He hadn't even used it. Not once and they still acted like he was one second away from snapping and using it to take control of every person in that house.

He hates it. He can hear the frustration creeping into Ashina-san's voice as another potential foster home says no after looking up his file and seeing his quirk and the list of complaints filed against him, despite the fact that none of the complaints had any truth to them. Unfortunately, complaints had to be filed, no matter how right they are and any potential foster or group home can see them.

He wonders if he's going back to the orphanage or if they'll just throw him in one of those detention facilities for people with dangerous quirks. He's surprised Ashina hasn't given up on him already, but there's a determined set to her jaw that says she's sunk her teeth in and she's not letting go. He's a little grateful she hasn't given up on him.

"Sorry Shinso-kun, it'll be a while. Here, take this and go get a drink

or something,” Ashina says, holding out some bills and he smiles gratefully. He hadn’t even had time to eat breakfast before Ashina had shown up and he’d left with just a rolling suitcase and duffle bag of all his worldly possessions which amounted to just clothes for the most part.

There’s a small cafeteria in the building that is mainly for potential guardians and adopters to use as a bit of neutral ground for first meetings if they want or for staff to grab food from. Hitoshi just aims for the coffee machine and grabs a cup and a blueberry muffin, handing the money over and getting the change back.

Hitoshi wanders for a bit, staying in the building, but not really paying attention to where he’s going and barely stops in time as he turns a corner and almost runs smack into someone. Hands come up to grab his shoulders to stop him from tipping and Hitoshi mutters out a quiet thanks.

“No problem, little listener,” a familiar voice says and Hitoshi snaps his head up so fast he’s sure to have whiplash to see Present Mic standing there in his hero costume. “I didn’t hurt you did I?” he asks with concern.

“Ah...um, no,” Hitoshi manages to get out, not sure how to act around one of his favorite heroes.

“Good, good, I’d hate to have done that,” he says with a laugh and puts a little space between them. “What are you doing all on your lonesome here?” he asks with a grin.

Hitoshi doesn’t even try to censor his words and says in his most tired voice, “Waiting for someone to take me in only to toss me back in a few months,” he says honestly and Mic blinks in shock at his candid words.

“Well that doesn’t sound good,” he murmurs with a frown.

Hitoshi shrugs, “Welcome to my life,” he mutters and turns to walk away before he can say anything else to make matters worse. He doesn’t wait to see if the hero will say anything else, just finds the elevator he’d passed and heads back up to his floor.

Ashina is still on the phone and it doesn’t look like she’s found anyone in the time since he’s been gone so with a sigh, he settles in one of the chairs outside her office and just sips his now lukewarm coffee and breathes through the roiling emotions in his chest with his eyes closed

and head resting on the wall behind him.

He's not expecting to have someone take the chair next to him and he peeks open an eye to see Present Mic seated beside him, a cup of coffee in his hand and holding out a fresh one to Hitoshi. "How many so far?" he asks as Hitoshi takes the proffered drink with a faint smile.

"Six in the last eleven months," Hitoshi mutters and Mic winces in sympathy.

"I remember that part," he mutters.

"You were in the system?" Hitoshi asks curiously.

Mic hums softly. "I was born with my quirk. I deafened my birth parents and the medical team helping my mother have me. I bounced through a lot of homes after they gave me up before I found one that stuck. Spent some time in a muzzle too," he adds, knowing eyes taking in the faint scars around Hitoshi's face from too tight leather rubbing the skin raw.

"I'm sorry," Hitoshi says softly and Mic gives a knowing smile. "I can brainwash people," Hitoshi whispers, like it will lessen the blow. "If they respond to my words, I can take control of them."

"And so they cast you as guilty and villain before ever giving you a chance," Mic says sadly and Hitoshi doesn't know how to take that, someone getting it in one fell swoop and not blaming him for it. Everyone always blames him for people throwing him out, everyone, but Ashina-san...and apparently Present Mic. Hitoshi's throat grows tight with a lump and he has to blink a few times to keep the tears at bay, but he's sure Mic sees it anyways.

The hero gives him a moment to collect himself, typing away at his phone that chimes with incoming texts before he smiles big and bright. He types a long string of something into his phone and sends it before standing up. "Well, maybe seven is your lucky number," Mic says and walks into Ashina's office.

Hitoshi stares in surprise, craning his head to follow Mic's path and the man closes the door behind him as Ashina looks up in surprise. Hitoshi can see them through the fogged glass somewhat, but he can't hear what they're saying.

Finally, after nearly thirty minutes of back and forth between them, Ashina making a few phone calls and typing quickly at her computer,

she prints something out and Mic quickly signs it with a grin. The door finally opens and Hitoshi looks up to see Ashina walking out with Mic, a smile on her face with a hint of relief because she'd been working all morning without any results.

Hitoshi glances between the two of them. "Well, Shinso-kun, it would seem we have a new placement for you," she says with a bigger smile and Hitoshi looks between her and Mic, eyes growing wide.

"What?" he gasps out in shock.

Mic just grins brighter, "Yep, little listener. Just got the okay from my husband and you're coming to live with us. We've been working on getting considered for fostering for a while so it wasn't hard to convince him, so welcome to the family," he says with a wink.

"What?" Hitoshi asks again.

~\*~

Present Mic, or Yamada Hizashi as Hitoshi soon learns, is very loud, very blonde and *very* energetic. He also doesn't seem the least bit afraid of Hitoshi's quirk and in fact asks a few questions about it that Hitoshi has trouble answering because he's had no one to work with aside from a few government mandated sessions with a quirk councilor to figure it out.

He explains that he actually has three jobs as a pro hero, a radio host and an English teacher for Yuuei. He's married to his husband Aizawa Shouta, has been for the last seven years now. They live in a nice apartment that they share with three cats that 'followed' his husband home.

All in all, it sounds nice, but Hitoshi's not going to get his hopes up only for them to be dashed. He'd learned that lesson a long time ago, but still, it seems to be one of his better placements and according to Yamada, call me Hizashi, Hitoshi will have his own room which is a nice change.

They pull up to the apartment complex that Hizashi lives at, pulling into the parking garage after Hizashi flashes his ID to the security guard there. "This is a guarded complex for heroes," Hizashi explains at Hitoshi's curious glance. "We'll get you your own ID to get in and out tomorrow, but for now, let's just focus on getting you settled in, yes," he says with a grin and Hitoshi nods.

They take the elevator up to the fourth floor, Hizashi insisting on carrying his duffle bag and Hitoshi follows him with his rolling case down the hall to stop before a door with the number 407 on it. Hizashi pulls out a key and unlocks the door before ushering him in ahead of him.

Hitoshi looks around as he stands in the foyer and is surprised by how nice it looks. Lots of open space, big picture windows off to the side, a large kitchen he can just make out from his vantage point. He slips off his sneakers, setting them off to the side with the other shoes and finds a pair of slippers already set out for him which...is honestly the strangest thing of all. In all the homes he's been in, none had ever done that. He'd never even had his own set, either going barefoot, or using guest slippers. They're a dark blue, almost black color.

"Well, come on, don't be shy. Shouta stepped out to grab a few things since this was a bit sudden, but he should be back soon. So, this is where you'll be living from now on. Kitchen's there. Eat what you want, no need to ask. Living room, dining area, that hall leads to the main bathroom, your room and our room which has its own bathroom. There's a gym on the second floor of the building if you want somewhere to work out and there's a few conbinis nearby if you ever want to run for a snack," Hizashi explains quickly.

He leads Hitoshi down the hall and opens a door. "It's just a guest room right now, but we'll go shopping this weekend to get some things to make it more your room, okay," Hizashi says with a smile and Hitoshi nods, everything feeling a bit surreal right now.

Hitoshi sets his rolling suitcase aside, Hizashi setting his duffle bag on the bed and they hear a meow. Looking down, Hitoshi sees a small ragdoll cat come slinking into the room, rubbing along the edge of the doorframe as it blinks bright blue eyes up at them. "This is Duchess," Hizashi says, bending to pick up the cat and holds her out to Hitoshi.

Duchess sniffs his hand before she butts her head against his hand and he grins. He always did love cats. "She's our more easy going cat. There's a temperamental orange and white cat named Bastard who's probably hiding somewhere. He'll come out when he's ready. It might take a few days for him to acknowledge your existence," Hizashi explains and Hitoshi nods. "The third one is a female tuxedo named Fritz. She's a bit of a spaz and she's probably sleeping somewhere in a sunbeam," Hizashi finishes.

The front door opens quietly and Duchess jumps down to go

investigate. “Sho must be back. Now, he can be a bit intimidating at first, but he’s got a soft heart, okay?” Hizashi says softly and Hitoshi nods, bracing himself for the worst.

He follows Hizashi into the main part of the living room and sees a dark haired man with his back to them as he toes off his boots while bending to pet Duchess as she winds through his legs. He straightens, a couple of plastic bags in his hands crinkling at the movement and as he turns around, Hitoshi stares because he looks kind of familiar like he’s seen his face before, but not like Present Mic’s who is automatically familiar.

“Sho, thanks for grabbing extra supplies,” Hizashi says with a smile, leaning into press a kiss to his cheek. “Shinso-kun, this is Aizawa Shouta. Sho, this is Shinso Hitoshi,” Hizashi introduces.

Dark eyes with shadows under them glance over Hitoshi, taking in his thin form and pausing the longest on the faint scars that are visible on his face. “Hey kid,” he finally greets gruffly, handing off the bags to Hizashi before bending to pick up Duchess who hasn’t stopped demanding attention. “Cats or dogs?” he asks abruptly and Hitoshi blinks.

“Cats,” Hitoshi says automatically and a small smirk cross his face as Hizashi huffs in amusement.

“We’ll get along fine then,” Aizawa says with a nod as he scratches behind Duchess’ ears.

It finally clicks just where he’s seen this man before when he glances passed him and can see hanging on a hook by the door is a familiar white, bandage like scarf and a pair of yellow goggles just peeking out from underneath it.

“Problem?” Aizawa asks with a frown.

Hitoshi quickly shakes his head, “N-no, just...you’re...you’re Eraserhead,” he manages to get out.

Dark brows go up. “And how do you know that?” he asks, sounding more amused than anything else, but with a hint of an edge to his voice.

“I’m on a few underground hero forums,” Hitoshi admits softly. “There are a few grainy photos of you on there, but I didn’t realize until I saw the scarf and goggles,” he admits, rubbing at the back of

his neck nervously. Did he fuck this up already?

Aizawa snorts softly, “Relax, kid. I’m not going to jump you. I’m just surprised is all. I’ve had pros not recognize me, even in my get up,” he jokes and Hitoshi nods. “Glad to see you’ve got a good head on you,” Aizawa says and walks towards the kitchen, letting Duchess slide to the floor to run off.

The rest of the day is awkward as Hitoshi tries to come to terms with the fact that not only are two of his favorite heroes married, but that he’s now living with them. He meets the other two cats in the apartment, has an awkward dinner where mainly Hizashi speaks, trying to draw Hitoshi into conversation and then goes to bed in a room that’s too quiet after years of having to share.

He wakes up the next morning with Bastard lying on his chest and glaring down at him.

Things ease after a few days of awkwardness. Hitoshi gets his ID to come and go in the apartment complex, and he talks a bit more with both Hizashi and Shouta, the man saying he can call him Shouta if he wants. He learns that Shouta likes his coffee strong enough to wake the dead while Hizashi drinks tea instead. That Hizashi is very much a morning person, and Shouta like Hitoshi, isn’t, though Hitoshi’s is more from his insomnia and paranoia from his previous placements.

Things settle and though Hitoshi keeps waiting for the two heroes to get rid of him, neither act like they care one whit about his quirk or even act like they fear it. Hizashi does ask him about schooling and where he would like to go since it’s almost time start his first year of middle school.

Hitoshi says he doesn’t care. He’s bounced around so much in the last few years that he’s been to quite a few schools so Hizashi enrolls him with a nicer school near where they live. It’s within walking distance, so that’s nice.

They take him to buy things to decorate his room which Hitoshi does a bit reluctantly because there’s no point to doing that if he’s just going to be leaving in a few months once they get tired of him, but if they want to waste their money, he’ll bite.

The rest of the month leading up to his first day is spent getting him school supplies, getting his uniforms and just preparing himself for another shitty year of no friends and everyone avoiding talking to him. Hizashi packs him a lunch much to Hitoshi’s surprise and offers

to walk with him to school, but Hitoshi declines. He's got to get to Yuuei for work with Shouta who apparently *also* works there and he doesn't want to make them late.

With a reluctant nod, Hizashi sees him off at the door and with a reminder to text them if he needs them. They don't care how inane the reason. Hitoshi nods, not expecting to do so, but indulging the blonde.

It goes about how he expects it to with any first day. They all introduce themselves and are forced to tell their quirks and the moment the words are out of his mouth, he can feel the air shift around him: tension, fear and stares all centered on him.

Hitoshi sits down and ignores the looks and whispers of 'villain' he can just catch. He ignores it all through morning classes until lunch rolls around. Not wanting to deal with people staring, he decides to go eat lunch outside and as he's passing through a hall, a group of upper classmen, four second years, and a girl he recognizes from his class crowd around him.

Hitoshi learned a long time ago that it's pointless to fight them when he's so outnumbered. He ends up stuffed into a janitor's closet that's locked behind him with a muzzle strapped far too tightly around his face and the jeering laughter of the other students as they walk away congratulating each other on 'capturing the villain'.

Hitoshi sits in the closest for a while with his arms wrapped around his knees. He's not sure how much time passes before he finally pulls himself out of that hazy place he retreats to when this stuff happens. He pulls out his phone and sees it's already been two hours and no one has come to let him out.

Pulling up his contacts, he types a text with shaky fingers as his vision swims with tears.

*SH: Can you come pick me up?*

*SH: Please.*

He honestly doesn't expect a response or for them to say they can't. It's what any other foster parent would have done. Instead he gets a response almost instantly.

*AS: I'm on my way. Twenty minutes tops.*



Hitoshi loses track of time again before a text alert has him looking at his phone.

*AS: Here. Where are you?*

Hitoshi types out a response slowly.

*SH: Janitor's closet, first floor by the cafeteria.*

He waits and waits until he hears rapid footsteps and the handle of the door jiggles. There's a muttered curse, something clicking against the handle before the lock clicks and Hitoshi squints at the sudden light to see Shouta standing there staring at him with wide eyes.

A range of emotions Hitoshi can't even begin to decipher passes across his face before he finally seems to get control of himself, eyes softening as he kneels in front of Hitoshi. "Hey kid, easy," he murmurs softly like Hitoshi is some scared, cornered animal. "Is it okay if I touch you?" he asks, holding a hand out and Hitoshi nods slightly, still hugging his knees.

Shouta smiles gently, reaching out and Hitoshi has to keep himself from flinching as Shouta reaches for his face, but the man keeps going passed to feel along the straps of the muzzle before he curses softly. "I'm going to have to cut this. It might feel a little tight, is that alright?" he asks and Hitoshi nods.

Reaching behind him, Shouta pulls out a knife and gently brings it to Hitoshi's face, fitting the blade under the strap and with gentle motions, slowly saws through the thick leather strap. It eventually parts and Hitoshi sighs faintly as the pressure it had been putting on his head releases.

Shouta pulls back and gently helps him pull the muzzle off his face with a heavy scowl at the object before he tucks it out of sight. "Are you hurt anywhere else?" he asks softly and Hitoshi pulls back his sleeve where a bruise is forming where his arm had hit the doorframe as they shoved him in.

"Okay, we'll look at it in a bit. You okay to walk?" he asks and Hitoshi nods silently, unfolding with a grimace as his muscles protest and Shouta grips his arm gently to keep him steady as he finds his balance. Letting go, Shouta steps back so Hitoshi can step out of the room and into the hall.

"Come on, I need to have a long talk with your principal," Shouta says

lowly and Hitoshi eyes the man before following him silently. He sits in one of the office chairs staring at his feet while Shouta talks with Yukimura-san in the other room. Hitoshi can't hear what is said, but every once in a while he hears raised voices.

By the time an hour passes, the door finally opens and Shouta storms out angrily, Yukimura-san pale and sweating, nervous eyes glancing around at the other staff watching the scene unfold. "You'll be hearing from my lawyers tomorrow and we will be pressing charges against the ones who did this and the school," Shouta says scathingly before stopping in front of Hitoshi.

The man reins in his anger, letting it out on a long breath before smiling faintly at Hitoshi. "Come on, kid. Let's get out of here. You won't be coming back," he says decisively and Hitoshi nods silently, following him out of the school and towards where he parked in the visitor parking.

They ride in silence, Hitoshi gripping his school bag to his chest as Shouta silently stares ahead as he drives, fingers drumming on the steering wheel. "I'm sorry," Hitoshi whispers, the first words he's said since this whole thing happened.

"Why are you sorry?" Shouta asks, dark eyes flicking over to Hitoshi before looking ahead back to the road.

"I made you come all the way down here," Hitoshi whispers, hands fisting on his bag nervously.

Hitoshi sees the man's hands tighten so hard on the steering wheel his knuckles go white and he ducks his head. Slowly, Shouta lets out a long breath on a sigh and eases the car off the road and parks it. He looks at Hitoshi with an unreadable expression.

"Shinso, I'm not mad at you," Shouta says evenly and Hitoshi looks up at him. "I'm furious, but not at you. What those students did to you, what the school tried to brush off, that was wrong. Not only was it against the law, it was wrong on so many levels. You shouldn't have to live in fear of someone trying to muzzle you every time you speak," Shouta presses on him.

"Why do you care?" Hitoshi asks suddenly, completely confused by what is going on. "No one ever cares. They pretend and put on a show, but they never do. Why do you care?" he asks sharply.

Shouta doesn't look taken aback by his outburst or annoyed by his

sharp words. He looks understanding, like he knows exactly where Hitoshi is coming from. “We care because we’ve both been there. I know what it’s like to be called villain, to be judged by others before they even know me because of my quirk. Hizashi knows what it’s like to be silenced and passed from one home to another like some unwanted object. We know, *Hitoshi*,” he says, using his name with a strange emphasis. “We want you to have a place where you can feel safe to speak and not fear you’ll be kicked out at the first inconvenience.”

Hitoshi can’t stop the tears that overflow his eyes, wiping quickly at them to try and stop the flow. “Sorry,” he whispers again, sniffing, but they won’t stop.

“Don’t be sorry. There’s nothing to be sorry about for crying,” Shouta says softly, pulling Hitoshi into a hug and Hitoshi grips his scarf tightly as he cries quietly, Shouta’s arms tight around him. He cries for a few minutes before he pulls away and then they eventually pull back into traffic after Shouta pulls a pack of tissues out of the glove box and hands them over. The rest of the ride is quiet, but not like before and they arrive back at the apartment a few minutes later.

Hizashi is waiting there, pacing in the living room as they enter and he straightens as they close the door. Hitoshi is exhausted, physically and emotionally. “What happened?” Hizashi demands quickly, seeing the blooming bruises on Hitoshi’s face from the too tight muzzle.

“I’ll explain in a moment. Why don’t you go take a nap? We’ll call you when dinner’s ready,” Shouta suggests and Hitoshi nods in agreement, smiling wanly at Hizashi before heading to his room. He lies on his bed, Duchess and Fritz curled up with him and purring. He can’t sleep, still too keyed up to do so and can hear the soft murmurs coming from the kitchen where Hizashi and Shouta are making an early dinner.

He finally does seem to doze a bit, because he starts at a soft knock at his door and Hizashi pokes his head in with a small smile to say dinner is ready if he’s hungry. “Okay,” Hitoshi murmurs and disentangles himself from the two cats and sits up, rubbing at his eyes and wincing when he presses a bruise by accident.

The table is already set when he stumbles out, Hizashi and Shouta already sitting when Hitoshi sits in his spot and they serve out the food. “How are you feeling?” Hizashi asks gently, green eyes glancing over his face. He’s not looked in a mirror yet, but he’s sure the bruising is stark on his pale skin in a familiar pattern he’s seen before.

“Okay,” Hitoshi says wanly after swallowing a bite. “Tired,” he admits.

“I’m sure,” Hizashi agrees with an understanding smile. “You’re not going back to that school so you can sleep in tomorrow. We’ll figure out where you will be going and hopefully it’ll only take a few days to get it sorted. We’re not angry with you, okay? This is not your fault. We’re not going to be kicking you out because of this or anything else. You’re here to stay, got it?” Hizashi says forcefully, but with a grin.

Hitoshi gives a wan smile and nods, “Got it.” A small part of him hopes this is true. The night goes by quickly after that and Hitoshi goes to bed early. For once, he sleeps, exhausted by his day and wakes, not refreshed, but at least glad he doesn’t have to go back there, though it just means he has to start over at a new school.

Hizashi and Shouta come home that afternoon to say that they got him into a new school a little further away, Aldera Middle School. They accepted the late transfer and while he won’t be going in just yet, he will in a few days once they get his new uniforms in. Nothing is said about his previous school, but Hitoshi does catch the tail end of a few phone calls to someone about it so he assumes Shouta kept good on his promise to bring in lawyers.

It’s the end of the week, right before the weekend, when Hitoshi goes to his new school, Shouta accompanying him to the school early to have a ‘talk’ with his principal and explaining in very clear words what will happen if anything like what happened at Hitoshi’s last school happens here. Yagura-san agrees quickly that they have a strict anti-discrimination and bullying policy they uphold and will make sure nothing like that happens here.

Shouta gives him the stink eye for a long moment before nodding and walking Hitoshi out of the office. “You going to be okay kid?” he asks softly.

Hitoshi shrugs, “I guess. Can’t be any worse than the last school,” he mutters and Shouta snorts softly.

“Please don’t jinx us, problem child,” he mutters, but the way he says ‘problem child’ sounds more like an endearment than a comment on the trouble Hitoshi’s already caused. “Anything happens, you call us or text us, okay? We’ll be keeping an eye on our phones,” he promises and Hitoshi nods.

Shouta sighs softly and pats his head a little which is weird, but in a

nice way and Hitoshi ducks his head. "Hopefully, this will be a good day. Try to learn something," he orders and Hitoshi nods before Shouta gives one last nod and walks out of the school to head to Yuuei.

"Shinso-san," a woman speaks up and he looks over to see one of the principal's assistants waiting for him by the door. "I'll show you to your homeroom," she says with a smile and he nods.

He follows silently behind her and they soon end up at a room where he can hear the buzzing of voices. She waves for him to wait a moment and then knocks before stepping in briefly. The door opens a few seconds later and Hitoshi walks into the room.

Like usual, the class stares at the new kid, some excited, some curious, some not caring one bit. He can already spot one of the favored kids, a blonde with his feet up on his desk and popping off tiny explosions without anyone telling him off...another golden boy with a perfect 'heroic' quirk.

He ignores the class as he monotonously gives his name and begrudgingly tells them what his quirk is while watching as the wave of curiosity fades, eyes becoming guarded, fear entering a few faces. Some still look curious, but he recognizes that form of curious and knows it won't be good for him if they try to get close to him. He's had people try to befriend him before just to try and use his quirk for their own gains.

He takes the seat he's directed to and spends the rest of class ignoring the stares and whispers around him, focusing ahead on the board and trying to do as Shouta said and learn something, but unfortunately, half of it is lost on him.

Lunch finally rolls around and he gratefully slips away from his class. Rather than attempting to eat lunch like last time, Hitoshi just heads straight out of the building to avoid people, an apple and a few snacks tucked into his pockets to tide him over until he can get home.

He's honestly expecting to be ignored and left alone for the most part, so when someone walks over and asks to sit with him, he reacts with sarcasm. He recognizes the other boy from his class. He hadn't said a single word in any of their classes, nor had any of the teachers called on him.

He's not expecting the vitriol one of their classmates throws not just at him, but at the other boy, Midoriya Izuku he introduced himself as.

When he explains what they meant by Voice Stealer, Hitoshi had been intrigued because here is another person like him labelled villain despite the fact that he's just a ray of sunshine, the boy's grins nearly as blinding as Hizashi's.

They talk over the course of their lunch and by the time they head back to class Hitoshi has a new number in his phone and possibly a new friend, which he's not had in a long time.

The apartment is empty by the time he gets home since Yuuei is much further than his school and they both have stuff they have to do after classes get out. So Hitoshi grabs a snack, pulls out his textbooks to start working on the homework they sent home and sets his phone to the side to listen to some music as he works at the living room table.

A half an hour later, his phone dings and he sees a text.

*MI: Hi Shinso-san.*

*MI: Um, just wanted to say hi and say if you want to hang out sometime, I wouldn't mind.*

*MI: Only if you want to though.*

*MI: It's fine if you don't.*

*MI: I'm sure you're busy and have other plans as well.*

*MI: Sorry if I'm disturbing you.*

Hitoshi snorts at how the other boy types how he talks before responding.

*SH: Sure, though I'll have to talk with my foster parents about hanging out. You're not disturbing me. I'm just working on our math homework which is kicking my ass.*

*MI: Oh, yes. I'm working on English right now.*

*MI: I could help you with the math stuff if you haven't finished.*

*SH: Please! How about we hang out tomorrow afternoon? As far as I'm aware, I've got no plans. Maybe meet up at the burger place by school and grab a bite while we work?*

*MI: They have good fries, so yes.*

*MI: I'll text you later. I've got to help with dinner.*

*SH: Sure. I'll text you a time once I have a better idea of when.*

*MI: Okay. Bye.*

Hitoshi grins and looks up as the door opens to see Shouta and Hizashi coming in. "We're home," they call out.

"Hey," Hitoshi says from his spot.

"How was your day?" Hizashi asks eagerly as he toes off his shoes, Shouta pulling off his scarf to hang with his goggles on their hook behind him.

"It was...okay I guess," Hitoshi admits with a shrug. "Better than last time." He fidgets with his pencil. "I...uh, made a friend," he admits quietly.

"Oh, that awesome. It's always nice to make friends," Hizashi says and Shouta huffs behind Hizashi where the blonde still hasn't moved from the foyer and gently pushes him out of the way.

"Um...is it okay if I hang out with him tomorrow and work on homework?" he asks quietly.

"Of course," Hizashi assures him with a grin. "If you want, you can bring him over as well," he adds brightly, entirely too eager to meet his new friend.

"Uh, I don't think we're quite on that level yet and he might implode when he realizes just who you are," Hitoshi admits, recalling Midoriya's long ramble on his favorite heroes and quirks. "Maybe later though."

Hizashi just laughs as Shouta collapses on the couch, Bastard appearing from the hall and jumping up on the man to cuddle with his purr rumbling loudly in the room. "Alright, well I hope we can meet him soon. Now, I'm going to go take a shower and then we can make dinner," he declares and Hitoshi nods, turning back to his homework.

"Glad to hear you didn't jinx your day," Shouta murmurs from place on the couch and Hitoshi just snorts and goes back to his homework with a grin.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Hitoshi, my bean is being bullied, but he's landed in a good place. Shouta would agree with his assessment of Hizashi: he is very loud and very blonde, but's he still loves him, otherwise why would he have married him.

Burgers and friendship are up next.



# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Hamburgers and quirk analysis are the keys to the start of a beautiful friendship.

## Chapter Notes

Another chapter. So I was hit with a major muse for this fic and I *might* have finished it after four days of constant work on it. What can I say, it just gripped me and wouldn't let me go until I finished it.

I plan to release a few chapters at a time rather than one huge dump of fic. There will be a second fic to this. It's going to be the Shie Hassasaikai arc and *maybe* the Liberation War arc (haven't decided, we'll see once I actually start writing) manly because I have a mighty need to see big brother Hitoshi with his new sister Eri, plus more of my boys being so cute with each other. I also plan on starting the fic that will follow this one and the second one which will be from the various POVs of Inko, Hizashi and Shouta, so look forward to that.

Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku fidgets nervously as he waits for Shinso to arrive. He'd arrived a bit earlier than they planned to meet up, too nervous to wait around and his mother had shooed him off after he'd started to pace so she could fold laundry in peace.

Now, it's a few minutes to one and every time someone comes near, he perks up hoping it's Shinso before deflating and worrying his lip, mind whispering that he's not going to come because of course he would realize how worthless Izuku is and not want to be friends and...

"Yo," Shinso says behind Izuku and the boy yelps in surprise, jerking around to see Shinso in jeans and a t-shirt with a light jacket thrown over it. "Sorry, didn't mean to startle you," he adds sheepishly.

"I-It's fine," Izuku stammers out, trying to get his heartrate back under control as he flushes in embarrassment even while he smiles so big it hurts his cheeks because Shinso actually came. He didn't stand him up

and he really wants to be here. "I was just lost in though is all," Izuku waves it off and Shinso nods before opening the door before gesturing Izuku to go in first.

They grab some food before finding a seat and pulling out textbooks and notebooks. "So, if you do, this," Izuku says pointing from one formula to another, "and substitute this for X, you'll find the solution," Izuku explains and Shinso frowns as he sucks noisily at his soda.

"Why did they have to add letters?" he mutters and Izuku laughs softly. "How are you so good at this already?" he demands with a frown, but it's not really angry.

"Um, I read ahead a lot in our books and study a lot since I don't really go out much," Izuku admits sadly with a shrug. "Plus, my mom's a wiz at math so she helps out a lot too."

"I still think they added letters just to mess with us," Shinso says, but attempts the next practice problem with a frown as he slowly works through the equation. He finally finishes and pulls back to turn the workbook towards Izuku, "Well teach, do I pass?" he asks with a grin.

Izuku snorts, but looks over the problem and grins with a thumbs up when it's correct. "Ugh, if this is how the start of our first year is going, I dread the next two years," Shinso mutters, standing up to go refill his drink, motioning for Izuku's to refill his too.

"Thanks," Izuku murmurs and glances around to people watch as he waits for Shinso to get back.

Shinso comes back looking at his phone while precariously holding the two cups of soda and rolls his eyes with a snort before tucking his phone away to hand Izuku's back. "My foster dad's a huge dork," he mutters as he retakes his seat.

"Is he one with the voice quirk or the one who likes cats?" Izuku asks quietly after he takes a sip.

"Loud and blonde," Shinso mutters, but there's a small smile hidden in the corner of his mouth. "I swear, he was more excited than me that I made a friend," he admits and Izuku laughs softly.

"My mom was excited too. She was making plans last I saw and I should warn you, she *will* feed you," Izuku warns with a shrug.

"I take it you haven't had any friends in a long time either, huh,"

Shinso says with a wry twist to his mouth.

Izuku shrugs, fiddling with the straw wrapper on the table. "My last friend turned into one of my worst bullies, so you can say probably," Izuku admits softly. "Not that we were really friends I guess, but we grew up together so we got thrown together a lot since our moms are friends and I guess I just hoped he was."

"Damn, that sucks," Shinso says with a wince. "A lot of people I knew stopped talking to me when my quirk came in, including my birth parents. After a few months, they gave me up," Shinso admits tiredly, looking away. "No one wants to be friends with someone they're afraid will brainwash them."

"I'm not afraid of you," Izuku says with a small smile and Shinso smiles back. "Now, we should get back to math," Izuku says in their math teacher's voice and Shinso snorts softly before nodding.

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Hitoshi knocks nervously on the door and waits, palms sweating as he hears the sound of steps approaching. This is his first time going over to a friend's place and he's not sure what to expect. The woman that opens the door smiles encouragingly though. "You must be Shinso-san. Please, come in. Izuku stepped out to grab some snacks," she says and Hitoshi nods with a smile, stepping in.

"Thank you for allowing me into your home. I'm Shinso Hitoshi," he greets with a small bow.

"Midoriya Inko and I'm glad to meet you. I was so happy when Izuku said he made a new friend," Inko says with a smile just as bright as her son's. "Please, take your shoes off. There are slippers already set out. Would you like something to drink? Eat?" she asks.

"Ah, I'm okay. Maybe later," Hitoshi says awkwardly and Inko nods, directing Hitoshi to the living area.

"So Shinso-san, have you lived in the area long?" she asks conversationally.

Hitoshi shakes his head. "I recently moved in with my current foster parents who live in the area," he explains.

"Oh, well, I hope they are treating you well. I hear it can be hard for children in the foster system," Inko says awkwardly and Hitoshi nods.

“They’re honestly some of the best guardians I’ve ever had,” he admits with an awkward chuckle.

The door opens and they both give silent sighs of relief as it breaks the awkward silence as Midoriya calls out, “I’m back.”

“Izuku, your friend is here,” Inko calls out and a yelp sounds out followed by a thump as Izuku must have tripped in his haste to get out of his shoes.

“Shinso-kun, hi,” Midoriya says barreling down the hall and sliding on his socks a bit. “Um, I got some snacks,” he says, holding up the plastic bag.

“Why don’t you boys go to your room and I’ll make some lunch for us later,” Inko says and Midoriya nods.

“Thanks mom,” he calls out and Hitoshi bows a bit to Inko before hastily following behind Midoriya into his room and stares in shock at the...*shrine* of hero stuff that clutters his room. “Uh, so this is my room,” Izuku says awkwardly, shifting on his feet.

“I knew you were a fanboy, but I didn’t realize how much,” Hitoshi says quietly as he looks around. About seventy percent of the room is All Might stuff alone, the man’s smiling face baring down on him disturbingly from multiple angles. The other thirty percent are various heroes: Present Mic, the Wild Wild Pussycats, Gang Orca, Kamui Woods, Hawks, Mirko, Best Jeanist, and some Hitoshi’s never seen that look like they might be from other countries.

“I...yeah, I guess,” Midoriya says, fidgeting with his fingers and flushing a bit.

Hitoshi also notices a small section of what appears to be underground heroes because they’re mainly just grainy photos and fan drawings of the heroes that people have taken or seen. “You like underground heroics too?” Hitoshi asks, motioning towards the section.

Izuku nods eagerly. “I like all heroics honestly, but underground heroes are some of my favorites, though I wish they had official merch to collect, but you know, secret identities and all,” he says with a shrug.

“Are you on any of the forums?” Hitoshi asks eagerly and Midoriya nods with a grin, quickly diving for his computer to bring up the sites he’s on and they quickly lose time talking about heroes and the

various sites they're on, which apparently they're both on a few of the same sites before it eventually comes out that they both want to be heroes.

"You want to be a hero too?" Hitoshi asks excited by the confession Midoriya lets out.

"I...um, well, yeah, though I don't know if I can or not," Midoriya admits with a shrug, fidgeting with a pen in his hand. "I mean, all I can do is copy voices and stuff and I mean, I like to analyze quirks and such," he motions to a shelf by his desk with notebooks lined up neatly in it, "even if people say it's creepy and well, I'm sure it takes a lot of hard work too," Izuku says with a sigh like he's resigned himself to not going after his dream before it's even started.

"Well, what about me? All I can do is brainwash people and they have to talk back to me first, so it's not like that'll be easy, you know, but I'm still going to try. I want to go to Yuuei and I know for a fact that they have multiple ways to get into their heroics department, not just through the entrance exam," Hitoshi adds and Izuku perks up a bit at that.

"Really?" Midoriya asks, a bit of hope showing in his eyes.

"Well, it won't be easy either way, but we've still got to try, right? Show everyone what us 'future villains' are made of," Hitoshi says with a sharp grin and Midoriya nods eagerly.

He glances down at his hands before looking up, "W-would you like me to help you analyze your quirk?" he asks nervously.

"What?" Hitoshi asks, taken aback.

"Like break it down and figure out how exactly it works and different ways you can use it and such. Maybe run some experiments on each other," Midoriya explains hastily, waving his hands a bit. "Only if you want to though," he adds.

"Are you sure?" Hitoshi asks feeling his palms sweat in nervousness.

"Of course!" Midoriya says excitedly. "The best way to figure out how your quirk works is to use it and experiment with it," he says excitedly. "I did a lot of experimenting when I was younger to see how to use my quirk. Thankfully mine didn't need a second person, but I don't mind being your experiment buddy in this," Midoriya says with a nod.

“Are you sure?” Hitoshi asks again and Midoriya nods excitedly, already pulling a notebook from a stack of ones that look unused and quickly writes Hitoshi’s name on the first page with his pen.

“I’m ready, so explain what you know so far,” Midoriya orders and Hitoshi does so, what little there is that he learned from his few quirk counseling sessions.

“Okay, two triggers, verbal, brainwashing, can be broken by pain, but we’re unsure how much is required to do so,” Midoriya reads off, though his notes look a lot longer than what Hitoshi said. “Cool, so first step is me experiencing how it works,” Midoriya says.

“What?” Hitoshi says nervously.

“Don’t worry. I trust you not to hurt me,” Midoriya says with a grin. “Just have me do, I don’t know, jumping jacks or something easy for now,” he says and Hitoshi nods nervously. “Alright, when you’re ready,” Midoriya says excitedly, staring eagerly at him.

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Izuku is nearly humming with excitement after Shinso agrees to come over for the day. It’s been a month since they first met. He’s not had a friend over in forever, and he and his mom go a bit overboard at the idea. Eventually, clearer minds prevail and he convinces his mom not to go too far. He doesn’t want to scare Shinso away, but still, he’s excited.

He decides to make a quick run to grab some snacks before Shinso gets there and runs the whole way to the conbini in the hopes of getting back before Shinso arrives, but it’s in vain when his mother tells him Shinso’s already there.

They quickly retreat to his room and other than a comment and a raised brow at the shine his room is to various heroes, Shinso doesn’t seem to mind and in fact, they eagerly get to talking about underground heroes and are even on many of the same sites, Izuku sending friend requests to Shinso’s username.

It eventually gets around to their dreams about being heroes and from there about their quirks and before Izuku realizes it, he’s got a notebook out and he’s learning everything Shinso knows about his quirk.

He waits expectantly for Shinso to use his quirk. He can still hear that

hum in his voice when he talks that's just in the range of his hearing. "O-okay, are you ready?" Shinso asks and that hum is suddenly much louder and Izuku can feel it almost, like a tickle in his inner ear.

Grinning, Izuku nods and says, "Yes," then waits for something to happen. Only nothing does and Shinso looks confused. "Did I do something wrong?" Izuku asks quickly. Maybe he should have said more.

"No, it should have worked," Shinso says. "You responded and I should have taken control," he explains.

Izuku frowns, recalling that hum and how much more pronounced it had been which means that it is part of Shinso's quirk and the increase meant he was actively using it. So why didn't it work. Unless...

"Oh," Izuku murmurs with a faint grimace.

"What?" Shinso asks quickly.

"Maybe I'm not the best test subject for this after all," Izuku admits softly. "You need someone to physically speak to you in order for it to connect and I...well, I technically can't," Izuku reminds him. "I speak through my quirk so there's nothing to trigger the second part of your quirk."

"Oh, yeah, I guess that makes sense," Shinso says with a frown.

Izuku frowns though because there's something about this nagging at him. "I think it might be more than just them responding though," Izuku admits and Shinso looks up in surprise. "I can hear your quirk. It's like this hum and it got louder when you used it, but I also sort of...felt it I guess. Like it was trying to latch on here," he presses his throat, "but also here," he touches his ear. "The inner ear is more closely connected to the brain than our vocal cords are. I think when you use your quirk, you release that hum like a low frequency sound wave which most people can't hear technically, but their ears and mind can still 'feel' it. So when they speak, they're acknowledging that hum and it allows a connection to form between you and them. Plus, they have to be talking to you, like they're acknowledging your words in some way. So even if you're not trying to catch a person, if they respond, you could potentially grab them too. Maybe even multiple people, though I'm not sure how much of a strain that would be."

"That's...that's a lot," Shinso says in shock at Izuku's word vomit. "I never realized how much more there is to it," he admits.

“Quirks are a lot more complex than people realize,” Izuku says eagerly. “A lot of the straight forward quirks are actually very complex, but because most people don’t notice the small bits happening, they don’t think they’re there. I like figuring these bits out, you know. Like how when my quirk first came in, it was just assumed that I could only copy voices, but over time I realized that it’s any sounds and that I have an eidetic memory for sounds,” Izuku explains quickly.

“Eidetic memory?” Shinso asks.

“I never forget a sound,” Izuku explains. “It’s how I remember voices and sounds. I don’t copy sounds with my quirk and then just ‘forget’ them when I stop using my quirk. I hear them, memorize the various frequencies that come together to create that sound, and recreate them with my quirk. My quirk is like an artificial vocal cord for me only with a range that far surpasses normal vocal cords.”

“Wow,” Shinso mutters. “So you could overhear an entire conversation and recreate it from memory. So if someone confesses to you, you could recreate that confession word for word,” Shinso says.

“Yeah, I guess you could say I’m a glorified recording device,” Izuku says with a nod.

“No, but think about it. You wouldn’t even need to have a recording device on you, you are one. So if say you go undercover, they’d never find it on you,” Shinso explains and Izuku’s eyes go wide.

“And I can constantly change my voice so they never know who I am,” Izuku says excitedly.

“You’d be able to do a lot with your quirk,” Shinso says with a grin.

“Except pass Yuuei’s entrance exam,” Izuku says quietly and the mood drops. “All the cool tricks in the world won’t help me beat a bunch of robots,” Izuku mutters.

“Yeah, that too,” Shinso admits with a huff. “Well, I’ve got a plan for that. Like I said before, there’s more than one way to get into the heroics program. If we can’t get in through the entrance exam, then we use the Sports Festival. If you do really well in the Festival, like third round well, it might be enough for one of the teachers to sponsor you to train and transfer into the heroics course,” Shinso explains.

“So basically, we have a backup plan,” Izuku says and Shinso nods.



“We train for the entrance exam and if that doesn’t work, we go with plan B. The only thing we have to do is make sure we do good enough to get into at least the Gen Ed course,” Shinso adds.

“Okay, we have a plan, so now to figure out the in-between of that plan. I don’t know about you, but I’m not sure how exactly we would need to train to even be ready for it,” Izuku admits.

“I’ll talk to my foster dads. They know a thing or two about training,” Shinso says and Izuku nods.

A knock at the door breaks their strategizing. “Boys, lunch is ready if you’re hungry,” Izuku’s mother calls into the room.

“Coming, thanks mom,” Izuku says and she walks off. “Alright, we’ll pick this up later,” Izuku says and Shinso nods before following him out of the room.

Izuku wants to groan so badly when they come out to see the spread of food across the table. He can already tell his mother restrained herself from cooking even more food for lunch, but it’s already far more than he and probably Shinso were expecting.

Izuku sends a look to the wide eyed teen as if to say ‘*What did I tell you*’ before taking his seat next to Shinso. “Thanks mom, it looks delicious. You didn’t need to make so much,” Izuku chides gently.

“Nonsense, you’re both growing boys. And if Shinso-san wants, he can take some home to his family,” Inko waves off with a smile.

“It looks delicious, Midoriya-san,” Shinso says and Izuku snorts softly. Shinso kicks his ankle in retaliation as he accepts the plate of food from Inko. “I’ll definitely take some home.”

## Chapter End Notes

He warned him. Inko is one of those mothers who will feed anyone who comes into her home. You can say you ate before coming and she’ll still make you a snack and you feel bad by not eating it so you do and you regret it because you’re even fuller now, but she’s happy you ate her food so you’ll just suffer through the stomach pains.

My boys are making plans for Yuuei.

I had fun figuring out some of the stuff with Hitoshi and Izuku's

quirks. Since Hitoshi's quirk won't work on someone who can't hear him or who can't speak physically, it stands to reason it won't work on Izuku because technically his voice *is* his quirk. I'm thinking that hum in his quirk needs to resonate with the vocal cords in a person's throat as well as the inner ear and Izuku's don't work, so no brainwashing.

Izuku's really sad about that because he was really looking forward to experiencing being brainwashed, for scientific reasons. He's always excited to study and experience new and interesting quirks. Hitoshi's just starting to realize how smart his new friend is.

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

In which there are implosions, Hitoshi is a bit of an asshole, and plans are put into motion.

## Chapter Notes

Boom, next chapter. I'll probably wait a day or two to post the next couple of chapters.

Izuku finally meets the infamous foster dads. We know how that's going to go. XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hitoshi glares ahead as Shouta drives them away from his new dentist. His jaw aches something fierce after almost an hour in that torture chair. "Hurting?" Shouta asks mildly, keeping his eyes on the road as he drives.

"I think that hygienist was trying to prove a point with those torture implements," Hitoshi mutters.

"Would that point perhaps be to brush and floss more?" Shouta asks without any inflection though Hitoshi is sure the man is laughing at him and his pain.

"Yeah, yeah, it's gang up on Hitoshi day," he mutters and winces as his gums throb again.

"Your friend still coming over?" Shouta asks as they turn onto the street their apartment is on.

"Yeah. I'm gonna meet him in a bit outside of school and walk him here," Hitoshi explains.

"You know, I could just pick him up," Shouta offers with a glance and an arched brow.

"No, no, I need to brace myself for the implosion to come," Hitoshi says with a laugh.

"You keep saying that," Shouta says.

“If you could see his bedroom, you would understand,” Hitoshi says as they pull into the parking garage, Shouta flashing his ID before being let in and they find their parking spot.

“I’ll try and keep Hizashi from going too far,” Shouta offers as they get out and Hitoshi snorts.

“I look forward to seeing you try, but thanks for the offer,” Hitoshi says with a nod as they get into the elevator to go up. It’s been a few months now since he was taken in by Hizashi and Shouta and he’s started to believe a bit that they aren’t going to just chuck him at the drop of a hat, but he’s still a little cautious around them. He likes them...a lot and he’d hate to become attached only for it to blow up in his face later.

As they open the door, they can hear music playing from the kitchen and Hizashi humming along to it. “We’re back,” Shouta calls out.

“Hey, just finishing up some dishes,” Hizashi calls out. “Is he still coming?” Hizashi asks, poking his head out of the kitchen as they take their shoes off.

“Yes, he’s still coming. I’m gonna head out in a bit to grab him,” Hitoshi says with a huff.

“Okay. I made some snacks for you two if you get hungry. How was the dentist?” Hizashi asks.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Hitoshi mutters darkly and Hizashi sends Shouta a look.

“Cavity,” he explains with a shrug. “We’ll schedule it for later.”

“You need to brush and floss more,” Hizashi reminds Hitoshi.

“Thank you, the lady with the torture implements already made her case,” Hitoshi calls out as he heads for the bathroom to grab some pain meds and ignores the laugh from Hizashi.

Twenty minutes later, Hitoshi swings through the kitchen to grab a bottle of water before heading out to grab Izuku who he’d left at school to leave early for his appointment and stares at the ‘snacks’ Hizashi made.

“How much do you plan on us eating?” he asks incredulously.

“Well, you can never be too sure and we can always snack on the leftovers,” Hizashi says with a sunny grin.

“Oh lord, you’re as bad as Midoriya’s mom,” Hitoshi groans.

“That woman has the right sense and I still plan on getting her quiche recipe one way or another,” Hizashi says with a pointed look at Hitoshi as he emerges with his bottle of water.

“Well you can ask Midoriya to pass on the message to his mom. I’m sure she’d love to swap recipes,” Hitoshi says, aiming to pull on his sneakers. “I’ll be back,” he calls out and steps out before they can say anything else.

Hitoshi takes the elevator down to the lobby and waves to the security guard there before stepping out and falling into a light jog. School let out a few minutes ago and he’s sure Midoriya is waiting for him.

He’s panting a bit and slightly winded by the time he reaches the front of the school and sees Midoriya fidgeting and waiting beside the front gate, checking his phone as he waits. “Hey,” Hitoshi calls and Midoriya jumps a bit in surprise before looking his way with a grin. Hitoshi stares in surprise at the stark white bandage peeking out from under Midoriya’s jacket collar that wasn’t there when Hitoshi left him a few hours before. “What happened?” he demands, walking over to look closer at it. As he gets nearer, he can smell the faint scent of burned fabric and sees a patch of his jacket it singed.

“Ah, it’s nothing,” Midoriya says with a wave of his hands nervously.

“Midoriya, I was gone two hours. How did you get hurt in two hours that would require bandages?” Hitoshi demands.

“Ah...um, apparently I was existing too loudly in Kacchan’s space and he got mad,” Midoriya says with a shrug. “It’s fine. I already cleaned it and patched it up. It’s just a small burn. I don’t think he meant for it to be that bad,” he says quickly.

“That fucking asshole again,” he grumbles. This isn’t the first time he’s seen Bakugō push around Midoriya and hurt him, but it’s the first time he’s seen evidence from what was obviously him using his quirk. “You should tell someone,” Hitoshi says.

“No, no, it’s fine,” Midoriya says quickly. “Besides, Kacchan wants to be a hero and I know he can be a good one. A mark on his record would look bad,” he murmurs, looking down at his hands.

“A hero doesn’t hurt people,” Hitoshi says vehemently with a frown. “He nothing, but a bully and you defending him won’t help him be a hero. It’ll just reinforce him being a bully,” Hitoshi adds.

“I know,” Midoriya admits with a shrug. “But whose word will they take, mine or his?” he asks and Hitoshi stills at the reminder that Bakugō is the golden boy of the school. “I’m fine. This honestly isn’t the worst he’s done.”

“That doesn’t make it right or better,” Hitoshi mutters and Midoriya shrugs, but smiles anyway. “Well, come on,” Hitoshi says, letting it go for now.

Hitoshi motions for Midoriya to follow and he does with a bounce in his step, eager to meet Hitoshi’s foster dads. When they get to apartment building he whistles, “Wow, you live here?” he asks.

“Yep,” Hitoshi nods and gets him inside the lobby. They stop to get him signed-in at the guard post and then take the elevator up.

“There’s a lot of security here,” Midoriya comments.

“I know,” Hitoshi says, not falling for the bait. This will be a surprise and he’s going to watch his friend implode. He’s kind of been looking forward to this for a while. He’s a bit of an asshole, but who isn’t.

Hitoshi unlocks the door and ushers him inside. “We’re here,” he calls out as he shuts the door. There’s already a pair of guest slippers set aside.

Shouta leans back from where he’s most likely grading papers. “Welcome back. Nice to meet you, Aizawa Shouta,” he adds with a nod to Midoriya.

“H-hello,” he stammers out with a slight bow. “Thank you for inviting me into your home, Aizawa-san,” he adds.

“I’m coming, don’t start without me,” Hizashi calls out and Hitoshi watches raptly as Midoriya registers the voice and then freezes, eyes going a bit wide and flicks his eyes to Hitoshi who tries to keep his expression blank.

Hizashi comes into the room from the hall and grins brightly. “Hello, you must be Midoriya Izuku, Hitoshi’s friend. It’s very nice to meet you. I’m Yamada Hizashi,” Hizashi greets.

Hitoshi silently counts backwards from five before Izuku finally unfreezes from shock and whips around to glare at Hitoshi. “Why didn’t you *tell* me your foster dad was Present Mic?” he hisses, voice shaking a bit with anxiety.

“Surprise,” Hitoshi says with a grin and Izuku lets out a faint whine as he tries to process that he’s meeting one of his favorite heroes in person.

“Um, everything okay?” Hizashi asks softly.

“Hang on, he’s still imploding,” Hitoshi says with a grin.

Finally Midoriya’s eyes go wide as he realizes he hasn’t actually responded to Hizashi’s words. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry. H-Hi, it’s nice to meet you. Yes, I’m Midoriya Izuku,” Midoriya gets out bowing quickly as a flush rises up his neck and cheeks.

“It’s okay, little listener,” Hizashi says with a grin and a wave of his hand. “I’m glad Hitoshi wanted to bring his friend over. Come on in.”

“T-Thank you,” Midoriya stammers out and Hitoshi laughs before cursing as a sharp heel impacts his shin. Totally worth it.

Hizashi leads them to the living area where Shouta is indeed grading what looks like essays, red pen set aside for the moment. “Um, sorry... about just now. I...you’re one of my favorite heroes,” Midoriya admits. “It was a bit of a shock,” he adds with a look at Hitoshi.

“Eh, no problem, little listener. Always glad to meet a fan and I’m sure Hitoshi meant for it to be a shock judging by the smirk,” Hizashi says with a look and Hitoshi shrugs. “I’m surprised you recognized me out of costume though. Most people don’t,” Hizashi says with an intrigued look.

“What? Oh, no, I recognized your voice,” Midoriya explains with a smile. “I have a good memory for voices and I listen to your radio show all the time,” Midoriya explains.

“I thought you called it an eidetic memory,” Hitoshi pipes up, knowing Midoriya is trying to downplay his quirk.

“Eidetic?” Shouta asks in surprise.

“Ah, just with sounds,” Midoriya explains quickly. “It’s part of my quirk,” he adds.

“Oh, yes, Hitoshi did say you had a sound based quirk too,” Hizashi says with a bright smile and looks to Shouta. “Looks like you’re the odd man out, Sho,” he jokes and Shouta shrugs. “If you don’t mind me asking, what is your quirk? I’m always excited to meet fellow sound quirks.”

Midoriya flushes and nods. “Um, it’s called Voice Box,” he says quietly, fidgeting with his fingers. “I...um...I was born mute, so I actually speak through my quirk, thus the name,” Midoriya explains. “I can copy voices and sounds and use them to speak.”

Hizashi and Shouta are silent for a moment before Hizashi finally speaks. “Thank you for sharing that with us. I’m sure it’s not easy to admit that around new people,” he says and Midoriya flushes even redder. “I’ll share a secret with you,” Hizashi says with a wink and reaches for his ear to pull off his hearing aid. “I’m partially deaf. It happened when I was really young because of my quirk. Most people don’t know about it though.” He slips the aid back in.

“Oh,” Midoriya says with wide eyes and Hitoshi can already see his brain going to town. “That would make sense. Your quirk adapted your vocal cords so they aren’t hurt by your quirk, but not your ears. Your voice has a bit of a hum too, but it’s different,” he starts to mutter.

Hizashi blinks and looks to Hitoshi. “He likes to analyze quirks,” Hitoshi explains.

“What was that about a hum?” Shouta asks, breaking through Midoriya’s mutters.

“What?” he asks before flushing as he realizes he wasn’t paying attention.

“You said something about a hum,” Shouta says patiently.

“Oh, yes, well Hitoshi has it too. It’s part of his quirk since it requires his voice. I think it’s some sort of low frequency hum he emits to make the connection with people he’s trying to brainwash. Yamada-san has it too, but it sounds...different, maybe a different frequency, I’m not sure. It fluctuates too, but I guess since his quirk requires a broader range to work, so would the hum,” Midoriya explains. “Hmm, I wonder if my quirk has a hum or if it doesn’t because it’s technically an emitter quirk and not a true vocal quirk,” Midoriya says with a frown.



“Welcome to my world,” Hitoshi says with a grin and Hizashi laughs.

“You’ve quite the mind on you little listener. I take it your quirk allows you to hear a broader range of frequencies too,” Hizashi asks.

Midoriya nods. “Oh, yes though I’ve not been able to test how high or low I can hear. I tried to recreate Hitoshi’s hum a few times, but I think since it’s a quirk based sound and not naturally made, I can’t,” Midoriya adds. “Or at least that’s my running theory currently.”

“He’s been helping me figure out my quirk a bit,” Hitoshi admits with a shrug. “Though apparently his quirk doesn’t count as his voice so I can’t actually brainwash him,” he adds with a bit of a pout.

Midoriya nods eagerly, in his element. “We tried a few times. I could feel it trying to connect, but just...nothing without the second trigger,” he explains.

“So you can copy any sound?” Shouta asks, sounding intrigued.

“I can copy any sound, even if I’ve only heard it once,” Midoriya says using Shouta’s voice and the man blinks in surprise before a bit of a smirk crosses his face. “But I try not to use people’s voices unless I have their permission. My voice, as far as I know, doesn’t actually exist. It’s a bunch a voices I liked and meshed together to create a new one so I could have my own ‘voice’ without using someone else’s,” Midoriya explains, meshing his fingers together to demonstrate.

“Clever thinking,” Shouta says with a nod of approval and Midoriya smiles a bit at the praise.

He jumps in surprise as Duchess appears and jumps on his lap, demanding attention. “Oh, hi kitty cat,” Midoriya says with a smile, petting the feline. Duchess meows at him and Midoriya mimics her meow back and the cat’s ears perk up a bit.

“Alright, we’ll let you two get to whatever it was you were planning to do. I’ll bring the snacks out later,” Hizashi announces and Hitoshi nods, standing and dragging Midoriya off the couch, the boy still holding Duchess as she butts her head against his face.

“Okay,” Hitoshi says and Midoriya waves farewell before Hitoshi drags him to his room to work on their plans for training alongside some homework.

Midoriya sits down heavily onto Hitoshi’s bed and then shoves his face

into Duchess' side to whine softly. "You okay?" Hitoshi asks quietly.

"I just talked quirks with one of my favorite heroes," Midoriya says after pulling his face away from Duchess' side, the cat completely unaffected.

"You did," Hitoshi agrees.

"I'm going to get you back for this surprise. I about had a heart attack when I heard his voice," Midoriya mutters, petting Duchess like she's the only thing keeping him from flying apart at the seams.

"I'm sure you will. Now, let's get this figured out," Hitoshi says and Midoriya sighs, but nods.

He pauses and then blinks. "I just got why you said you'd ask your foster parents about training," he admits.

"Yeah, try being fostered by them. I'll tell you later how *that* came about," Hitoshi offers and Midoriya nods eagerly.

Then he frowns, "Wait, you said your *both* of them know about training. Does that mean Aizawa-san is a hero too?" Hitoshi just grins at him. "Shinso-kun, please, no more surprises. I don't think I can take any more," Midoriya whines.

"Alright, he is, though I won't say who. You get to figure it out," Hitoshi says with a laugh as Midoriya sends him a look of despair.

He finally figures it out on his way out to head home when he notices the scarf and goggles hanging in the foyer. Needless to say, he has a second implosion as well and Hitoshi enjoys every moment of it.

~\*~

Hitoshi feels his stomach knot up as he heads out of his room a week later. He and Izuku, the other boy saying it was okay to call him by his given name, have finally ironed out their plans for getting into Yuuei, but now he needs to do his side of the plan: asking Shouta and Hizashi for help in training.

Realistically, he knows both would be happy to help him and Izuku, maybe give a few tips on different ways they can start exercising and training. They've still got a few years before the entrance exam so they have time, but that part of him that's still back in his other homes balks at the idea of trusting them with his dream. He never

asked any of his previous placements for any kind of help because he knew they would never give it or they'd get angry at him for taking up their time. Old habits die hard as they say and Hitoshi has put it off as long as he could, but he made a promise and he won't disappoint his friend.

So, gathering his courage, Hitoshi heads to the living room where Shouta is grading. It's Friday so Hizashi is at the radio station for his show and it's just the two of them tonight, Shouta not going on patrol on Fridays so there's always at least one of them home at night with him.

Hitoshi sits on the couch and fidgets with the draw string of his hoodie before he finally sucks in a breath before saying, "Um, Shouta."

"Hmm," Shouta hums back as he marks a few spots on the paper before scribbling a grade on it and shifting it aside to the next paper.

"Would...would you be able to help me and Izuku with...training stuff?" Hitoshi finally asks, not looking up from his lap, though he hears the man set his pen down and shift back a bit to look at Hitoshi.

"Training as in?" he asks, though he doesn't sound angry or annoyed, just interested.

"Um...well, Izuku and I...we want to go to Yuuei...and try and get into the heroics course, but, we don't really know how to train to get ready for it and well, I was wondering if you could give us a few tips," he finally gets out, still not looking up.

"You want to be heroes?" Shouta asks. Hitoshi nods. "Heroics isn't something you just get into casually like a club. It takes a lot of hard work, dedication and a lot of blood, sweat and tears. It's a serious commitment," he states frankly.

"We know that," Hitoshi says, head jerking up to look at Shouta who is watching him with an unreadable expression. "We want to help people like us...who get ignored or brushed aside because they'd rather believe other people's words than ours or who get treated like villains before anyone gives them a chance to prove them otherwise. We want to show that our quirks do not mean villain," Hitoshi says in a rush, heart beating heavily in his ears as he waits for Shouta to say something.

For a long moment, silence hangs between them as Shouta seems to

stare right through him. Then the man smiles, a barely there smile, but it's still there. "Very well, I'm sure Hizashi and I can help you figure out an exercise plan, but Midoriya will need to get his mother's permission. I don't want her getting mad at me because she wasn't in the loop," he says pointedly.

"Yes, of course," Hitoshi says excitedly, jumping up with a grin. "I'll let him know," he quickly.

He starts to turn and Shouta calls out, "And Hitoshi," Hitoshi pauses, looking back at him to see that smile is still there. "I think you and Midoriya will make excellent heroes...once we train you up that is." His smile turns wicked. Hitoshi flushes at the praise and then gulps because he just knows this is going to be a lot of hard work.

"Thanks," Hitoshi gets out before rushing off to his room to grab his phone so he can text Izuku about the good news.

~\*~

Izuku grins as he gets the confirmation text from Hitoshi, his friend informing him of Shouta's requirement. Sending a quick string of excited words to his friend, Izuku jumps up. His mom is in the other room working on some work she brought home from the firm where she works as a paralegal.

When he comes out of his room, he sees her at the table, some of her books opened around her and a few files spread across the table. He sees her water glass is empty and grabs it to refill it for her.

"Oh, thank you sweetheart," Inko says with a distracted smile as she pages through a book to look something up.

Izuku comes back and sets the glass of cold water down before he grabs a seat across from her and sits down. "Mom," Izuku says quietly and Inko looks up at the tone in his voice. "Can...can I ask you something?" he asks.

"Of course," Inko says and sets aside her pen to give him her full attention.

"Do...do you think I could be a hero?" he asks quietly.

He still remembers that anxious time before his quirk came in and they thought he would be quirkless. The way she had apologized to him when he'd asked this very same question, like she was

apologizing for something that wasn't her fault. That he'd been born mute and at the time, that he'd been born quirkless and she was to blame.

He hadn't been quirkless, but it still stuck because he's seen the way quirkless people are treated. Had been there for a few years and it's not nice. He's also experienced what it's like to be called villain and degraded because of his quirk. Izuku silently wonders if anyone is ever truly 'perfect' in society's eyes. And of those few that are seen as 'perfect,' how much expectation is put on their shoulders because of their 'perfect' quirk. He's seen it with Kacchan. Despite what Hitoshi says, he knows Kacchan can be good. He remembers a time when they were younger, before their quirks and running around with his best friend in the world.

And then Kacchan's quirk came in and Izuku's didn't, and suddenly Kacchan was perfect for heroics. How he could do no wrong and everyone treated him like he was just better because he could make explosions from his hands. No one ever told him no, he never got in trouble and anything that might have left a mark on his record got swept aside. He watched how his once nice friend changed into the bully he is today. How can someone change if no one gives them room to grow? How can Kacchan be better if everyone says he's perfect?

Inko eyes widen a bit in shock, not having expected this line of questioning and a sad look crosses her face, no doubt remembering the last time he asked her this question. She takes a slow breath before looking back at him. "I think, my opinion doesn't matter, dear. If you want to be a hero, then I will support you, but," she says with a tremulous smile, "I think you would be the kind of hero I would be proud to call my son," she says and Izuku feels tears prick his eyes and he quickly blinks them away.

"Thank you," he whispers with a small grin. "I want to try and get into Yuuei and into their heroics course," he explains quickly and Inko nods. "Um, Hitoshi's foster dads know how to train physically for stuff and Aizawa-san agreed to help us train and stuff, but he said only if I have your permission. So, can I train with Hitoshi?" Izuku asks, heart beating quickly in his chest.

Inko frowns, but nods, "I don't see why not, but I would like to meet them first so I know them and perhaps get occasional updates on what he's teaching you so I know you're not overdoing it. There's such a thing as *too much training*," Inko reminds him.

“Really? Thank you mom, I’ll let him know and we’ll figure out a day so you guys can meet,” Izuku says excitedly, rushing around the table to hug her as tight as he can.

“You’re welcome sweetie,” Inko says with a fond laugh and hugs him back. Izuku presses a kiss to her temple and then rushes off to inform Hitoshi the good news.

## Chapter End Notes

Izuku is planning his revenge on Hitoshi for that stunt.

More quirk theory that I'm just pulling out of thin air and throwing at the wall. Hopefully what I'm trying to show makes sense. I know a few people have mentioned Izuku copying other sound based quirks, but while that's an interesting route for a quirk, it wasn't the way I intended Izuku's quirk to go. His is purely a sound/vocal based quirk that mutated into a mental emitter quirk due to him being mute. It's similar to Hizashi's quirk actually, but less destructive cone of doom and more throwing out sound bombs. XD I'll go more in-depth in a later chapter of how his quirk actually works.

Shouta and Hizashi are supportive of Hitoshi and Shouta is proud that he's not only asking for something, he's asking them for help with something that means a lot to him. A big step in their relationship for sure.

Inko and Izuku are mending some small rifts in their relationship too. Supportive Inko for the win. She worries but she'll do what she can to help him achieve his dream. And eventually, she'll get some help along the way.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

Cue training montage, quirk training and the birth of Mockingbird and Liarbird.

## Chapter Notes

We've got some training stuff in this chapter. I go a bit more in-depth with Izuku's quirk. Lots of science stuff thrown around that was googled. It's amazing how little I know about sound. There's some FBI agent going through my google search history scratching their head and wondering if I'm a writer or if I'm attempting to make some doomsday device. XD

There is a lot of interesting research going on with sound stuff and experiments for different applications for it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Neither Hitoshi nor Izuku are actually at the meeting between Izuku's mom and Hitoshi's foster dads. Inko didn't work that far from Yuuei's campus so the three had taken a long lunch to meet up nearby while Izuku and Hitoshi are at school, the two sweating anxiously because something could go horribly wrong if they aren't there to mitigate any disasters.

Something obviously goes right for once though because when they both get home, they learn that not only did Inko like Hizashi and Shouta, but she heartily approved the exercise plan they created for the boys to ensure that not only were they resting enough, but that they weren't pushing themselves too hard and with a diet plan that both Hizashi and Inko approve of, along with promises to share recipes between them.

So, a week later, Izuku finds himself following Hitoshi from school to his apartment complex where Aizawa will be showing them how to use various exercise equipment and things that can be done outside of a gym to help them train.

"You have your own full gym here?" Izuku asks incredulously as he looks around wide eyed after Shouta had swiped them into the second floor gym. The thing takes up nearly the whole second floor of the complex with the rest sporting a spa like area for those in need of

some relaxation.

“This is a hero complex and is partially maintained and funded by various agencies. It gives us a place to work out without having to deal with reporters and fans constantly stopping our workout to speak with us,” Aizawa explains with a nod towards a few people already using the gym: a woman on a treadmill going at a good clip and a man in the corner near some sparring mats in the middle of punching a punching bag.

“So what are we starting with?” Hitoshi asks, eyeing the equipment with a bit of an apprehensive glance.

“You,” Aizawa says with a bit of a smirk, “will be starting on basic stretches and strength building exercises.” They both trade glances with a bit of concern by how the man looks gleeful at the prospect.

“I can’t move my arms,” Izuku mutters two hours later after they had finished cool down stretches. “Is that good or bad?” he asks as he looks down at his trembling limbs.

“Is it too late to back out?” Hitoshi asks from his sprawl on a mat looking ready to just collapse into unconsciousness.

“We’ve barely even started and you’re already talking about quitting?” Aizawa asks mildly. The man looks as fresh as he did when they started and he’d done more than they had.

“No,” Hitoshi groans out and forces himself to sit up.

“That’s what I thought,” Aizawa says with a pointed look. “We’ll be doing this twice a week for now, along with your daily runs to build up your stamina. Your mother has a copy of your exercise schedule and she *will* inform me if you slack or do more than is approved of,” he adds with a look at Izuku and Izuku nods.

“Why only two days?” Izuku asks.

“Because you’re just starting out with exercising. You feel this bad after only a few hours working out on simple stuff, imagine trying to do it more days a week,” Aizawa says and Izuku grimaces. “We’re starting you out slow to give your bodies time to adjust to the new change. As time passes, we’ll increase the time you train and the amount of days. You’ll still have rest days of course, but for now, two is enough to start off with,” Aizawa explains patiently.



“That sounds reasonable,” Izuku says, wiping his brow with a towel he’d brought.

“Alright, time to clean up our area and then go rest. Are you good to walk home, Midoriya?” Aizawa asks Izuku.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine,” Izuku says with a grin and he nods as they get up and start cleaning their area up.

Izuku waves farewell and then leaves the apartment complex to go home. His arms ache horribly by the time dinner rolls around, his mother sending him sympathetic looks when he starts to lag through dinner, exhaustion hitting him hard. She sends him to bed early and he crashes hard, but he feels a small seed of accomplishment grow in his chest: day one down and many more to go.

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“Where are we going?” Hitoshi asks as he follows Shouta down the street towards the more industrial area near where they live.

“Training,” Shouta says with a nod, tossing him something. Hitoshi catches it and he looks down to see something that looks like a wireless earpiece. “Put that in,” Shouta orders and Hitoshi does, hearing it crackle to life. “We’re going to be working on some basic parkour exercises. While we work, you’re going to try and use your quirk on me. Use whatever you need to try and get me to talk,” Shouta says and Hitoshi swallows nervously, but nods.

They’ve been training for about ten months now, mainly just building up their strength and stamina, with a bit of self-defense thrown in. This is the first time they’ve done anything with his quirk. “What about Izuku?” Hitoshi asks nervously as he fiddles with his earpiece while they walk.

“Hizashi’s got him well in hand. They’ll be doing their own training with his quirk and physical training as well. You need the most work with your quirk,” he states simply and Hitoshi hunches his shoulders a bit at the comment.

“I know,” he agrees softly. Despite how much Izuku has helped him understand his quirk and his few attempts to use it on the other teen, he still hasn’t used it since he moved in with Hizashi and Shouta... longer than that even. The last time he did use it was two placements ago when he’d been forced to use it to stop one of his foster siblings at the time from hurting him. He’d been kicked out afterwards. It’s been

ingrained into him to not use it, to not show it because if he does, he'll be punished.

"If you're going to become a hero and use your quirk, you need to become comfortable using it," Shouta states simply, understanding without Hitoshi needing to say anything what the problem is.

"Stopping villains, rescuing civilians, calming people, it has many applications in the field, if you're smart enough to figure them out. I won't lie. There will always be people who will still see it as villainous even if you do become a hero. Some will never be happy with your quirk. Society doesn't work that way, but the ones who matter; they won't care one way or another. A quirk is just a tool and you need to master it just like anything else," Shouta finishes, stopping to look at Hitoshi with a look that brooks no arguments.

"I...okay," Hitoshi says with a nod, clenching his hands into fists. Shouta nods approvingly and continues walking. "Um, what are the earpieces for?" he asks.

"Just in case," Shouta says. "If you get hurt or we get separated, you can still get in contact with me," Shouta says as they step in front of an area filled with alleys and buildings of various heights. "So, let's begin. I'll show you some of the basic things you should know: falling, rolls, hand grips and then we'll start from there," Shouta says and Hitoshi nods as the man starts to demonstrate what he'll be teaching.

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"Um...Yamada-san, what are we doing here?" Izuku asks as the man pulls his car into what Izuku quickly realizes is his agency.

"Training, little listener, more specifically, quick training," Yamada explains as they park in the parking garage away from prying eyes. "We're going to figure out your ranges for not only your hearing, but your quirk as well," he explains as he leads them towards the building. "Since a lot of the heroes who work here have voice or sound based quirks, we have the equipment needed to test our quirks and train."

People greet Yamada as they walk through the agency, giving curious glances to Izuku, but not seeming too surprised by him being with Yamada. The man grins and waves, greeting people by name, be it hero name or civilian name as he guides Izuku to an elevator and they take it up two floors.

Exiting into a hall, Yamada guides Izuku a little further along until

they come to a double door where he punches in a code and the doors open to show what Izuku realizes is a training room with lots of equipment all across the edges of the room.

“This room has the best sound proofing known to be out there. It was specially designed to muffle voice training. I can unleash one of my lesser attacks in here and no one would hear it, though I have to be careful because there’s a lot of expensive equipment in here,” he jokes with a wink.

A woman off to the side straightens wearing a white lab coat with a pair of ear protectors around her neck. “Ah, Shizuka-san, thank you for helping set this all up,” Yamada says with a grin.

“Of course, Mic. It’s part of my job here,” she waves off with a smile. Izuku can see a strange glow coming from her throat, though it’s faint.

“Midoriya-kun, this is Yamato Shizuka. She’s one of our support staff and a doctor in her own right in regards to hearing and vocal quirks,” Yamada explains to Izuku. “Shizuka-san, this is Midoriya Izuku. I’m helping him figure out the range of his quirk,” Yamada explains.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Izuku gets out, curious about what they plan to do today.

“Likewise. Well then, let’s get started,” Shizuka says with a nod and Yamada pushes Izuku towards a chair next to a machine set up with a pair of headphones next to it. “Take a seat, Midoriya-san,” she instructs.

“Okay,” Izuku nods and takes a seat. “Mic explained that you are unsure of the range of your hearing since it seems to be tied with your quirk so first, we’ll be starting there. You’ll put those headphones on and I’ll start playing a series of sounds at various frequencies. You simply need to raise your hand to confirm you can hear it, got it?” she asks.

“I think we did this when I was younger,” Izuku says with a frown as he takes the headphones.

“Many people do get their hearing tested at a young age to make sure they don’t have any hearing problems. Did your quirk come in late?” she asks.

“When I was six. We thought I would be quirkless for a while and then one day it just came in,” he explains. “I...um, I’m technically mute,”

he adds. "I speak using my quirk."

"Ah, of course. You're not the first person I've worked with who had a similar set up of quirk and disability. It's actually not that uncommon. One person I worked with in the past was born blind, but could see using echolocation as part of their quirk. It's amazing the way the body and quirks can adapt and mutate to help us," she says with a smile as she motions for him to put on the headphones. "Alright, get those settled and we'll get started."

Izuku does as told and over the next ten minutes, he proceeds to raise his hand whenever he hears a sound. Finally, she taps his shoulder and he pulls them off. "How did I do?" he asks.

"Well, you weren't kidding when you said he might have a broad range, Mic," she says with a huff. "He's hearing as low as 10 Hz and as high as 100 kHz. I didn't want to go any higher in case it might have a damaging effect."

"Wow, that seems like a lot," Izuku says with a frown.

Shizuka nods in agreement. "To put it simply, the average person hears a range of 20 Hz at the lowest to 20,000 Hz at the highest with some fluctuation depending on age and genetic differences. With the introduction of quirks into the world that range is much broader depending on the person and quirk. We have found that often, people with animal mutation quirks often have heightened senses similar to their animal counterpart. You are able to hear infrasonic sounds or low frequencies below 20 Hz as well as ultrasonic sounds or high frequencies above 20,000 Hz."

"Oh," Izuku murmurs, a little shocked. He'd never noticed how sensitive his hearing was, but then he can recall many a time hearing a sound and no one else reacting to it.

"Not bad, little listener," Yamada says, clapping his hand on Izuku's shoulder.

"Now that we have a range to work with for your hearing, I want to run some tests on your quirk itself," he says and directs Izuku towards an area with some comfortable looking chairs and a few more devices. The three of them sit as Shizuka starts to set up the equipment. "So first, you've already experimented some with it. You say you can copy sounds, correct?" Yamada asks and Izuku nods.

"Well, let's test how accurate your quirk is. We're going to make some

sounds at various frequencies and see how spot on you are with them,” Yamada explains and Izuku nods.

The next twenty minutes goes by with Shizuka recording the frequency of the sounds he emits while Yamada uses a device to create the sounds, both of them wearing ear protection. “Good, good, here, take a break,” Yamada says, handing him a bottle of water and Izuku smiles in thanks. He’s not used his quirk this much in a while aside from talking.

“Well Shizuka-san?” Yamada asks.

“Hm, you’re pretty spot on for most frequencies. You have some trouble with the lower frequencies and the higher ones, but that may be because you haven’t attempted to use them before. With more practice, you could create quite a tool there,” she says with a smile.

“Alright, thank you, Shizuka-san. We’ll let you get back to your work and we’ll clean up here when we’re done,” Yamada says and Shizuka nods.

“Of course. It was snice meeting you Midoriya-san. Maybe we’ll see each other again,” she says with a smile as she stands up.

“Of course, thank you for your help,” Izuku says, quickly standing to give her a small bow. Waving him off, Shizuka leaves the training area.

“Alright little listener, now comes the training now that we know your ranges,” Yamada says while rubbing his hands together.

“How will we train?” Izuku asks curiously.

“Your quirk has a very versatile range. Most voice quirks only stay in the high or low ranges. I myself can’t go lower than maybe 18, 19 Hz. My quirk works mainly with ultrasonic sounds as well as the loudness of my voice, creating a concussive force in a cone shaped range. It’s what makes my quirk so devastating, but it also means I have to be careful where I aim it because it affects everyone: enemies, allies, and civilians alike. From the looks of it, your quirk did the opposite of mine. Mine adapted my vocal cords to withstand the abuse, but not my ears. Yours, since you were born mute, instead adapted your ears to be able to withstand and work with your quirk. You’re able to hear these extreme highs and lows without it affecting your hearing. So while it doesn’t have the punch mine does, it does have a lot more flexibility and accuracy.”

“So, instead of hitting a lot of people in a cone of attack like your quirk, mine is more like a pin point attack of a certain area because I can throw my voice and don’t need to direct it,” Izuku says, getting what Yamada is getting at.

“Exactly. If you can learn to harness this, you would have a very good attack as a hero. You’ll need to be careful of course because you can hurt people with this kind of attack. Some sound frequencies can cause disorientation, physical effects on the body, can affect a person’s nervous system, and could even kill someone if you hit someone with say, a weak heart or some other underling conditions that can make them susceptible to your attacks,” Yamada explains.

“Oh, like Gang Orca’s sonic attack,” Izuku says excitedly. “He affects their nervous system which makes them unable to move.”

“Precisely,” Yamada says with a finger gun at Izuku. “We’ll work on practicing with that at a later date. Today,” Yamada says as he guides Izuku towards a section of the room with training mats, “we’ll work on using your quirk while moving and not just to talk.” Yamada grabs two bo staffs set aside and hands one to Izuku. “While I teach you how to use these, you’re going to practice throwing your voice around without looking where you’re throwing it and without moving your mouth. I’ll be asking random questions and you’ll answer them as we work. This means you need to be aware of your surroundings and what’s in them that you can use. We won’t worry about that for now, but just keep in it mind. Now, ready?” Yamada asks, holding up his staff.

“I’m ready,” Izuku says with a nod.

“Alright, well first we’ll start with the correct way to hold the staff and place your feet,” Yamada instructs.

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By the time their first year of middle school ends, Izuku and Hitoshi have learned a lot, though the two pros are adamant about not teaching them certain things unless they do get into the heroics course at Yuuei simply because they’re things hero students are taught.

Still, they celebrate making it through a year without any major events aside from the usual bullying and being ignored by the rest of the school body. Hitoshi also celebrates his longest placement with Hizashi and Shouta. It’s a quiet celebration, but it means a lot to him who for the longest time was bouncing from home to home with far

too regular a frequency.

Their second year goes about the same, though some of the bullying increases, mainly from Bakugō and his cronies. Izuku keeps Hitoshi from starting something with the boy mainly because it wouldn't make a difference. They would be the ones to get in trouble and they don't need any marks on their records to possibly bar them from applying to Yuuei. Plus, Shouta and Hizashi said to only use what they learned in self-defense and while it might constitute as self-defense, the school wouldn't see it that way.

Luckily, Bakugō seems to also be doing what they're doing and training for the exam next year and thankfully, he leaves them alone for the most part aside from a few brushes with him in the halls and in between classes. Hitoshi still doesn't get why Izuku keeps trying to defend the guy, but he'd rather not upset his best friend because he decided Bakugō needed a face change via a right hook to the nose.

Still, despite the bullying and the obvious favoritism by the teachers and staff at Aldera, the last year and a half has been some of his best school years hands down, which is saying something, honestly.

Hitoshi glances over at Izuku who's currently writing something down into one of his many notebooks at his computer desk. Their numbers have exploded since Hitoshi first visited Izuku's room, the boy filling pages and pages with quirk and fight analysis, ideas and questions about anything and everything that comes his way.

"Hey, Izuku," Hitoshi calls from his own spot on Izuku's bed as he works on some homework. Izuku hums to show he's listening. "Have you thought about hero names?" Hitoshi asks and watches as Izuku jerks up with wide eyes.

"Oh my god, so much," Izuku whisper yells. They're keeping their voices down because his mother's on the phone with a client right now about a case. "Have you?" he asks excitedly.

Hitoshi shrugs. "Some. Not sure what I want exactly," he admits. "What have you come up with?" he asks Izuku.

Izuku turns his chair to face Hitoshi. "Um...well, I kind of wanted to go with Mockingbird," Izuku admits with a sheepish grin. "They're known for being able to copy a wide range of sounds which gives away my quirk and doesn't, you know. Because everyone hears that I can copy voices and they just don't think anything passed that."

“Oh, I like that,” Hitoshi says with a grin. “I’m not sure what I want mine to convey. I don’t want to be too obvious, you know because my quirk works best if they don’t know how it works,” Hitoshi says with a shrug, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Hmm, so misdirection,” Izuku hums in thought. “Have you thought about support gear? Like ways to help you with your quirk?” Izuku asks and Hitoshi shakes his head.

“Well, I had a few ideas,” Izuku says, grabbing the notebook labeled with Hitoshi’s name and comes to sit next to him. “Your quirk only helps if they don’t know what it is, but what about if they do,” Izuku says and opens to a page near the middle. “I thought something similar to my quirk might work.” Hitoshi looks to see a few rough sketches of something that would wrap around his throat. “I figured an artificial voice box that you can use to copy someone’s voice and use in place of your own voice, but still allowing your quirk to go through.”

“That’s...wow...you put a lot of thought into this. I hadn’t even thought that far ahead, but why is it around the throat?” he asks.

“Well, the vocal cords are in your throat, but also...,” Izuku pauses. “Um, well most of my designs for the face were very mask like and I didn’t think you wanted to feel like you were wearing a muzzle again,” Izuku explains quietly. Hitoshi had told him about some of his past placements and the reason why he had transferred so suddenly at the start of their first year of middle school.

“I think I might be okay with something on the face, so long as it’s not tight or restrictive. Definitely needs to be breathable and won’t rub,” Hitoshi admits, rubbing self-consciously at his old scars. “But I like the throat design as well. It looks interesting. I’d maybe get both to see what I like better, you know? Or have them for different situations,” Hitoshi says and Izuku nods with a grin.

“What about you?” Hitoshi asks.

“Oh, well I’m going to get something to amplify my voice so I can throw it further and make it louder if necessary, and something to help me hear further. I can hear a wide range of frequencies, but I’m still limited by things like physical objects blocking the sound waves. I was thinking ear pieces that would increase my hearing range. Plus weapons and stuff, can’t forget those,” Izuku adds excitedly.

“Shouta says if I get into the heroics course, he’ll teach me to use his



capture scarf,” Hitoshi confesses.

“What? That’s so cool. As if that wasn’t incentive enough,” Izuku jokes and Hitoshi grins as well.

They fall silent for a few moments before Izuku says, “I have an idea for your name,” he admits.

“Lay it on me,” Hitoshi says and the green haired boy nods.

“Well, I was researching on names and well, this one might suit you, especially if you do get the voice changer,” Izuku says and writes out the name quickly. “The bird is called the Lyrebird. It’s known to copy sounds, even things like chainsaws and car alarms. I thought a play on the word would be interesting. Because Lyre is spelled like the stringed instrument, but I thought you might like it as Liarbird, because you would use other voices to speak to them...sort of lie. It’s stupid, you don’t have to use it,” Izuku says quickly, flushing.

“Hey, no,” Hitoshi says, grabbing Izuku’s hand to keep him from scribbling out the name. “I like it,” Hitoshi says. “Liarbird and Mockingbird...it’s got a ring to it,” Hitoshi says and Izuku smiles faintly at him. “The voiceless heroes: Liarbird and Mockingbird. Get it, because I wouldn’t be using my voice and you’re mute,” Hitoshi jokes.

Izuku can’t keep a straight face at his grin. “That was horrible,” he huffs out, trying to control his snickering. “You are not allowed to name anything,” Izuku mutters.

“Eh, I try,” Hitoshi jokes, sending him a look and they both fall back into laughing.

## Chapter End Notes

Thus, you now know where Liarbird came from.

There's a bit of an irony to their names too. No one believed Hitoshi before he came to live with Hizashi and Shouta, accusing him of lying because of his quirk.

Izuku was bullied because of his quirk and many claimed he copied their voice to mock them so they bullied him more.

I didn't think of this until after coming up with the names, but I really like the symbolism and them taking their names and making it their own. Very much a fuck you to those who hurt

them.

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

Middle school is coming to an end, Yuuei's exam is taken and revenge is had with much happiness.

## Chapter Notes

We're getting closer to the start of their Yuuei careers. Things don't always go according to plan, but it's okay because they've got backup plans. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku feels his breath rush out of his chest as he lands hard on his back and waits for the world to right itself as he tries to catch his breath again. Unimpressed dark eyes stare down at him and Izuku groans. “You’re enjoying this too much,” Izuku manages to get out.

“Do better and you won’t end up like this,” Aizawa states simply. Izuku nods and sits up. They’ve been going for an hour now of Izuku sparring with the pro and mostly ending up flat on his back or pinned on his front by the man. Hitoshi had been dragged off by Yamada to do some voice exercises and sparring at his agency so Izuku and Aizawa are in the gym at their apartment.

Standing, Izuku shakes out his arms and falls back into his ready stance. Aizawa nods once before motioning for Izuku to take the first attack. Rushing, Izuku aims a feint at the man’s face, before ducking under the kick Aizawa aims at his stomach and tries to sweep his feet out from under him only for the pro to jump over his sweeping leg, twist midair and bring his free leg down in a roundhouse kick to the back of Izuku’s shoulders that has him slamming to the mats once again.

“Better, but still not good enough,” Aizawa says with a huff. He’s at least showing signs of getting tired. It used to be he always looked fresh from the shower whenever he trained with Izuku and Hitoshi. “Remember to focus on the torso and hips. They’ll tell you more about what your opponent will do than their arms and legs will,” Aizawa reminds him.

“Yes, sir,” Izuku nods while pushing himself up with a wince. Aizawa had held back some of the force from that kick, but he knows there’s

going to be a bruise there tomorrow. Standing, he shakes out his arms again and gets back into stance. "I'm ready." Aizawa just smirks and this time takes the first attack, Izuku yelping and ducking under the blow.

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"Again," Hizashi says as Hitoshi grimaces and swallows before running through the voice exercises Hizashi has been drilling him in for a while now.

He finishes and Hizashi nods, tossing him a bottle of water. "Take a break," Hizashi orders and Hitoshi sighs in relief. He never realized how much a throat could hurt from so much talking, or in this case, singing. "Why are we doing this again?" he asks after swallowing a few mouthfuls.

"Because you can't just rely on your quirk or your support gear," Hizashi states simply. "Like training your muscles to fight, we're training your throat as well. Learning how to project your voice, how to alter it, how to convey more with a few words than a whole paragraph, it can make or break a hero in some situations. There will be times, especially for underground heroics, where you can't have your support gear or you'll be made. Learning to do what your support gear does will help in the long run. Also, training your vocal cords will let you use your quirk easier and for longer if you have to repeatedly use it in a fight. Throat strain can be bad for vocal based quirks and can even hurt you in the long run," Hizashi explains.

"Have you ever hurt your throat?" Hitoshi asks curiously, rolling the bottle between his hands.

"A few times from overusing my quirk. It might protect my vocal cords from being shredded, but it can't protect me from everything. Repeated injuries to the same area can cause future problems so it's important to warm up. Like doing stretches before exercises, warming up your throat will help you too," Hizashi explains with a grin.

"That makes sense," Hitoshi says with a nod.

"Ready to go again?" Hizashi asks with a grin that is somewhat reminiscent of Shouta's and Hitoshi swallows, but nods. "Alright, from the top. Let's see if we can make a song bird of you yet," Hizashi says and Hitoshi opens his mouth to do as told.

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“Did you get it?” Hitoshi asks as soon as Izuku answers the phone.

“I haven’t even gotten home yet, jeez,” Izuku mutters as he juggles his bag, the phone between his shoulder and ear, and his keys to get into the apartment.

“Well hurry up, I need to know,” Hitoshi grumbles.

“Forgive me. Some of us live further away from school than others,” Izuku huffs out as he unlocks the door and steps inside, closing it after him. “I’m home,” Izuku calls out as he toes off his shoes.

“Hi dear, I just got in,” Inko calls out from the kitchen, peeking around the door frame to see him in the entrance on the phone. “Hello Hitoshi-kun,” she adds louder.

“Hi, Midoriya-san,” Hitoshi calls over the phone just loud enough for his mom to hear.

“Did anything come in the mail, mom?” Izuku asks as he sets his bag aside for the moment to aim for the kitchen.

“Oh, yes, something from Yuuei came, dear,” Inko says with a wave towards the kitchen table and Izuku jumps forward to grab it off the table, scrabbling to rip it open without damaging the papers inside while still keeping the phone pressed between his ear and shoulder. Izuku quickly pulls the papers from inside, scanning over them and muttering under his breath.

“Yes!” Izuku huffs out with a grin. “I got an exam ticket,” he says into the phone and to his mother.

“Oh thank fuck. I thought I was going to have to murder someone so you could get their spot,” Hitoshi says.

“That doesn’t sound like a heroic thing to say,” Izuku mutters, but can’t fight the grin.

“Not a hero yet,” Hitoshi reminds him and Izuku laughs and accepts the hug his mother gives him in congratulations.

“I’m rooting for you two,” Inko says.

Izuku grins and nods before taking his mail and stopping to grab his bag before heading to his room. “You ready for this, Toshi? Only four more months before the exam,” Izuku reminds him.

“Well, we still need to have some major study sessions because math still fucking sucks, but yeah, I think I’m as ready as I could ever be,” he admits softly. “And we’ve got back up plans...just in case.”

“Just in case. Aizawa-san says backup plans are the backbone of any good operation so I think we’re good,” Izuku says with a chuckle.

“We’re going to be heroes no matter what, though I would prefer not to have to go the route of vigilantism, you know,” Hitoshi jokes.

“Yeah, I hear the pay sucks and I don’t know about you, but support gear is expensive,” Izuku shoots back and Hitoshi snorts.

“If you become vigilantes, you’re grounded,” Yamada’s voice floats from the distance on Hitoshi’s side of the phone.

“Loud dad has spoken, no vigilantism,” Hitoshi says and Izuku snorts loudly.

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“You two ready?” Shouta asks as the two pros drive Izuku and Hitoshi to Yuuei the day of the entrance exam.

“I think I might puke, but other than that, I’m good,” Hitoshi admits nervously with a faint grimace.

“Honestly, same,” Izuku adds quietly. His mother had had to resort to sleep aids last night to get Izuku to sleep long enough to be rested for the exam today. She unfortunately had to work today, but she said she’d be rooting for him and to call once it was done.

“You’ll do fine, boys,” Hizashi says with a grin as he glances back at them through the rearview mirror. “And no matter what, we’ll be proud of you for giving your all today, got it?” He adds.

“Yeah, even if we don’t get into the heroics course right now, we’ve got backup plans,” Hitoshi says with a grin.

“Backup plans are good,” Shouta says with a nod.

“As long as it’s not vigilantism, I don’t care,” Hizashi says with a pointed look through the mirror.

“That’s like Plan E or F,” Izuku says with a grin and the man groans as Shouta snorts.

“Don’t encourage them,” Hizashi mutters and Shouta holds up his hands.

“We knew they were problem children from day one. I don’t know why you’re surprised,” Shouta mutters.

“Just do your best and stay legal,” Hizashi orders as they pull into the parking lot for Yuuei staff. They all pile out as Hitoshi and Izuku give each other nervous grins. “We’ve got to go help set up for the exam. Just follow the signs and they’ll point you were to go to sign in. Good luck, little listeners,” Hizashi says with his signature Present Mic grin and a few finger guns for added effect.

“Don’t kill anyone,” Shouta adds and the two nod before they split ways.

“Reay, Izu?” Hitoshi asks softly as they follow the path from the parking lot to the front of the school where the sign in station has been set up.

“Let’s do this, Toshi,” Izuku mutters with a determined nod.

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Izuku winces as the burn on his arm twinges. He’d gotten hit by some other exam taker’s quirk, the idiot just flinging it around without a care of who was around him. Thankfully it isn’t a terrible burn, but he’d been too tired for Recovery Girl to do much except lessen the damage and sending him to the first aid station to have it cleaned and bandaged.

Unfortunately, he hadn’t had Hitoshi with him in his city, the two split up, though Aizawa had warned them that that might happen. Still, he really wanted his friend to be with him. Maybe he might have gotten more villain points if they could have teamed up.

Sighing, he trudges back towards the parking lot where they split ways with Aizawa and Yamada. He’d gotten a text from Hitoshi to say he’d gone ahead to wait for him, the other teen having gotten out of his exam with nothing, but a few scrapes and bruises.

He looks up as he rounds the corner of a building to see Hitoshi leaning against his foster parent’s car, hands shoved deep into his pockets looking dejected. Yeah, that’s about how he feels right now. “Toshi,” Izuku calls out and the taller teen looks up. “How’d it go?” he asks him as he gets closer to see a nasty looking scrape on Hitoshi’s

arm and a bruise on his neck.

“I lost count of my points, but I doubt it was enough,” he mutters. “I know I did well on the written part though.”

“Yeah, same,” Izuku mutters leaning on the car next to him. “That zero pointer though, what the hell *was* that thing,” he huffs out and Hitoshi snorts. He waves his arm where it’s been wrapped with bandages. “Some idiot wasn’t even looking where he was throwing his fire quirk. I doubt he’s getting in. They specifically stated that points would be deducted for using quirks against other exam takers, even accidentally. I mean come on, how hard is it to look before you throw *fire*?” Izuku huffs out.

“Yeah, well I had fucking Bakugō in my city,” Hitoshi admits.

“Ouch. Did he try anything?” Izuku asks quietly.

“Nah, he just ignored me like usual. I stayed the hell away from him and he went running in like some maniac to the center of the city so he and I didn’t cross paths,” Hitoshi admits, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Eh, we knew he’d get in. His quirk’s too versatile and strong to not get him in. Hopefully he actually changes for the better by going to Yuuei. Guess that means we’re on to Plan B then,” Izuku sighs softly.

“Sport Festival,” Hitoshi says with a frown.

“Sports Festival,” Izuku copies.

“Hey little listeners,” Yamada calls out and they both look up to see the two of them walking towards their car. “You’re looking a little worse for wear,” he jokes.

“Please tell me that idiot isn’t getting in?” Izuku asks with a look at his arm.

“We can neither confirm nor deny who is getting in and who isn’t. They’re still compiling points and scoring tests,” Aizawa states flatly and they sigh, but nod.

“Come on, boys. I think a little celebration is in order. You did well, no matter what your scores are. We’re proud of you,” Yamada says, pulling them into a hug and they nod against him with small smiles on their faces.



“Did you get it?” Hitoshi demands as soon as he sees who is calling and opens the video call with shaking hands. His letter has been sitting on his desk since yesterday, brought home by Hizashi and Shouta from Yuuei. He’d refused to open it until Izuku had gotten his in the mail so they could open it together.

“I did,” Izuku whispers, eyes wide on the small screen of his phone. “I’m so nervous,” he admits.

“Want me to go first?” Hitoshi asks and Izuku nods.

With shaking hands, Hitoshi rips his open and spies the small disk that falls out. He pulls out the paper first and quickly reads. “Passed the written, got in Gen Ed. at least,” Hitoshi says and Izuku breaths a small sigh. Hitoshi messes with the disk before it finally springs to life and creates a projection.

They both listen raptly as All Might tells them about being hired as the first year fundamental heroics teacher before going into his scores. He got twenty three villain points and fifteen rescue points for a total of thirty eight points. Unfortunately it isn’t enough to get into the heroics course and All Might closes with some obnoxiously loud words of condolence and his signature laugh before it blinks off.

“Well, I knew it, but can’t help but hope,” Hitoshi mutters with a huff, tossing the disk onto his desk before looking at his phone. “Your turn,” he orders.

Izuku nods on the other line and he pulls out his papers before he nods. “I passed so we’re good for Plan B,” Izuku says and then his disk flicks on with All Might again giving his speech that must be recycled because it’s nearly word for word what Hitoshi’s said with only a few differences. Izuku got sixteen villain points and twenty three rescue points for a total of thirty nine points. Not enough to pass either. The same cheap condolences and laugh before it cuts off and then Izuku lets out the biggest sigh.

“Well, definitely Plan B then,” he says aloud before silence descends over them as they think about the future ahead of them. “I’m worried,” Izuku speaks up suddenly into the silence and Hitoshi looks at him to see the worried frown on his face.

“About what?” Hitoshi asks, lying down on his bed as he keeps his phone up.

“Well, the Sports Festival is three events and the last one is always a one-on-one competition. What if we have to fight each other and it means only one of us can get into the hero course?” Izuku asks softly.

“Well, the fact that we would have made it to the last round ahead of all the heroic students will at least mean something. And we go in swinging. No holding back, no holds barred. We show them what we’re made of and the victor goes on to the next round. If they can’t see we’re hero material, I don’t know if I want to go to their heroics program,” Hitoshi says with a huff.

“Yeah,” Izuku says with a relieved grin. “I can do that. Better watch your back, Toshi. I’m coming for you,” Izuku says with a grin and Hitoshi snorts.

“Bring it on, Izu,” Hitoshi mutters back.

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“Oh, look at you two, so handsome. I’m so proud of you both,” Inko gushes, snapping picture after picture as they stand there awkwardly after the graduation ceremony.

“Mom,” Izuku mutters, flushing a bit.

“What, I can’t be proud my baby boy graduated middle school and is off to start his next stage of life at Yuuei?” Inko asks.

“We’re proud of you boys,” Hizashi pipes up and this time Hitoshi flushes, Aizawa adding his own smile and hair ruffle to the two of them.

“Inko-chan,” a voice calls out and they look to see Bakugō Mitsuki rushing over, her husband and son following behind, one smiling, the other sullen.

“Mitsuki-chan,” Inko says with a smile as the blonde woman finally draws near. “We made it,” Inko says with a small laugh.

“Oh I know. I can’t tell you how many times I thought we wouldn’t. Just three more years, and then we’re in the clear,” Mitsuki jokes. She notices Hitoshi’s dads standing off to the side and smiles. “Oh, did I interrupt something?” she asks.

“No, no, just taking pictures,” Inko says.

“We’re Hitoshi’s foster dads. Yamada Hizashi,” Hizashi says with a smile.

“Aizawa Shouta,” Shouta adds with a nod.

“Bakugō Mitsuki,” Mitsuki says back. “This is my husband Masaru and my son Katsuki.” Mitsuki turns to Izuku. “Izuku-kun, I hear from Inko-chan you got into Yuuei too. Bet you’re over the moon,” Mitsuki says with a laugh and a heavy shoulder pat.

“Ah, yes,” Izuku says with a smile. “Hitoshi and I both got in.”

“Who the fuck cares about the shitty Deku and the Creep, everyone knows Gen Ed. is just for the extras not good enough to get into heroics,” Katsuki grumbles. “If Yuuei had any standards, they’d have kicked them to the curb,” he adds sullenly.

“Katsuki!” Mitsuki says angrily. “What is wrong with you?”

“That doesn’t sound like something a hero would say,” Hizashi says evenly, Shouta sending a look at Katsuki.

“Eh, what the fuck do you know about heroes? You’re just the Creep’s shitty parents,” Katsuki huffs out with a snort.

“Katsuki, that is enough,” Mitsuki yells quietly to keep from drawing attention to them, as both Hizashi and Shouta reach into their pockets at the same time and fish out their wallets, pulling out their Hero IDs to flash to Katsuki whose eyes go wide as he realizes just who he’s talking to.

“I think we know a bit more about being heroes than some wet behind the ears middle schooler,” Shouta adds dryly as he returns his ID to his wallet before tucking it away. “Maybe next time you don’t just vomit the first stupid thing that comes to your head, kid. You never know who you might be talking to and it’ll get you in a lot of trouble in the future if you plan to be a hero,” he adds with an arched brow.

“Whatever,” Katsuki growls and storms away, hands fisted.

“I am so sorry,” Mitsuki apologizes, bowing quickly, Masaru following. “I don’t know what’s gotten into that boy here lately.”

“It’s quite alright,” Hizashi reassures her. “Kids say stupid things without thinking about them. Hopefully he’ll learn better at Yuuei,”

he adds.

"I'll be sure he gets an earful before he sets foot on that campus. I'd rather not get called down because he said something stupid to the wrong person," she mutters as she turns to follow after her son. "Bye Inko-chan. Congratulations, boys," she adds.

"Sorry again about that," Maseru speaks up and bows before following his wife and son.

"Well now," Inko mutters. "Where did that come from? Katsuki used to be such a sweet boy...using such language. Has he been like that in school?" she asks Izuku and Hitoshi.

Hitoshi shrugs, "Pretty much though some days were worse." Izuku nods a little, glancing back the way they went.

"He cause you two any trouble?" Shouta asks quietly.

Izuku shrugs. "Nothing we can't handle," he says and Shouta eyes him for a long drawn out moment before he sighs, but nods.

"You let us know if he starts anything. I see students like that all the time. They think because they got lucky with their genetics that they're instantly heroes. It doesn't help when people are constantly reinforcing that mindset, as if a quirk makes a hero. He's going to be in for a rude awakening come the start of the year. He'll either shape up and get better, or he'll burn out. I doubt he'll last long in my class if he doesn't change," Shouta adds.

"Wait, he's in your class?" Hitoshi asks excitedly. Shouta nods. "Please let me see the camera footage when he realizes you're his homeroom teacher," Hitoshi asks with a grin.

"No," Shouta says, but they can see the smirk tucked into his capture scarf.

"Come on boys, just a few more pictures and then we can go and celebrate with good food," Inko says, brandishing her camera and the two teens groan, but nod, following her dutifully as she leads the way towards a less crowded area for more pictures.

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"Alright, let's eat," Inko says excitedly and the two teens stare at the spread on the table. A feast created between Hizashi and Inko who

spent the morning cooking before going to the ceremony.

The five of them sit and eat, chatting and talking around each other as three cats beg for scraps at their feet. Eventually, they can't eat anymore and they all find themselves in the living area, coffee and tea spread around as Inko gets them all settled.

"So, we have some presents to give out," Inko says excitedly, "for both graduating with such good grades and for getting into Yuuei. I know you didn't quite get the path you wanted, but we're all sure you'll get there eventually. So first, Izuku, here," Inko hands a large box to Izuku and the boy frowns before slowly opening it to stare with wide eyes at the brand new laptop inside.

"Mom," he cries out with wide eyes wet with tears. "How?"

"Oh, hush, sweetheart. I just worked a few extra hours here and there to save up. I know that old brick I gave you when you were younger has been lagging here lately. Hizashi-san helped me pick it out and got it all set up so you can do all your analysis stuff on it and it'll be nice and secure. He can show you how everything works. I'm afraid it's a little more advanced than I'm used to," she waves off with a smile.

Izuku carefully sets it aside before rushing over to wrap her in a hug. "Thank you," he whispers.

"Of course. I told you I would support you and this is one way I can. Now, sit back down. Hitoshi's present is next," Inko says and Izuku pulls away to retake his spot next to Hitoshi as Hizashi stands up and Inko sits.

"We got you this, Hitoshi. It's alright if you don't want it and we won't be mad if you say no, but well," he hands over a much smaller box and Hitoshi frowns.

"That sounds ominous," he says and then starts to open it, pulling aside tissue paper until he finds folded papers in the bottom. With a glance at his dads, Hitoshi pulls them out and unfolds them, slowly reading it as his hands start to shake. He looks up with wide eyes. "These...these are adoption papers," he whispers.

"They are," Hizashi says with a small smile. "We did a lot of talking here recently and, if you would like, we want you to be a permanent part of this family," Hizashi says gently.

"You want me?" Hitoshi asks, voice shaking. "Why?"

“Because we love you Hitoshi. You’re our son and we want to make it permanent,” Hizashi says quietly.

“Because we want you to always have a home that’s safe for you,” Aizawa says simply.

“You don’t have to accept right now if you need to think about it-,” Hizashi starts to say.

“Yes!” Hitoshi yells, rushing to throw himself at them and the two men wrap him in a hug as the teen cries. “Yes, please,” Hitoshi’s muffled words come out.

Izuku can’t stop the tears even if he wanted to and Inko has a tissue out as she dabs at her eyes. Eventually, the teen pulls back and wipes at his eyes. “I need a pen,” he declares and Inko grabs one from her purse to hand over, Hitoshi thanking her before he quickly slams the papers down on the table to start signing where he needs to, Hizashi helping him sign.

“You don’t seem very surprised there, problem child,” Shouta speaks up, his voice a little rough with emotion as Hitoshi signs.

“Um, well...I maybe overheard a few phone calls between you guys and mom and kind of put it together, though I didn’t know when you were going to ask him,” Izuku admits, ducking his head with a small smile.

“You knew?” Hitoshi looks up in shock. “And you didn’t warn me?” he grumbles, but Izuku can see the grin still plastered on his face, no matter how much of a mock frown he attempts to make.

“Payback for when you didn’t warn me who Aizawa and Yamada were the first time I came over,” Izuku says back with a grin and Hitoshi laughs as the three adults laugh with him.

## Chapter End Notes

That end part though!!! Toshi's got his dads. So many feels and tears all around. Izuku got his revenge too. They didn't get into the heroics program right off the bat, but they'll get there eventually.

Also, Bakugo will be very surprised come the first day of classes when Aizawa walks into the room. Be careful who you mouth off to. You never know who they might be children. XD

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Summary

Its the first day at Yuuei, a wild gremlin adopts Izuku and Hitoshi, and the USJ happens.

## Chapter Notes

We're finally into the thick of things. We had some good feels last chapter so prepare for some sad feels this chapter. You know what's coming.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Um, thank you for the ride,” Izuku says as Yamada drives through the early morning traffic towards Yuuei on their first day of class.

“Of course, little listener,” Yamada says with a grin that he sends through the rearview mirror to the back. “It’s not like you live that far out of the way. A few extra minutes doesn’t make a difference to us,” he reassures. “Plus, I’m sure Inko-san is glad to know you’re getting to school safely.”

“Yeah,” Izuku admits. When he’d told his mom about Yamada and Aizawa’s offer to drive him to Yuuei in the mornings and afternoons, she’d been relieved. Yuuei is only forty minutes away from home by train, but it’s still a long way to travel by himself since Hitoshi would be getting a ride no matter what. It’s not that she didn’t trust him to be able to take care of himself, but she always worries about his safety.

“Ready for your first day?” Aizawa asks the two of them from his slumped spot in the front passenger seat, thermos of coffee clutched in his hands as he glances back at them.

“Yeah,” Izuku nods, Hitoshi grunting in agreement, half leaned on Izuku because his insomnia had flared up badly the night before and he hadn’t gotten to sleep until three that morning. “Do you know who our homeroom teacher is?” he asks. He and Hitoshi had gotten their info packets a few weeks ago and had learned they were both in 1-C so they’re at least in the same class.

“Yep,” Yamada says as Aizawa smirks, but neither says anything further and Izuku nods, but sighs, guessing they plan for it to be a

surprise.

The car pulls into the teachers' entrance, a cleverly hidden underground tunnel that spits them out into the parking lot a good distance from the main school entrance. Yamada parks and the two teens start to get out of the car. "Okay you two," Yamada says brightly. "We're a bit early so you can wander around or just head straight to your classroom. Sho and I have to go get ready, but if you need us for anything, we'll have our phones on us and we'll mainly be in the teacher's lounge before classes start."

"Okay," Izuku says, Hitoshi nodding as he yawns, then Izuku grabs his taller friend and starts to tow him away from the parking lot with a wave at the two pros before they disappear into a different direction.

"You awake yet, Toshi?" Izuku asks quietly as they wander the grounds for a bit, not wanting to go to their classroom just yet.

"No," Hitoshi mutters.

"Okay," Izuku nods and keeps his grip on Hitoshi's jacket to guide him as his friend walks and stumbles beside him.

Thirty minutes before the start of class, they head for 1-C, following the signs to get there. There are only a few students already there and they ignore them as he and Hitoshi come in, glance at the board to see there's no seating chart and then proceed to take two desks in the back with Izuku in front of Hitoshi.

Hitoshi slumps into his seat and pillows his head on his arms as Izuku pulls out his phone to catch up on any news that might have happened since he last checked it earlier that morning. When he doesn't find anything worth writing about, he starts scrolling through random videos before he finds something he likes before scratching at Hitoshi's head until the teen groans and turns slightly to look at him. Izuku shows him the cute cat video he found. They spend the rest of the time watching funny cat videos while they wait for their homeroom teacher to get there.

The bell rings and Izuku tucks away his phone right as the door opens and a familiar voice calls out, "Everybody say HEY!" Izuku sends a look to Hitoshi. "Good morning, little listeners! It's the start of a new year so let's strike up a tune and get this jam session off to a blazing start," Yamada calls out and the class breaks out into excited whispers as Present Mic steps into the room in his full hero costume. He flashes his signature smile and throws a few finger guns.



“Toshi, your dad is our homeroom teacher,” Izuku whispers softly to his friend and Hitoshi groans, head thumping onto the desk as Yamada starts to get the class ready to introduce themselves to everyone.

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“Heads up, Pomeranian alert,” Hitoshi mutters as they settle at a free lunch table. Hitoshi can see the blonde glaring daggers at them from the other side of the cafeteria and as Izuku glances behind him, the blonde growls before he looks away from them. “What do you want to bet he thinks we’re to blame for his homeroom teacher?” Hitoshi asks with a snicker.

Izuku sighs softly as he takes a bite of his katsudon. “More than likely...as if we have any say in who Yuuei hires,” Izuku huffs out. “Oh, I talked with Yamada-san and he said as long as we make a reservation in advance, we can use the school gyms to train after classes.”

“That’s good. I like the gym at home, but it’s a pain to have to wait to go home to train,” Hitoshi mutters and bites into his own food.

They both jump as a tray is abruptly dropped onto their table and they look up to see a grinning pink haired girl standing there. “Hi, Hatsume Mei, mind if I sit here? I’m starving,” she says, holding out a hand to them. Hitoshi looks her up and down, and notices the soot and grease stains on her, guessing she’s from support.

“Sure,” Hitoshi shrugs as Izuku shakes her hand.

“I’m Midoriya Izuku, that’s Shinso Hitoshi, we’re in class 1-C,” Izuku greets with a smile. Hitoshi had decided to keep his last name for now, still not sure which of his new parent’s names to take or if he should just take both. Shouta and Hizashi said it was fine and could always be changed later when he did come to a decision.

“Oh, Gen Ed. I’m support myself, 1-H. Wanna see one of my babies?” she asks excitedly as she sits and takes a bite of her food, hardly chewing before swallowing as she extracts something from her pocket.

Before either boy can agree or not, she pulls out a small metal ball and drops it onto the table before pressing a little button on the top and parts of it unfold from the sides. Hitoshi realizes that they’re wings as it starts to buzz with how fast they’re moving as the ball rises a few inches off the table. “It’s a prototype for a baby I wanna build. I

finished it today,” Mei explains before it sparks suddenly, smokes a bit and then falls to the table with a thump as the wings lay there limply.

“Wow, that was so cool,” Izuku enthuses and Hitoshi can admit to himself that it was pretty neat. He’s never had any desire to make this stuff, but he can appreciate the coolness factor. “Did you model the wings off of a hummingbird’s? What do you intend the final design to do? Do you think there’s a way to make the wings silent so they can go stealth? What about size? Can you go smaller? They’d be really cool for stealth cameras, especially if they’re really small. Oh, maybe there’s some way to create a light refraction barrier so they can go invisible,” Izuku says rapidly.

Mei’s eyes go wide at his question explosion and she reaches over to grip his hands. “Yes, you get it!” she says with a cackle. “I need to pick your brain, green bean. We could make so many babies together and everyone will want my babies. Hatsume Industries is going to be the most sought after support gear out there,” she crows as Izuku flushes at her words.

“Thanks,” Izuku says as she lets go and scoops up her invention, carelessly stuffing it back into her pocket before returning to her food.

“Of course. If you ever need support gear, come to me, you here,” she says with a pointed look and gesturing with her fork at them. “I’ll outfit you with the best babies out there, hands down.”

Izuku grins brightly. “Thank you, Hatsume-san,” Izuku says back.

“Call me Mei. I think this will be the start of a beautiful partnership,” she says with a grin at the two of them. “Now, tell me about your quirks so I can start coming up with ideas,” she orders and with a snort, they do.

Mei hums and nods, mind whirring with ideas. “I actually have some ideas...if you’d like to see, Mei-san,” Izuku admits, holding up his notebook and she nods eagerly. He opens to Hitoshi’s pages. “I was thinking a voice changer that will work with Toshi’s quirk so that he can use it sneakily, you know,” Izuku explains and she nods, pulling out her own notebook to start scribbling ideas down. “We decided on both something around the throat and something like a mask that he can use for different situations,” he adds.

“Smart. The throat one would be much easier to hide too. Make it slim enough and a good turtle neck could hide it,” she says with a mutter. “I’ll need to see how your quirk works and find a way for it to work

through support gear. Voice quirks are tricky when it comes to channeling them through technology. Some work and some don't. Maybe something that acts more like a resonating rod, adjusting the frequency of his voice without actually channeling it through a microphone," she mutters to herself before looking up at Izuku. "You have ideas for you as well?"

Izuku nods and turns to his pages. "I want something a little similar to Present Mic's directional speak. Something that will help me throw my voice further and increase the volume of it. I don't have the destructive power his does, but mine is much more precise and flexible in range. I can only use it on someone in my current range, but if I can get to them further away," he explains, trailing off and she nods eagerly.

"I can ask Mic-sensei if I can have a look at his support schematics so I can get an idea of how it's put together. This is something for your ears?" she asks, pointing to his next image.

"I wanted something to increase my hearing. Right now, I can only hear like a normal person, but if I can hear better, even through walls, I could gather information much easier," he explains.

Mei nods, "That's doable. I know they have stuff similar to that out there, but from the way you describe your hearing, it needs to have a much broader range of frequencies it picks up too. Oh, I have so many ideas. Do you mind if I add stuff to it, like extra fun stuff?" she asks eagerly.

"I...sure," Izuku says with wide eyes, nodding eagerly. "You actually want to build this for us?" he asks, shocked.

"Of course. Support students are allowed to take side projects, especially for heroics students or those trying to get into heroics. You won't be able to use these at the Festival unless you get specific permission like us Support students get, but if you get in, then you'll have your gear already made once the transfer goes through."

"You think we can get in?" Hitoshi asks in surprise.

"Of course, and with my babies to help you, you'll take medals home for sure," Mei says with an excited cackle.

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The first time the alarm had gone off the day before, Izuku, Mei and

Hitoshi had been outside eating their lunch as Mei described her first attempts to make their support gear. Hitoshi and Izuku had promised to stop by later after school to demonstrate in more detail how their quirks work so she can use it for their gear.

They'd all jumped, well Izuku and Hitoshi had, Mei just glanced up, as the alarm blared the announcement of a security alert. Hitoshi looks at Izuku in confusion. "It means someone is on campus that isn't supposed to be," Izuku explains as they glance around nervously before they spot the horde of reporters rushing across campus.

"Oh, it's just the press," Mei says with a shrug and goes back to eating. They don't think much about it other than to ask Yamada and Aizawa on the way home what had happened to allow the press on campus. They tell them a bit, but the two are more annoyed by already having problems from having All Might being on campus.

When the alarm goes off the second time the next day, they're in their afternoon classes. The class starts muttering and whispering as it goes off, announcing a Level Five security breach and that all students need to evacuate to their designated areas while all pros are needed at the USJ.

Izuku sees Hitoshi pale at the announcement. "What?" Izuku whispers as they follow their class representatives towards the evacuation area.

"Dad said he was taking his class to the USJ today," he explains quickly, looking worried.

"He'll be fine. The others are going to help," Izuku tries to reassure him, taking his hand and holding it as Hitoshi pulls out his phone and keeps glancing down at it, hoping for a text from either of his dads to say everything is fine.

It's nearly an hour later that the alarms stop blaring and the announcement comes over the speakers to say that the situation is clear. All students are dismissed for the day. Sharing a glance, they break away from their class and rush towards the teacher's lounge in the hopes of finding Hitoshi's dads.

It's nearly thirty more minutes before they see anyone coming towards the lounge. "Auntie Nem," Hitoshi calls out quickly, spotting Midnight in the group of pros returning. Eraserhead and Present Mic are glaringly absent and Izuku grips Hitoshi's hand tighter as he looks frantically for his dads.

“Hitoshi-kun, it’s okay,” Midnight says quickly, rushing up to herd the two of them towards a private conference room and shuts the door behind them.

“What happened? Where’s Dad and Pops?” Hitoshi asks shakily.

Midnight sighs, running a hand through her hair. “The others will find out soon, but there was a breech at the USJ. A bunch of villains managed to get into the building with a warp quirk and disabled the alarms. We found out because 1-A’s class president managed to escape the building and call in the attack. Shouta’s pretty badly hurt. So is Thirteen,” she admits with a wince. “It’s not life threatening, but Hizashi went with your dad in the ambulance. Hizashi asked me to take you two home,” she explains softly.

“No, I want to go see him,” Hitoshi demands looking close to freaking out.

“Hitoshi,” Midnight says softly.

“I’ll go home afterwards. I just need to see for myself that he’s okay,” Hitoshi insists.

Midnight sighs, but nods sympathetically. “Okay...okay. You two go get your things and meet me by their car. I’ll drive you to the hospital first. Izuku, call your mother so she knows you’re okay,” she adds, the woman having met Inko before.

“I will,” Izuku says as Midnight stands and ushers them out of the room, the two boys rushing towards their classroom to grab their things before turning around and running towards the parking lot. Midnight is already in the car waiting for them, changed out of her hero gear and in something comfortable.

They pile in the car and as Midnight drives towards the hospital, Izuku quickly calls his mother who had apparently just seen the breaking news of Yuuei being attacked. He’s quick to reassure her that he and Hitoshi are fine and explains softly about Aizawa being hurt and going to go see him before coming home.

“Stay at Hitoshi’s for now. I’m going to be working late and I’d feel better if you were with someone right now. I’ll pick you up on the way home,” Inko instructs and Izuku agrees easily. He probably would have asked anyways with how freaked out Hitoshi looks, the boy still holding his hand tightly as he nearly vibrates out of his seat with impatience for them to get to the hospital.

Izuku hangs up and a few minutes later, Midnight pulls into the hospital's parking garage, snagging a free spot. They follow her out of the car and into the hospital. It doesn't take them long to be directed to the waiting room where Yamada is in the middle of wearing a trail in the room as he paces. "Pops," Hitoshi calls out. Hizashi stops, bracing as Hitoshi slams into his chest, wrapping him in a tight hug.

"Hitoshi," he whispers as Hitoshi clings to him. "It's okay. It's going to be okay."

"How bad is it?" Hitoshi asks softly.

"Sho's in surgery right now. Recovery Girl is with them as they work and he's going to be okay, but there was a bit of damage in the fight. They have to go in to manually move some of his ocular bones around before they can attempt to heal the damage, but he'll live. He's too stubborn to let this take him out, got it?" Yamada whispers fiercely and Hitoshi nods against his chest. He looks up to see Izuku hanging back. "Come here little listener," he says, holding up an arm and Izuku rushes forward to hug him too. "He's going to be fine."

They pull apart a few minutes later and settle in some chairs as they wait for the doctors to come tell them how the surgery went. "Mom said I should stay with Hitoshi until she can come pick me up," Izuku says softly.

"That's fine. If she can't come get you, you can just spend the night, okay," Yamada says with a wan smile and Izuku nods. "Nem, I'm going to be here for a while. Do you mind keeping an eye on them?" Yamada asks her.

"Of course. You focus on Shouta and I'll watch over these two," she assures him and he smiles gratefully.

It's nearly two hours later that the doctor finally comes out. "He's doing fine. He's stable and resting right now as the reversal brings him off the anesthesia. Both arms had multiple breaks, but we were able to repair them without having to use any pins or screws though they'll need to be casted while they finish healing and the soft tissue damage heals as well. The skin on his elbow has been repaired from the quirk damage there and should heal fine. The worst damage was to his head unfortunately. He had a major concussion as well as fractures in his right cheekbone and ocular socket. We managed to remove the shards that had gotten lodged under his eye from the blows and healed them up. It's hard to say if there will be any damage to his quirk or eye

sight. Right now, there's just too much swelling to be sure. He'll be here for tonight and into tomorrow for observation, but afterwards he should be okay to go home so long as he rests. Recovery Girl has also said she will handle healing the rest of his injuries once he gets enough strength," she adds with a nod to the smaller woman stepping into the room.

"Thank you," Yamada says with a smile of relief. "Can we go see him?" he asks.

"In a few minutes. He's still getting settled into his room, but once they're done, they'll send someone for you," she assures him and then walks off with a slight bow.

"Chiyo-san," Yamada says softly.

"He'll be fine, dearie. They'll be some scars definitely and he'll need some physical therapy once the casts come off, but he'll recover in time," she says with a smile and a pat to his arm.

"Aizawa," a man speaks up and they look to see a man in nurse scrubs standing by the door that leads further into the hospital. "He's ready for visitors. He's still asleep, but he should be coming out of that within the next half an hour or so," they say and Yamada nods.

"Go on, dear. I'll inform Nedzu about the prognosis," Recovery Girl says and steps away to let them follow the nurse towards Aizawa's room.

Inside, Aizawa is unconscious on the bed, head and arms wrapped in bandages with both arms casted up to the shoulder. Izuku and Midnight let Yamada and Hitoshi have the chairs by the bed as they wait to see if the man will wake up.

Nearly forty minutes later, a crackling voice speaks up. "Za...shi," Aizawa mutters and barely seen eyes under all the bandages open to look at his husband.

"Sho," Yamada says quickly, standing up with a blinding grin.

"To...Toshi?" he asks.

"Here," Yamada says and Hitoshi leans closer so the man doesn't have to move to see him.

"Hi, Dad," Hitoshi whispers.

“How do you feel, Sho?” Yamada asks.

“Numb,” he manages to get out.

“Well you are on some strong painkillers so I’m not surprised. I’ll get the doctor to let them know you’re awake,” Yamada says and rushes off for a moment.

“You okay Toshi?” Aizawa asks his son.

“I...I’m okay,” Hitoshi croaks out, wiping at his eyes. “Sorry,” he mutters.

“Remember what I told you,” Aizawa mutters.

Hitoshi smiles wanly. “Nothing to be sorry about for crying,” Hitoshi says, wiping at his tears.

Dark eyes glance towards where Izuku and Midnight are standing. “Hey Nem, problem child,” he greets softly. “Same for you.”

Izuku nods as he wipes his eyes, relief sharp in his chest as Midnight pulls a handkerchief from her purse to wipe at her eyes.

A few seconds later, Yamada returns with the doctor who does a brief exam on the hero before saying he should rest, marking something on his chart before leaving them. Aizawa falls asleep not long after and Yamada finally allows his own tears to fall as he breathes out a shaky breath.

“I’m okay,” he whispers as Midnight wraps an arm around him. “We knew the risks when we took this job. It just never gets easier, you know,” he huffs out as he accepts Midnight’s handkerchief to wipe at his eyes.

He straightens before looking at Hitoshi and Izuku. “You boys should go home. I don’t know when I’ll be back, but you shouldn’t have to hang around here waiting. I’ll keep you updated, okay Toshi?” Yamada says softly to his son.

“Okay,” Izuku says when Hitoshi can only nod silently.

“Come on boys, we’ll stop and grab something to eat on the way home,” Midnight says softly and gently herds them out of the room after a final hug from Yamada before she leads them out of the hospital and back to the car.



They stop for some food and then return back to Hitoshi's apartment. Midnight speaks softly with the security guard there when he asks about what happened before they park and head up to the apartment, Hitoshi still silent.

They don't say much as they eat. They change out of their Yuuei uniforms, Izuku borrowing some of Hitoshi's clothes and then retreat to the teen's room, Midnight staying in the living room texting to someone on her phone.

"You okay?" Izuku asks as they sit on Hitoshi's bed.

"I...I don't know," he admits softly. "I've seen him come home hurt before. He's even had to go to the hospital...but it's never been that bad before," he whispers and Izuku lets him clutch at his hand as he wipes at his eyes.

"Yeah," Izuku admits softly. "I hope Thirteen and the students are okay too," he whispers, recalling that Katsuki is in Aizawa's class.

"Yeah," Hitoshi mutters. He lies back and Izuku follows. He doesn't know when they fell asleep, but he does remember waking up the next morning with a blanket over them and Hitoshi still clinging to his hand.

## Chapter End Notes

Mei basically sees them, thinks they look interesting and thinks \*I like these two. I'm going to adopt them\* and does.

Hitoshi and Izuku are so okay with this. The chaos in the world literally doubled the moment Mei and Izuku met. Their chaos just feed off each others. Hitoshi's just along to put out fires and enable them because he's an asshole and like to watch things blow up too.

Poor Hitoshi. Got some family feels here. He needs his Dadzawa to be okay now!

# Chapter 8

## Chapter Summary

It's that time of the year. Yuuei's Sports Festival is here, and Hitoshi and Izuku plan to take it by storm.

## Chapter Notes

Festival shenanigans are afoot, so enjoy the chaos.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Shouta comes home nearly two days later. Yuuei had sent out notice that the campus would be closed for the rest of the week and that classes would resume on Monday at the usual time. Hizashi had driven to the hospital to pick him up and had returned an hour later.

Hitoshi knows what to expect from visiting the man in the hospital, but knowing and seeing are two entirely different things. As Hizashi guides Shouta into the living room so the man can collapse onto the couch, Hitoshi can see that he's in pain, eyes tight and posture stiff as he settles onto the couch.

All three cats come streaking into the room to inspect him, sniffing at him after being gone for so long. Shouta scratches at their ears as best he can with his arms casted. "Hey, it's okay," Hizashi says, seeing Hitoshi standing by the entrance to the hall, looking uncertainly at Shouta. "He's doing fine and Recovery Girl's going to heal him some more tomorrow," he explains and Hitoshi nods.

"I'm okay, Hitoshi," Shouta speaks up, dark eyes looking at the teen. "I promise I'm not going anywhere," he adds.

"Okay," Hitoshi whispers, stepping further into the room and settles on the couch near him, taking Fritz onto his lap to pet her.

~\*~

"You sure you're okay, Toshi?" Izuku asks softly that Monday as they eat lunch. Mei isn't with them today, the girl working on something instead of eating.

"Yeah, I'm okay. Dad's already back at work. I thought Pops was going to have a fit when he said he was going back to class, but you know

how Dad is. He'd come back even if he was dying," Hitoshi huffs out. "He did promise to take it easy though, so I guess that's something."

"How long before he get the casts off?" Izuku asks.

"Hmm, Pops said two to three weeks. It depends on if Recovery Girl okays healing him in shorter bursts, thus the taking it easy part. He should have them off after the Sports Festival though," he adds.

"Oh yeah, that's coming up quick, huh," Izuku huffs out with a nervous grin. "I talked with Mei yesterday and she said she should have your throat piece and mine as well finished by then, but the others won't be ready until after the Festival," he adds.

"Any idea how we go about getting permission to use them in the Festival?" Hitoshi asks. He's been a little distracted with what happened, but Izuku is more than willing to help him out.

"I asked Midnight-sensei. She said they have the request forms in the teacher's lounge and we just have to ask for them, so I got them before coming here," Izuku says, reaching into his bag to pull out the two forms.

Hitoshi looks them over before frowning. "What does this mean, 'Reason for using'?" Hitoshi asks.

"Oh, like why you want to use it, how it will be used to help your quirk, or how it will physically aid you in the Festival. Normally only the Support students have blanket permission to bring their gear because it's one way for them show their 'babies' off. They do allow other courses besides the hero students to bring gear if they can justify the reasoning, though I know they allow the support gear that is for disabilities and such, too."

"Okay, that sounds reasonable," Hitoshi mutters. "Now how do we write it to justify us having it in the Festival?" Hitoshi asks and Izuku grins.

"Leave that to me," Izuku says and Hitoshi grins back. "Though we'll have to wait until Mei gets them mostly finished so we can give an accurate description of what they do. We can turn in the request up to four days before the event. Hopefully that will be enough time for her," he mutters.

"I'm sure she'll do amazing and even if she can't finish in time, we'll just go in without support gear," Hitoshi says and Izuku nods.

~\*~

"I've run into a bit of a snag on both of your gear," Mei admits later that week.

"Oh, what's wrong?" Hitoshi asks as they eat lunch.

"Your unique quirks," she says with a grin as if it's a challenge and not a problem. "I can get it to record voices and use it to cover your own voice sleepy cat, but getting that extra bit that is your quirk is another matter. And green bean, your quirk isn't actually your physical voice so I have to figure out a way for it to transmit your quirk a different way since I can't rely on your vocal cords to transmit the sounds," she huffs out with a frown.

"Do you think you could figure it out before the Festival?" Izuku asks plainly.

"I...maybe, if I push it, but...it will be very last minute and there's always the odds of it not working since I won't have time to run tests on it," she admits with a scowl at her ideas not meeting her time perimeters.

"Then don't rush, Mei," Izuku says with a grin.

"I'm your support manufacturer. I should be able to meet your deadlines," she huffs out.

"Mei, as long as they're ready for us by the time we transfer, then that's fine. It was wishful thinking that they would be ready before the Festival. It's no fault on you, promise," Hitoshi says with a tired grin. "We'll just have to kick butt the old fashioned way," Hitoshi adds.

"Focus on the stuff you want to bring to the Festival to show off, okay," Izuku says and Mei nods with a grin.

"Wanna see what babies I'm bringing to show off?" Mei asks with a grin and they both nod, the girl quickly pulling out her sketch book to thumb through it to show them her 'babies.'

~\*~

"I think I might be sick and I don't want to throw up on live TV," Izuku mutters as they follow the rest of their class into the stadium, the crowd roaring as the first year students make their appearance.

“Just don’t puke on me please,” Hitoshi mutters back. “If you do, I will and no one wants to see that.”

Izuku snorts softly at Hitoshi’s joke and then they listen to the extremely short speech Bakugō gives and groan while the other students boo and jeer at him. “What a fucking show off,” Hitoshi mutters

“Well, he’s lasted this long in Aizawa’s class so maybe he’s actually improving,” Izuku mutters and Hitoshi begrudgingly agrees with a nod. If anyone won’t put up with showboating and empty boasts, it’s his dad. “Let’s just hope he’ll have improved enough to not be a total bag of dicks by the time we get in there,” he adds and Izuku snorts so loudly one of their classmates looks back at them.

They wait as the first challenge is announced by Midnight: Obstacle Course. “The heavy hitters are going to rush out first and try and slow down as many as possible right at the start. Hang back a bit and then go once they get ahead. We don’t need to be in first, just high enough to place for the next challenge,” Izuku mutters to him.

“What would I do without you?” Hitoshi asks as they arrange themselves about midway in the crowd.

“Fail miserably,” Izuku shoots back, “and be forced to vigilantism while giving Yamada grey hairs.”

“True, true,” Hitoshi agrees with a grin. “See you at the finish line,” Hitoshi adds as the alarm blares and they fight against the surge of bodies around them, keeping back as the first obstacle comes right at them in the form of too many bodies in a narrow passage.

Ice erupts ahead of them and a blast of frigid air blows past them as Izuku’s prediction comes true, one of the hero students immobilizing a huge chunk of students ahead of them by freezing their feet to the ground.

“Go high,” Hitoshi calls out and Izuku nods, both using the training Aizawa drilled into them over the last three years to climb over their stuck classmates by using shoulders and heads to rush forward, others following their idea.

They burst out into the light with others right on their heels and keep pushing forward. “Don’t use your quirk until at least second round, Toshi. You need the element of surprise,” Izuku says right in his ear, throwing his voice and Hitoshi nods as they come across the chaotic

scene of one toppled and frozen Zero-Pointer and the rest of them along with a horde of smaller robots.

“Really?” Hitoshi yells in indignation as he quickly ducks under a Two-Pointer as it swings at him and following Izuku as he weaves between the machines, avoiding rather than focusing on stopping them. “Why is Yuuei so fucking obsessed with robots? I’m putting in a formal complaint after this. Excessive use of robots,” Hitoshi shouts and Izuku laughs so hard he nearly gets clotheslined by a One-Pointer before he manages to duck under it.

They manage to pull ahead of the horde of machines leaving them to the others to deal with and soon find themselves before a wide chasm with narrow pillars interspaced between its walls and ropes strung between them all. Hitoshi also finally notices that Izuku seemed to have grabbed a large chunk of metal plating from the destroyed Zero-Pointer.

“What’s that for?” he asks as they both watch Mei jump off the side of the chasm cackling before she pops up on one of the pillars using her support gear.

“Just in case,” Izuku shrugs as they take to the ropes. They make pretty good time there pulling themselves hand over hand quickly. Honestly, this isn’t the worst exercise they’ve ever done and Aizawa was sure to train them for a lot of different scenarios.

Izuku gets across first and offers a hand to Hitoshi to pull him over the edge. They take off at a fast run, noticing the others slowing down as they see the sign for the landmines. They watch as a cloud of pink goes up as a student triggers one.

“Toshi,” Izuku mutters, a slow grin spreading across his face. “I have a stupid idea,” he admits as they stand still for a moment.

“Lay it on me,” Hitoshi nods back, all for Izuku’s ideas. He has long since accepted that Izuku is the brains of this friendship they have going on.

“A huge explosion and air surfing,” Izuku says, holding out the metal he’d grabbed.

“You won me over at huge explosion,” Hitoshi says and Izuku drags him off to the side as they quickly start digging up mines people haven’t triggered. Once they have a significant pile, Izuku carefully lays the metal over the pile, angling it towards the end of the course.

“Jump on three,” Izuku says and he nods. “One...two...three!” They both jump onto it landing in a crouch, Izuku gripping the wire still attached and Hitoshi gripping Izuku. With a resounding ‘BOOM’ they go flying through the air.

“This is so stupid,” Hitoshi laughs. Izuku nods as heads turn to see where the explosion came from as they go sailing overhead. “We’re not going to make the edge,” he adds as the wind whips by and they start to arc down.

“Use them as springboards,” Izuku shouts and they jump at the last moment using the two, who Hitoshi recognizes as Bakugō and the teen who let off the ice attack, to push off their shoulders as Izuku slams the metal down on the ground and triggers five different mines at the same time, throwing the two off their feet as they push away and manage to use the force to make the last few feet of the minefield.

“Last one across has to buy lunch!” Hitoshi shouts as he rolls and jumps up, Izuku cursing and following hot on his heels. They can hear Bakugō’s cursing behind them, but they don’t slow. The entrance comes into view, but Hitoshi can feel himself lagging, chest heaving. Izuku pulls ahead by a bit always the faster of the two of them and then horns blare around them. They fall, rolling forward and collapse onto the grass as giggles break out as they try to catch their breathe.

“I can’t believe we did that,” Izuku gasps out.

Hitoshi reaches over to smack his arm. “Don’t let it go to your head. I plan on beating you in the third round,” he huffs back.

With a groan, they get up and make their way towards the water station set off to the side, taking a cup and chugging it as they wait for the rest of the runners to cross. “Izuku-kun, Hitoshi-kun, that was brilliant,” Mei cries out, rushing up to them with her signature grin. “I should make that my next baby,” she adds.

“Thanks,” Izuku says with a grin. “We saw you jump the chasm. Your stuff looks amazing as usual,” he informs her.

“And this isn’t even all of my babies. Just wait, I’m going to show them all off,” she declares as the horn blares for the last student who is making it into the second round. As the rest of the students who didn’t make it in start to trek to the stands, Midnight calls the rest towards the small stage where she announces the next event: Calvary Battle.

“Mei-san, Toshi, you with me?” Izuku asks nervously after his point amount is announced.

“Like I’m going to abandon you,” Hitoshi says with a nod. “Do we need someone else for our team?” he asks as Mei nods in agreement.

“We need a heavy hitter,” Izuku mutters, looking around, no doubt having been watching everyone throughout the last challenge and analyzing their quirks. “Him,” he points towards a teen standing off to the side and before either of them can say anything, he rushes ahead.

Hitoshi huffs, eyeing the teen’s feathered bird head and tries to remember what his quirk is, but can’t.

“Hi, yes, we’re looking for a last member to our team. Your quirk is amazing and would be perfect,” Izuku exclaims in a rush, sending off his usual blinding grin at the teen.

“You want this dark soul on your team?” the teen asks and Izuku nods. “I would be honored to assist you in this endeavor. We should probably learn about each other’s quirks and come up with a strategy,” he adds.

“Come on, I’ve already got a plan, but I need to know more about your quirk,” Izuku says and he nods. The teen’s name is Tokoyami Fumikage, his quirk, or partner really, is Dark Shadow and Izuku looks nearly ready to burst out of his skin with a desire to drill the hero student on his quirk, but they don’t have much time before the start of the challenge so Izuku holds off.

“Okay, Tokoyami-san, Dark Shadow-san, you’ll be out front horse. Keep any incoming attacks from us. You’ve got the mid-range and long-range covered for that,” Izuku instructs. “Mei, what do you have gear wise?” Izuku asks and Mei quickly pulls out her jetpack, hover boots with an extra set for some reason and a small gun, but with a really wide barrel.

“It shoots sticky foam balls that rapidly expand. I’ve only got three shots for it, but it can stop a person in their tracks,” she explains with a grin and Izuku nods eagerly.

“Okay, Mei and Hitoshi, you’ve got the hover boots. I’ll take the jet pack. Toshi, you and I are on distraction duty. Try not to use your quirk too much or if you do, use something else to hide its activation. Wave your hands, point, whatever. Just don’t let them guess your vocal activation. I’ll be throwing voices around and giving out false



orders from their teammates to confuse them. Mei, you've got the gun. I'll let you decide who to take out, but leave one shot just in case," he orders.

"You have a devious mind," Tokoyami comments.

"Welcome to my world," Hitoshi drawls as Izuku flushes a bit at the strange compliment and then the horn for the end of the planning session sounds.

They get into formation on the edge of the field and wait. "They're all going to be coming for us for the most part. This is a giant game of keep away. We go high when we need to and keep them at bay otherwise. Watch out for Kacchan and the ice guy. I'm sure they're going to be our biggest problems," Izuku instructs softly and they all nod.

The horn blares as Midnight cracks her whip and chaos breaks out as almost all the groups aim right for them. "Hover boots," Izuku shouts and Hitoshi and Mei click their heels, the boots whirring to life. "Turn your heads," Izuku instructs as the jet pack roars to life and they shoot into the air.

"Tokoyami, to your right," Izuku shouts to the teen and Dark Shadow shoots out to intercept an attack before they reach as high as they can with their weight. "Mei, how long can we stay up?" Izuku asks as the two of them use their boots to direct them away from the sea of teams below. Ice suddenly shoots across the ground, freezing most of them before a burst of electricity shoots out and stuns them.

"A minute tops, but we should drop before then so we don't overheat the motors," Mei admits. "I was still working on their weight capacity and thrust," she shouts back and Izuku nods.

"Aim to our left for that clear space. Keep them chasing us while the others pick each other off," Izuku orders.

"Got it," they all shout and then they're coming down for a rough landing.

"Pomeranian coming behind us," Hitoshi shouts, hearing Bakugō's yelling and explosions.

"Todoroki is coming from our right as well," Tokoyami adds.

"Up," Izuku shouts and they take to the air again. "I'll stall Kacchan's

team,” Izuku adds and though Hitoshi can’t hear it, he knows Izuku is throwing his voice and turns just in time to see Kirishima try to stop as Ashido tries to turn right and Bakugō goes flying off his team before Sero snags him with his tape to pull him back. The blonde shouts and smacks angrily at his teammates before another team rushes in front of them, and before they can react, his headband is snatched.

“One distracted,” Hitoshi says as they turn to see Todoroki’s team bearing down on them. “Up,” Izuku yells and they go high again just in time as more ice crackles across the ground right where they had just been.

Mei cackles and shoots off a shot at a team trying to go to their landing spot and the foam shot hits one of them in the leg and suddenly expands rapidly, incasing his legs and another teammate’s as the force of their running jerks them forward and they fall in a pile, disqualified.

“Excellent shot, mad one,” Tokoyami says as Dark Shadow rushes out to knock another projectile away before they land.

“How much time left?” Hitoshi huffs out.

“Three minutes,” Izuku says distractedly and he watches another team try to go in different directions before they drop their rider and are disqualified.

Mei shoots off another shot and takes out a second team before she reluctantly puts her gun away to save the last shot. Before they can turn to take back to the air as a few more of the remaining teams rush them, a wall of ice erupts from the ground and cuts their escape route off and they look back to see Todoroki and his team bearing down on them.

“One minute,” Izuku huffs out. “Mei, when I say so, use the last shot on their horse. Stop him before he can pick up speed,” Izuku instructs. “Toshi, see if you can catch one of them,” he orders. “Tokoyami, Dark Shadow, see if you can hold them off as long as possible. I’ll play distraction,” Izuku huffs out as they watch their horse, who has engines on his legs, charge them up and then goes running straight at them. “Toshi go, Dark Shadow, go,” he orders as they strife to the right quickly.

“Todoroki has fire. If you use the foam he could burn it away,” Tokoyami cautions as Dark Shadow shoots out.

“Trust me, he won’t,” Izuku mutters as the other team gets closer, ignoring Hitoshi as he shouts at them trying to get one to respond and they swerve around Dark Shadow’s attack. They’re meters away when Izuku shouts, “Mei, now.”

With a cackle, Mei draws her gun and aims for teen’s legs and hips. The ball hits and sticks before it rapidly expands, fouling his legs and nearly sending the whole team to the ground before a wall of ice catches them.

They try and yank the foam away, but hands and tools quickly get stuck to it. With a huge sigh of relief from Hitoshi, the horn sounds to announce that time has run out. “We did it!” Izuku shouts and then nearly topples off his perch, Hitoshi and Mei quickly catching him as he laughs.

“You all are a most formidable team. I am glad you chose me for this endeavor and look forward to facing you in the next challenge,” Tokoyami says with a nod as cheers erupt from the stands before he walks off.

The announcement for lunch goes out and they both sag in relief. “Mei, you wanna join us for lunch?” Hitoshi offers.

“I need to go over my babies to make sure they’re ready for the show,” she says with a grin. “See you next round,” she adds and rushes off after collecting her gear from them.

“Let’s go find Dad and Pops,” Hitoshi mutters. “I’m starving.”

“Please,” Izuku says with a tired grin and they walk towards one of the field exits to try and track down Hitoshi’s dads.

## Chapter End Notes

This is Hitoshi's formal complain for Yuuei's excessive use of robots.

Did he submit the complaint? The world will never know. XD

Hitoshi is all for stupid plans, especially when Izuku is the one coming up with them. Who doesn't want to air surf from a giant explosion?

Up next is the final round.

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Summary

The conclusion of the Sports Festival. Who will take home gold?

## Chapter Notes

I'm posting an extra chapter so you guys don't have to wait to see the ending of the festival. I kept a few of the fights canon, but for the most part, I just put them where I felt like so I could ensure Izuku faced Todoroki and Hitoshi faced Bakugo...for reasons...

These are the winning teams:

Team Midoriya- Izuku, Tokoyami, Hitoshi, Mei

Team Todoroki- Todoroki, Iida, Yaoyorozu, Kaminari

Team Bakugō- Bakugō, Kirishima, Ashido, Sero

Team Monoma- Monoma, Kendo, Uraraka, Tetsutetsu

Yes, I know Monoma would have never teamed up with Uraraka, but we'll just say he rationalized it as using a 1-A student to reach the final round and to learn about her quirk so they could use it against her.

This is the bracket line up.

Izuku v. Monoma, Todoroki v. Sero, Mei v. Iida, Kendo v.

Kirishima, Tetsutetsu v. Ashido, Tokoyami v. Kaminari, Bakugō v.

Yaoyorozu, Uraraka v. Hitoshi

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku and Hitoshi are nearly late back to the field, Yamada and Aizawa keeping them distracted and Izuku's mom crying happily on the phone when she calls them. She'd been forced to work today, but had promised to watch the live broadcast while she worked. He can hear her coworkers cheering in the background.

They finally break free, if only because Yamada and Aizawa need to get back to the sound booth to continue the commentary, so they manage to reach the field unhindered. Izuku walks beside Hitoshi quietly as they head down one of the halls.

"Ready, Toshi?" Izuku asks quietly, just a moment between the two of them.

“More than ready,” Hitoshi admits with a small grin. “Remember, no holding back. We go full force and may the best one win,” Hitoshi reminds him and Izuku nods.

“No quirks, okay? We both know each other’s quirks too well and I know yours won’t work on me anyways. We show them we don’t need our quirks to be hero student material. Other fights, sure, but not ours,” he adds quietly.

“Oh, I’m hoping to take a few of those hero students down before they even realize what is going on,” Hitoshi jokes and Izuku grins back as they step out onto the field with the rest of the students that made it to the final competition. Katsuki glares clear across from the field at them, but they ignore him.

Midnight steps up to the stage once more. “We have four teams victorious: Team Midoriya, Team Todoroki, Team Bakugō and Team Monoma. We are ready to draw the lots for our final challenge: a fighting tournament pitting student against student until only one stands victorious over the others. Come up and draw your lots to place you in the bracket,” she orders and they all do.

Izuku watches the bracket fill up and breathes a small sigh as he and Hitoshi end up on opposite ends. “At least we won’t face each other for a while,” Izuku says with a grin.

“Yes, but you have to face Todoroki once you get through the first round,” Hitoshi points out.

“You’ve got Kacchan,” Izuku points out.

“Please, that loud mouth has no idea how my quirk works. He’s honestly going to be too easy. I know which buttons to push,” Hitoshi reminds him.

“True, but be careful anyways. You have to face someone else first before you can get to Kacchan,” Izuku reminds him.

“Fine, but you better not get knocked out before we can fight,” Hitoshi mutters back and Izuku grins as the bracket is finished and they call the time for the recreational games.

“Wanna play some games?” Izuku asks as the contestants start to disperse.

“Nah, let’s save our energy for the fights ahead,” Hitoshi says and they

wander back into the stadium's halls to find 1-C's waiting room to wait for the tournament to begin.

"What can you tell me about this Uraraka girl?" Hitoshi asks as they look over the bracket on the screen in the room.

"I'm not sure exactly how her quirk works, but it's a five-finger touch quirk and has something to do with weight. Best guess, she can make things float or perhaps decrease their weight. Don't let her touch you with all her fingers. I'd say use your quirk, but you could probably beat her in hand to hand. Your choice, honestly," Izuku shrugs.

"Mine is going to be interesting," Izuku adds with a huff. "He's got some sort of copy quirk. I doubt even if he copies mine he'll be able to use it properly and honestly, he might be distracted by the hearing portion of it. I've learned over the years to filter out a lot of the noise I pick up. He doesn't look very strong either. He probably relies heavily on his quirk and hasn't done a lot of training with his body," Izuku surmises and Hitoshi snorts.

"Remind me to never get on your bad side. You'd make a terrifying villain if you ever turned," he adds.

"Then it's a good thing I want to be a hero," Izuku says with a sharp grin and Hitoshi snorts.

The hour of recreational games comes to an end and the call for the first two tournament contestants to head to the arena comes over the speakers and they both get up. "That's you. I'll be watching. Kick his ass," Hitoshi says with a grin and Izuku nods before they head out.

Hitoshi stops at the entrance to the field and Izuku keeps walking to where Cementoss has finished building a large stage for them to fight on. Izuku walks up the steps, heart beating in his throat as he tunes out the cheering, palms sweating as he stops halfway to the center.

Across from him, the blond hero student Monoma sneers at him as Midnight calls their match to order, Yamada telling their names and class over the speakers. "Ready?" Midnight calls out and Izuku nods as does Monoma. "Begin!" she cracks her whip and Izuku doesn't move.

With a grin, Monoma rushes him and Izuku holds his ground, settling into a solid stance and waits. With a laugh, Monoma goes to grab his arm and Izuku parries his touch aside with a smack of his hand. He tries again and Izuku turns at the last second, grabbing his arm, and heaves Monoma over his shoulder to slam him onto the cement floor.

A cry ripples across the stands and Monoma grins from his sprawl as Izuku feels his hand on his wrist, but Izuku grins back as the blonde winces at the sudden increase in sound he no doubt is picking up. The teen staggers to his feet, shaking his head and Izuku goes in for the attack this time, punching and kicking, forcing the blonde back as Monoma blocks and dodges, too distracted by his suddenly increased hearing to realize what's going on or to even try to speak.

He drops the quirk, but before he can do anything, Izuku spins, free leg coming up in a high roundhouse kick that knocks into his jaw and sends him flying a few feet away across the boundary line to sprawl on the ground.

“Midoriya wins!” Midnight shouts and the crowd roars.

Grinning, Izuku holds out a hand to Monoma who glares and smacks his hand away before standing while rubbing his jaw and stalks off in a huff. Shrugging, Izuku walks down the stairs and rushes over to Hitoshi who is half bent over laughing.

“He looked like some offended cat that had its tail stepped on,” he huffs out and Izuku snorts.

“Come on, let's find a seat to watch from the stands,” Izuku says and grabs his friend's hand to drag him up the nearest staircase.

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The next match up between Todoroki and Sero is worrying to Hitoshi. He glances at Izuku who has to face that powerhouse next, but his friend's eyes seem to glow with determination and the beginnings of a plan. Hitoshi decides to not say anything.

Once the ice is melted and Sero is freed, they both get to watch with unholy glee as Iida makes a fool of himself as Mei demonstrates her babies for the world to see. “Oh gods, this is too good,” Hitoshi whispers as he and Izuku laugh. Mei, finished with showing off her last baby, steps over the line and Iida is announced as the winner.

The fourth match is a girl named Kendo from 1-B against a redheaded boy from 1-A. Giant fists meet hardened skin and though she knocks Kirishima around a bit, she can't get through his defense and the redhead manages to push her from the stage with a heavy hit.

The next match is another 1-A and 1-B match up with a teen who has a similar quirk to Kirishima, but with steel and a girl with pink skin

that Hitoshi vaguely remembers shooting acid. The girl, Ashido, is quick, using her acid to skate around the stage and keep away from Tetsutetsu's fists. She even manages to start eating away at his steel exterior with her acid, but she misjudges a turn, hits a rough patch of ground already eaten away by her acid and Tetsutetsu manages to get a hold on her before he bodily throws her out of bounds, wincing and shaking his hands as they smoke from touching her acid.

After the field is repaired, Tokoyami and some blonde named Kaminari that Hitoshi remembers had some form of electricity face off and the blonde rushes forward. Hitoshi honestly believes Tokoyami will lose, knowing the teen's weakness to light and at first it seems that way as Dark Shadow rushes ahead. Kaminari unleashes a huge surge of electricity that has Dark Shadow shrinking back and shocks Tokoyami, but Tokoyami recovers and looks around expecting an attack only to see Kaminari standing there with a blank expression on his face, brain completely fried by his own attack. Dark Shadow quickly shoots out, gently grabbing the teen before softly setting him out of bounds and the match is called.

The next match up is Bakugō against some girl named Yaoyorozu and it is honestly a slaughter. She manages to pull out a shield a few times against Bakugō's explosions, but the blonde is too fast, quickly changing direction midair using his explosions and the force of his explosions is too much, quickly throwing her out of the ring before she can react quickly enough and the match is called.

Izuku wishes Hitoshi luck before he rushes down to the field and then it's his turn to fight. Remembering Izuku's advice, he decides to hide his quirk until he faces Bakugō. Better to not remind the angry Pomeranian about his quirk.

Uraraka is cute, bubbly and has a hard glint in her eyes that reminds him too much of Izuku and he grins. This is going to be fun. Midnight cracks her whip, announcing the start of the match and they both rush forward. Uraraka does as Izuku predicted, going for the instant win as she tries to touch him to activate her quirk.

Hitoshi grabs her wrist as he turns slightly and gripping her neck, sends her careening towards the edge of the field and she has to hastily right herself. With a determined look, she rushes him again and Hitoshi copies some of Izuku's moves from earlier, parrying her attempts to touch him all while leading her towards a different edge.

She seems to realize what he's doing because she backs off. "You're



tough,” she huffs out, wiping her sweat from her brow. “You haven’t even used your quirk yet,” she adds.

“I don’t need it to win this match,” Hitoshi says with a grin and she grins back before rushing him again. Ducking under her reach, he sweeps his leg, remembering doing this so many times to try and take his Dad down though he’s never managed it. Uraraka, though, is not Shouta, and she yelps as her legs go out from under her and lands with a grunt as the breath is knocked from her lungs.

Hitoshi lunges at her, flipping her onto her front and yanking her arms around until he has her limbs locked behind her back. “Yield,” he huffs out as he puts pressure on her arm warningly.

Uraraka wiggles and tries to break free, but he’s got the leverage, muscle and weight to keep her pinned and it doesn’t seem like she’s ever studied any ways to break grapples. “Yield,” Hitoshi orders again, adding more pressure and she winces in pain.

Uraraka sighs and droops as she stops fighting. “I yield,” she calls out.

Midnight cracks her whip, “Shinso-kun wins.”

Grinning, Hitoshi gets off her and offers a hand. She takes it with a grin and laughs as she scratches at her head. “You’re good, Shinso-kun. You completely had me on the defensive and everything,” she says as they walk off the stage.

“Thanks, I’ve had some training,” he admits.

“Oh, it shows. Are you aiming for the hero course?” she asks.

“I am,” he admits with a small grin.

“I hope you get in. I want a rematch,” she declares with a clinched fist and burning eyes, and then waves at him before running off. Not sure how to take that declaration, Hitoshi starts to make his way back to where he left Izuku and meets him halfway up the staircase.

“Toshi, that was amazing,” Izuku cries, jumping to hug him and Hitoshi has to brace before they tumble down the stairs.

“Thanks,” Hitoshi says with a grin. “You’re up next against Todoroki. I hope you have a plan,” he adds.

“Oh, I do, don’t worry,” Izuku says with a grin and Hitoshi knows that

look. “Wish me luck, Toshi.”

“Good luck and try not to kill him,” he adds Shouta’s usual advice.

“I won’t,” Izuku says with a wave and disappears down the stairs and out of sight.

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Izuku knows what everyone is thinking. They see Todoroki’s overwhelming power, especially in his last match against that guy Sero and they automatically assume he’ll win against Izuku, but they, like a lot of people, don’t see.

When he’d first spotted Todoroki at the start of the first challenge, he’d already pegged his quirk chimerism at first glance. It’s a rare phenomenon, but he’s read up on examples when he went on research binges about quirk science. It had later been confirmed when he noticed that Todoroki’s ice only came from his right side. When Tokoyami had explained that he also apparently had fire, Izuku knew it came from his left side. He’d also noticed that no matter what the situation, Todoroki never uses his fire.

That is his first mistake. As he steps out onto the stage, Izuku can already hear the faint shivers coming from Todoroki, the hum of his muscles struggling to warm up from overusing his ice. Whatever his reasoning for not using his full power, Izuku honestly doesn’t care right now. He has a goal to get into the heroics course and before that, to face Toshi one on one in this tournament. So he needs to take Todoroki down, overwhelming power or not.

As they square off, he ignores the crowd, fading it out as he focuses on Todoroki. If there’s one thing Aizawa beat into his head over and over, it’s that no quirk is without a weakness and no quirk is unstoppable. Find the weakness and you can beat them. Todoroki has been doing a lot of big ice attacks here lately: against the Zero-Pointer, in the Cavalry Battle and against Sero. He’s got to be running low on stamina and by the way he’s shivering, he’s not completely immune to the backlash from his own quirk. So, Izuku needs to wear him down.

Midnight’s whip cracks and Izuku purses his lips, throwing his voice out. He and Yamada had worked a bit on honing his quirk to make sound based attacks. It’s still largely a work in progress mainly because they wanted to focus more on his physical training for the entrance exam and then with school, there hasn’t been as much time to train with quirks, but Izuku had practiced at home and he

unleashes one of his nicer ones now.

As a low hum fills his ears that Todoroki can't possibly begin to hear, Todoroki lashes out with his right side and Izuku dodges from the largish glacier that shoots out of the ground. Not as big as his last one, but it would certainly hurt if Izuku got hit by it.

Todoroki frowns, no doubt wondering how he missed Izuku and Izuku grins at him as the teen shakes his head. He lashes out again with a smaller, more precise attack and Izuku dodges that too. The crowd around them is silent, but Izuku pays them no mind.

Izuku can already see the infrasound frequency taking effect, the boy starting to pale a bit and grimace as nausea hits him suddenly and he tries to figure out what's wrong. "You don't look so good, Todoroki-kun. Is everything alright?" Izuku asks across from him and Todoroki grimaces again, firms his stance and lashes out, this attack even smaller and completely off the mark, Izuku barely having to move to dodge it.

Izuku takes his chance and rushes him, jumping over a lash of ice and throws a punch that Todoroki barely manages to dodge, stumbling back as his sense of balance takes a nose dive. He shakes his head again and lashes out with another wave of ice and Izuku spins around it, aiming for another punch and this time it connects, catching the teen in his stomach and he wheezes as he stumbles back even further.

Todoroki looks ready to fall over as he straightens, sweating and swaying and Izuku grimaces. "Sorry Todoroki-san. Maybe next time you'll bring your full power to a fight rather than using half," Izuku apologizes and kicks out, foot catching the teen in the chest and sends him sprawling back across the line.

Izuku stops the sound attack and the crowd roars in surprise. Izuku rushes forward and offers a hand to Todoroki. "Hey, take it easy. Just breathe. It'll fade in a bit," Izuku tells him as he helps Todoroki to his feet.

"What was that?" he asks in confusion, eyes a little unfocused.

"My quirk," Izuku explains. "Sorry about using it like that, but well, I wasn't planning to lose," Izuku says with a shrug as a couple of robots with a stretcher arrive.

"Sorry again," Izuku calls as Todoroki is carted off and then Izuku rushes from the stage to disappear back into the tunnels to find

Hitoshi.

“What the hell, Izu? What was that?” Hitoshi whisper yells in excitement, eyes wide in disbelief.

“Um...something Yamada and I have been working on for a bit. It took a bit longer to build up to the right frequency than I expected. I need more practice,” Izuku mutters.

“What?” Hitoshi asks in shock.

“I’ll explain later. Come on, I want to see the next match,” Izuku explains and drags Hitoshi back to their seats to watch. It takes a few minutes for the ice to be cleared away and the stage repaired and then Kirishima and Iida face off. It surprisingly doesn’t last long. Iida goes off with a straight attack, his legs putting on a burst of speed.

Kirishima hardens and digs his feet in and they slam together with a heavy crack as Iida tries to shove Kirishima out of the ring as the redhead’s hardened feet dig deep furrows into the concrete as he braces. At the last second, Kirishima shifts his stance, grips Iida and with a heavy throw using the momentum from Iida’s engines, he tosses the taller teen over his head and out of the ring a few feet behind him.

The crowd cheers as the two boys leave the stage, Cementoss repairing the damage. Then it’s onto the next fight, with Tetsutetsu facing off against Tokoyami and Dark Shadow. Tokoyami and Dark Shadow go in strong, Dark Shadow attempting to slam Tetsutetsu out of the ring, but with a heavy metallic clang, he’s held at bay by the stronger teen.

With a growl, Tetsutetsu shoves Dark Shadow off and rushes Tokoyami like a bull charging. Dark Shadow barely manages to get ahold of the metal teen before he can hit Tokoyami, but Tetsutetsu manages to pull Dark Shadow off, the sentient quirk not strong enough with the sun shining down as it is and with the way it’s refracting off of Tetsutetsu’s metallic skin. Tetsutetsu manages to dart forward and land a heavy hit to Tokoyami, the avian flying back as Dark Shadow catches him.

Tetsutetsu doesn’t waste a moment and lunges forward, grabbing the still reeling Tokoyami and throws him out of the ring with a roar and the crowd roars with him. Tokoyami is carted off out of the arena on a stretcher and Tetsutetsu throws up a fist to the crowd before rushing off.

“Ready, Toshi?” Izuku asks with a grin.

“More than ready,” Hitoshi says with a grin and Izuku waves as his best friend runs for the field.

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Hitoshi can feel Bakugō’s glare on him as he steps onto the stage and smirks at him. He’s been looking forward to this match up since it was announced. While it won’t be as satisfying as rearranging Bakugō’s face like he sometimes wishes, making him lose will be just as sweet and will piss the blonde off like nothing else could.

Midnight steps up, “Bakugō versus Shinso, ready...start!” and she cracks her whip.

Bakugō growls and explosions snap at his palms as he flies forward and Hitoshi ducks under his predicted right punch and rolls away from the resulting explosion. “What’s the matter Bakugō, no longer the golden boy like you were back in middle school?” Hitoshi tosses out with a smirk and Bakugō howls in rage.

“SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH YOU-,” Bakugō starts to scream and then goes still, explosions stopping as he just stands there waiting for Hitoshi’s orders.

Hitoshi barely feels any resistance from the blonde which is honestly not surprising. Bakugō has always been more brawn than brain. Now his dads, they make him work for his wins when he does manage to get them under. “Walk out of the ring,” Hitoshi orders and Bakugō turns towards the nearest edge of the ring and starts to walk.

The crowd is silent as they watch the blonde walk silently towards the ring and step over the line. Midnight’s whip cracks, “Shinso-kun wins!”

Hitoshi lets Bakugō go and the teen looks around in confusion before a look of pure rage crosses over his face. Before he can shout anything or lunge at Hitoshi, Midnight cracks her whip again, drawing his attention away from Hitoshi. “Clear the stage boys for the next match,” she says with a wink, but her eyes never leave Bakugō’s.

With a snarl, Bakugō turns away and stalks off. “Thanks,” Hitoshi whispers to Midnight and she sends him a wink before shooing him off the stage. He passes Izuku on his way back for his next match.

“You did it!” Izuku cries, running up and hugging Hitoshi. “You looked so cool, Toshi.”

“Thanks,” Hitoshi says with a grin. “Good luck against Kirishima. He looks like he’ll be hard to beat.”

“Eh, not really,” Izuku waves off and Hitoshi can see that look in his eyes again.

“Evil genius,” he says simply and Izuku for once doesn’t deny it.

“You better win you match, Toshi. I’ll be waiting,” he says simply with a wink and runs passed him to head out into the arena. Hitoshi feels his cheeks heat up and snorts before turning towards one of the waiting rooms to watch on the screen in there rather than going to the stands.

~\*~

Izuku runs up the steps with a grin. Kirishima is also rushing up with his own answering grin as they meet towards the middle of the ring. “Midoriya-san, your last fight was so manly, dude. Let’s have a good fight too,” Kirishima cries out.

“Yeah,” Izuku nods and Midnight steps up.

“Midoriya versus Kirishima, ready...fight!” she cracks her whip and Kirishima hardens his whole body before charging at Izuku.

Grinning, Izuku purses his lips and a whistle rings out. It goes high, building in frequency until Kirishima is wincing as he draws near Izuku and Izuku ducks under his wide punch, kicking the back of his knee and winces himself as it feel like he just kicked stone.

Pulling back, he keeps the whistle going, building it higher until it passes normal hearing range and Kirishima stops mid lunge to grab his ears in pain and Izuku watches as he loses control of his quirk. With a grin, he rushes forward and slams his fist into Kirishima’s face, snapping his head to the side and the boy staggers away before getting his feet under him and grits his teeth against the pain as he hardens his body again.

Izuku’s high whistle cuts off and he goes low this time, the sound going deep. Kirishima rushes him again and Izuku dances away from sharp punches and even sharper elbows as the low whistle starts to vibrate the air around Kirishima.

The redhead shakes his head with a wince as lunges again and Izuku concentrates as much sound as he dares right where he needs to. As the vibrations hum through Kirishima's body, the boy freezes in surprise for just a second and Izuku takes advantage of it, planting his foot right in his chest.

Kirishima's hardening, weakened by his distraction and the vibrations humming through it, breaks and the teen staggers back as the air leaves his lungs in a whoosh as he tries to stay on his feet. Izuku presses forward, panting as he brings an elbow to Kirishima's nose and the cartilage cracks under the blow.

With a wince, Kirishima pulls away, blood flowing from his broken nose and Izuku rushes him in a full body tackle, forcing him back and back, increasing the strength of his whistle as he pushes and with one last shove, forces Kirishima's feet over the line.

The crowd surges up as Izuku stops the sound and offers a hand up to Kirishima where the redhead had fallen. "Good fight," Izuku says with a grin.

"That was so manly dude. How did you even do that?" Kirishima asks, holding his nose with one hand as he accepts Izuku's hand up with the other.

"Um, it's too complicated to explain right now," Izuku says with a sheepish grin.

"Nah, you're right. There's another match. You'll need to tell me how that trick worked later, though, okay?" he asks with a grin, no anger or malice in his voice even as he bleeds from his broken nose.

"Ah, yes, sure," Izuku agrees, looking a little bewildered at his serenity.

"Kirishima-kun, go get that checked over by Recovery Girl," Midnight orders.

"Yes, Sensei," Kirishima says with a grin. "Good match, Midoriya," he adds and waves before walking off as Izuku heads in a different direction.

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Hitoshi sees Izuku walk off the field from the other side of the field as he readies for his own match. Midnight calls the next fight and Hitoshi

walks out to cheers and climbs the steps up onto the stage to see his opponent, Tetsutetsu, walking towards him.

“The last match of the semi-finals, Shinso versus Tetsutetsu, ready... begin!” Midnight cracks her whip and Tetsutetsu grins before hardening into steel.

“Sorry, but I’m going to have to make this quick,” he growls out.

“Is your fly down?” Hitoshi calls out while pointing.

“What?” he asks and starts to look down before Hitoshi’s quirk connects and Hitoshi laughs.

“Walk out of the ring,” Hitoshi orders and he does so without any resistance.

“Shinso-kun wins,” Midnight calls out and the crowd is silent for a moment before it breaks out in cheers.

“The final match between Shinso-kun and Midoriya-kun is next,” Midnight calls out and Hitoshi watches as Tetsutetsu walks off with a look of confusion on his face at what happened before he spots Izuku rushing up to the field.

Izuku’s grinning large enough to crack his face and seems to bounce with energy as he comes up the stairs. Hitoshi feels his chest constrict a bit at the sight of his best friend and grins back. They really did it. They made it all the way to the finals. If Yuuei doesn’t take notice of them, he doesn’t know what else will convince them they deserve the chance to prove themselves as heroes. He also knows with absolute certainty that he wouldn’t have made it this far without Izuku there to plant the ideas in his head and push him forward.

“Ready, Toshi?” Izuku asks quietly, just between them.

“Yeah, you?” he asks.

“Always. No holding back, got it?” Izuku reminds him.

“I would never think of doing such a thing, Izu,” Hitoshi says with a sharp grin and Izuku nods as Midnight steps up.

“Here we are. The final fight of this year’s first year Sports Festival between Shinso Hitoshi and Midoriya Izuku. Who will win? Ready... start!” Midnight cracks her whip and Hitoshi doesn’t waste any time



to bull rush Izuku.

Hitoshi's got the height, reach and weight in this fight, but Izuku's small, fast and not afraid to fight dirty. With his quick reflexes and quicker mind, Hitoshi's going to need to put his all into beating his best friend.

Izuku ducks under his first punch and Hitoshi barely manages to pull away before he can hit him in the side with a quick fist. Pulling back for a second, Hitoshi circles Izuku and sees his friend watching him before he darts forward to kick out at him and Hitoshi barely gets his arms up in time to block the kick before a punch lands in his stomach and he coughs, but pushes through, grabbing Izuku's retreating arm and pulls him in close to bring up his knee into his side.

Hitoshi's grip loosens with his attack and Izuku manages to pull away, breathing hard and rubbing his side a bit before grinning and rushing forward again. He feints at Hitoshi's side again and tries to dart around to get behind him and Hitoshi rolls away before he can kick his knees in and comes back up with a huff, turning to block another kick and punches out, catching Izuku in the shoulder, sending him staggering back.

He pushes the advantage and wraps his arms around Izuku's upper body, pinning his arms. The smaller teen struggles, jerking his head back and Hitoshi barely manages to move his head aside before he gets his nose broken and feels the blow on his collarbone, but he grits his teeth and keeps staggering towards the boundary.

Izuku growls, clawing at Hitoshi's arms with what leverage he can and tries to kick back at him, but Hitoshi's got the leverage he needs and Izuku can't get the angle right to do any damage. The edge comes up finally and with a yell, he throws Izuku out of the ring, barely pulling his arms away before his friend can latch onto him and pull himself back in. Izuku lands on his ass just outside of the ring.

There's a beat of silence and then the crowd roars, coming to its feet and Hitoshi stares down at Izuku as he realizes he won. He just won gold medal. Izuku grins up at him, looking happy that Hitoshi won. He jumps up and hugs Hitoshi.

"We did it, Toshi!" Izuku crows as cameras flash.

"I...I won gold," he gets out, still wrapping his head around it as Izuku pulls back.

“You do realize we’re going to celebrate so hard tonight with so much food. My mother is probably already plotting with your dad about what to make,” Izuku says and Hitoshi laughs and laughs, bending over at the thought because how did he get this lucky to have his best friend and these crazy people in his life.

It takes a bit for the medal ceremony to be set up, and Izuku and Hitoshi are hustled off to a room where Tetsutetsu and Kirishima are already waiting and apparently bonding over their shared quirk by having an arm wrestling match.

“Oh hey, you’re here,” Kirishima cries out and Tetsutetsu looks up, their wrestling match forgotten in the face of new people. “Man, your fight was intense, dudes. You guys have some major skills. Where’d you two learn to fight like that?” Kirishima asks excitedly. His nose looks fine, no doubt healed by Recovery Girl.

“My dads,” Hitoshi says.

“His dads,” Izuku says at the same time.

“Nice,” Kirishima says with a grin.

Tetsutetsu walks up with a big frown looking down at Hitoshi and he thinks for a moment that the larger teen is going to cause a scene and then he grins. “Not bad, bro. Not bad at all. I’ll have to watch out for you next time,” he crows and slaps Hitoshi heavily on the shoulder and Hitoshi winces because that’s the shoulder Izuku head-butted him.

Recovery Girl thankfully takes that moment to come in the room and gives him and Izuku a look over. She gives them a kiss each to help with the bruises and some gummies before walking off. Midnight and Cementoss come in a few minutes later and lead them to the room where they’ll ride the podiums up into the center of the arena and gets them situated on the podiums, saying it will only be a few more minutes.

Finally, there’s a beep with a flashing light to tell them what’s happening and then the ceiling above them opens up as they start to rise into the center of the arena to the roars of the crowd as they cheer. Hitoshi can see far too many cameras pointed at him, but bears it as his Pops announces over the speakers that All Might will be handing out the medals and the man appears from nowhere laughing his booming laugh, standing on the edge of the stadium’s roof before jumping down to land in front of them.

Holding out the medal case for everyone to see, he gestures to Midnight who holds it while he pulls out the two bronze medals. “What excellent work, young Tetsutetsu and young Kirishima. You showed the world your mettle today, but don’t rest on your laurels just yet. Learn from your fights, grow stronger and know that the world is watching you after today. You certainly said ‘I am here’ today,” he says with a laugh and they both bow their heads as he puts the medals over their necks and thank him for the advice.

He moves onto Izuku and takes the silver medal from the case. “And young Midoriya, you certainly showed that brains are an important part of any strategy. You showed great leadership and clever ingenuity to lead your friends, your team and yourself to this point today. Be proud of your accomplishments,” All Might says and Izuku beams at the hero and accepts the silver medal.

All Might grabs the gold medal and steps in front of Hitoshi. “And last, but most certainly not least, young Shinso. It takes great strength of mind, spirit and body to do what you have done today. Few can set such a goal and fewer can follow through with it. Be proud of your accomplishments and know you have most certainly proven yourself today in the eyes of everyone watching,” All Might says and Hitoshi grins as he accepts the gold medal.

“These young men have shown their true strength today. They have taken to heart everything it means to be a student here at Yuuei. Let’s congratulate them for all their hard work and look forward to where these young men are headed in the future. Now, everyone with me, Go Beyond!...,” All Might cries out.

“Plus Ultra!” the crowd screams back.

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Izuku is exhausted as he and Hitoshi trudge back towards the locker room to change out of their gym clothes now that the Sports Festival is done. He can’t stop grinning and looking down at his medal. Honestly, if there’s anyone Izuku is okay with losing to, it’s Hitoshi.

He glances over at his best friend and sees he’s sporting a similar exhausted grin. “Can you believe we did it?” Izuku asks softly and Hitoshi looks over at him. “Three years, Toshi,” he says and watches as understanding dawns on Hitoshi’s face.

“Three years of hard work,” he murmurs with a nod. “Did you imagine this when we first started planning this?” Hitoshi asks.

Izuku shrugs, "Well I first saw us getting in through the entrance exam, but yeah, I saw it this way a bit too. It would have been like this even if we had already gotten into the hero course. We couldn't have done it any other way," Izuku admits with a soft grin. "I'm glad I lost to you Toshi."

"I'm sure you're already planning for our next match up," Hitoshi jokes and Izuku can't keep the sharp grin off his face.

"Maybe," he admits cheekily and Hitoshi laughs, throwing his head back and he looks so happy in that moment. Izuku feels his cheeks heat up and looks away before Hitoshi can see it, thankful that the door to the locker room is right there and rushes forward to open it for him and Hitoshi.

They quickly shower and change into their uniforms since they wore them to school this morning. Yamada and Aizawa are waiting outside the locker room for them. "There they are," Yamada cries out and rushes up to pull them into a bone breaking hug and laughs happily. "You did amazing you two," he says, pulling back to look at them.

"Really?" Izuku asks softly.

"Problem child, stop fishing for compliments," Aizawa mutters, but Izuku can see the proud look on his face. "I expected nothing less from you two," he adds with a small smile and Hitoshi looks fit to burst he's grinning so hard at his dad's praise.

"So, are you both still looking to transfer into heroics?" Aizawa asks and they both nod hard. "Alright. I'll inform Nedzu, though I'm sure the rat already knows. You'll know the final decision come Monday," Aizawa states simply.

"Wait, really? That seems...fast," Izuku says with a frown.

Yamada laughs. "You boys took gold and silver over every other first year student and made quite a display for the world with not only your quirk ability, but your physical skills and mental sharpness too. I think you're more than ready to transfer. Most students who make it to the third round and make a good impression need some training up before they can be considered for a transfer," Hizashi explains.

"Come on, let's get going before the traffic gets too heavy," Aizawa says and they nod with matching grins as they follow the two adults from the arena towards the teacher's parking.

The drive does take a bit longer than normal with all the traffic from people leaving Yuuei's campus, but they still make good time. They arrive at their apartment complex and the guard congratulates both of them loudly as he lets them in.

As they walk into the apartment, they jump as confetti poppers go off. Izuku looks to see his mom as well as Ms. Joke, whom they've met from Aizawa working with her before, shout congratulations loudly at them. "Mom, I thought you had to work late," Izuku says in surprise.

"Takeda-san was watching with me at work and after you won silver, he sent me home early so we could celebrate," Inko explains with a laugh. "Congratulations sweetheart, you did so well," Inko says with a smile and a hug.

"Thanks mom," Izuku says, returning the hug.

"And don't think I forgot about you Hitoshi-kun. Come here," Inko orders and Hitoshi flushes, but allows her to wrap him in a hug as she congratulates him.

"Nemuri should be here soon," Aizawa informs Ms. Joke who grins and nods as they finish getting out of their shoes and enter the apartment proper. Midnight appears twenty minutes after them, having been caught up in traffic and the celebration continues with food and drink all around.

Izuku and Hitoshi are exhausted from the day of so much physical exertion and they end up on one of the couches, a cat in each of their laps as they listen to the chatter around them, Inko laughing at one of Ms. Joke's jokes while Yamada and Aizawa talk about something quietly and Nemuri adds her own two cents to the other women's conversation.

They end up passing out on the couch, the day finally catching up to them, medals still around their necks and smiling in their sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

In regards to the fights, I tried to consider everyone's quirks and how they might fare against each other before deciding who would win.

### Round 1

Some were obvious wins or canon wins, like Bakugo vs.

Yaoyorozu, Mei vs. Iida, Uraraka vs. Hitoshi and Todoroki vs.

Sero.

Some were a little harder to determine. Tetsutetsu against Mina was a bit hard because acid can eat through metal, but I don't think she has as much experience dissolving metal and what experience she does have would have made the acid too strong and might have really hurt him so she held back and lost.

Tokoyami vs. Kaminari was pretty spot on how I figured it would go. He'd go all out and fry his brain and since Dark Shadow took the brunt of the electrical attack, Tokoyami could recover from it fairly easily.

Kendo vs. Kirishima is a given. Giant fist doesn't mean you can break his hardening.

Izuku vs. Monoma was fairly easy too. Monoma seems like someone who, like Hitoshi in canon, focused more on his quirk than his body. The problem with non-visible quirks is you can't see how they work so he had no idea what Izuku's quirk even did. Plus, Izuku just really needed to kick his ass.

Round 2: Izuku v. Todoroki, Iida v. Kirishima, Tetsutetsu v. Tokoyami, Bakugō v. Hitoshi

Izuku vs Todoroki, Izuku likes interesting quirks and Todoroki's is very interesting so he'd been watching his quirk a lot while doing the competitions so he figured out fairly quickly that Todoroki wasn't using his full quirk. Disorienting him and making him nauseous with sound was probably the nicest attack he has with his quirk, though it took a few seconds to hit the right frequency and for it to take effect. I know some of you were probably hoping for the whole canon Endeavor story line and their budding friendship, but Izuku's got plans and doesn't have time to help Todoroki get over his daddy issues right now. Maybe later. As for Endeavor, Izuku honestly didn't even notice him yelling at Shouto since he was so focused on the fight. What happens between Todoroki and his dad is up in the air right now.

Iida vs. Kirishima is pretty much just a metaphor to the unstoppable force and the immovable object. Iida's weakness is that once he gets moving, he can't stop or turn easily so Kirishima just decided to yeet him over his shoulder and boom, won.

Tetsutetsu vs. Tokoyami was pretty self explanatory. Dark Shadow is really strong, but light weakens them and with the sun

shining, plus the refracting light from Tetsutetsu's metal skin, it weakened them enough that he could overpower Dark Shadow enough to get to Tokoyami who's seems to be as fit as a freaking twig and punted him from the ring. Come on Tokoyami! Do some arm and leg days, run, something!!!

Bakugo vs. Hitoshi was how it definitely things should have been in canon. Not Izuku vs Hitoshi, Bakugo vs. Hitoshi. I know it was supposed to be a way to show off the whole One For All spirit mind trip thing but come on. Bakugo needs to be brought down a peg.

Round 3: Izuku v. Kirishima, Tetsutetsu v. Hitoshi

Izuku vs Kirishima, I was playing with sound stuff. Sound has a very hard time traveling through earth and rock...except when you hit its resonance frequency, like with crystals. I feel like Kirishima's quirk has a resonance frequency and Izuku managed to find it, sort of. Not completely, but enough to make the boy's hardened skin start to vibrate and when hard things like rock start to vibrate, fault lines start to form. Plus his insides would have been seriously vibrating too. I explain it more in a later chapter.

Tetsutetsu vs Hitoshi was just hilarious. Like seriously, how many villains could Hitoshi stop with just that one line or others like it. XD

Round 4: Izuku vs. Hitoshi

I honestly couldn't decide who I wanted to win so I literally flipped a coin and Hitoshi won the toss. So there. My boys are so happy and excited and things are starting to turn in their favor. :D

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Summary

Izuku and Hitoshi are about ready to snap as they wait to learn if all their hard work paid off.

## Chapter Notes

We've got some more supportive parents, along with some stressed out boys waiting for the green light to transfer.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Monday rolls around quicker than they expect. After spending the rest of the weekend recovering from the Sports Festival and texting back and forth, Izuku finds himself sliding into their car as usual and the four set off for Yuuei.

No one brings up the Sports Festival or the possibility of a transfer which is both relieving and stressful because all Izuku has been thinking about is the transfer. Mainly that there might only be one spot open and they'll have to decide who will get it and while Izuku would gladly hand it over to Hitoshi in a heartbeat, it would still hurt to do so because he's worked so hard to get to this point. He's also sure Hitoshi would do the same and then neither would be able to decide who would get it and they'd be at a stalemate so neither could transfer in.

Needless to say, his mind has been spiraling a bit, but the car ride is mostly quiet, like usual. Yamada has the radio turned low and hums along to different songs that come on. Aizawa drinks his coffee and mostly watches the scenery passing by or talking with Yamada about work stuff. Hitoshi is a slumped mess next to him, both anxious and tired because his insomnia flared up again and Izuku feels like he's about to come out of his skin before they even find out if they made the cut or not.

Aizawa and Yamada wave them off to get to class and head for the teacher's lounge and Izuku drags a tired Hitoshi to their homeroom. The few already there clap at their arrival and that at least wakes Hitoshi up enough, the other teen flushing a bit with Izuku at the sudden cheering and congratulations. They take their seats while they wait for Yamada to appear at the start of class and try to calm their



racing hearts.

Fifteen minutes later, the man in question comes in with a few minutes to spare before the morning bell rings and sets his stuff down with a grin as he hums a tune he heard on the radio that morning. "Morning little listeners," he greets the few students that say hello to him.

Izuku can feel how strung tight Hitoshi is behind him as Yamada quickly shuffles through some papers before he finally nods and looks right at them. "Midoriya-kun, Shinso-kun, you've got a meeting with Nedzu in ten minutes. Best not be late and bring your things with you," he says with a grin and they both jump up. The class is silent around them as they walk up to the front and accept the hall passes.

Yamada gives them a wink and an encouraging smile before shooing them from the room. Out in the hall, after the door closes behind them and the whispers break out, they quickly share a glance and then set off at a jog to get to Nedzu's office within the time limit.

Neither has been to Nedzu's office before, but Izuku had memorized the main building's layout so it's not hard to find the elevator up to the right floor. It takes a moment to find the right door and then Izuku forces himself to knock, stomach in knots with butterflies trapped inside it.

"Come in, Midoriya-kun, Shinso-kun," Nedzu's voice calls out and Izuku slides the door open. Inside is a large office with a desk and computer set up to fit the small mammal behind it. There are a few chairs in front of the desk, but off to the side is a pair of couches with a small coffee table set between them. An electric kettle is set on the table with cups already put out and sitting on one of the couches with a knowing smirk, Aizawa watches them enter.

"Ah, good morning boys, sorry to make you wait. We had a few last minute things to finish up before we could get this meeting off to a start," Nedzu says with a smile and motions towards the couches. "Take a seat, I'll be with you in just a moment," he says easily and they both nod and do as directed.

Nedzu prints a few things off his computer, grabbing them out of the printer's tray, and then jumps down off his chair to walk over to take the seat next to Aizawa. "Tea?" he asks as he sets the papers face down on the table.

"Um...yes please," Izuku manages to get out of a tight throat and

Hitoshi nods silently.

Nedzu hums softly as he readies some tea for them and Aizawa as well before making his own cup. He takes a slow sip and Izuku is about ready to snap with how tense he is when the mammal sets the cup down with a click and smiles at them again.

“So,” he says simply. “Aizawa-kun here says you would like a transfer into the heroics department.”

“Ah, y-yes, Nedzu-sensei,” Izuku nods and Hitoshi nods silently again. Izuku manages to take a sip without his hands shaking and sloshing the tea over the rim...barely. Hitoshi doesn't even glance at his cup.

“Of course, of course,” Nedzu says with another smile. “Now, normally we don't allow just anyone to transfer,” Nedzu starts off with and Izuku feels his heart skip a beat before he continues. “They of course have to be sponsored by a teacher who then needs to put in the time to train them up to standards to enter the heroics course. After which, they then need to take an exam to show that they've improved enough since the Sports Festival to join the classes,” Nedzu states.

Izuku wants to curse at another hoop to jump through, but he's more than willing to jump if it means he can become a hero student. “That...sounds reasonable,” he gets out and feels how tense Hitoshi is beside him.

“I'm glad you agree,” Nedzu says with a sunny smile and takes another sip. “Now, Shinso-kun, Aizawa-kun has offered to sponsor you to the heroics department. And Midoriya-kun, Yamada-kun has offered to sponsor you to the heroics department as well. So that part is well in hand. As well, they have assured me you are both well trained, having done so for three years under their tutelage which handily waves away the training up part, especially with the performances you both put on at the Sports Festival,” Nedzu explains and Izuku nods.

“Normally, we would then have you take an exam at a future time and date, and then once a spot opened up in one of the classes, you would then be placed in the class and go from there,” Nedzu explains and Izuku feels the 'but' coming.

“However, considering that you are both the gold and silver medalist of this year's Sports Festival, I believe I am well within my rights to waive the exam portion of the requirements,” he says cheekily and Izuku deflates a bit in shock.

“Really?” Hitoshi finally speaks up.

“Indeed. You both showed the qualities we look for in our hero students, the same qualities we look for in the transfer exam to determine if transfer students will be a good fit for the program. It would be redundant to test you on something we are already aware of,” Nedzu waves off and Izuku feels his heart speed up again.

“So what happens now?” Izuku asks softly, not daring to hope.

Nedzu nods. “Originally, we only had one available spot open for a transfer student to take. Now normally that would have gone to Shinso-kun as the gold medalist and Midoriya-kun, you would have been placed on a waiting list. However, we happened to have a sudden transfer this morning from one of the classes into the General Education program. So it seems we have spots available for both of you,” he explains with a grin and Izuku lets out a breath he didn’t even realize he was holding.

“Really?” he asks, hands shaking with relief.

“Of course,” Nedzu says with a nod. “In fact, both spots happen to be in class 1-A under Aizawa-kun’s tutelage, thus why he is here. Aizawa-kun, do you accept both transfers into your class?” Nedzu asks.

Aizawa turns dark eyes onto the two of them and then a small smile breaks across his face. “I do,” he nods and Nedzu chuckles.

“Very well. Shinso-kun, Midoriya-kun, welcome to the heroics program. Now, we just need to fill out some paperwork. Midoriya-kun, you’ll need to get your mother’s signature to confirm the transfer. Shinso-kun, you’re parents have already signed off on the transfer,” he says with a knowing look at Aizawa. “As well, you’ll need to submit your costume designs before the end of the week so the support company we work with can create them. I’m told you have commissioned Hatsume-san from the Support course to make some support gear for you,” he says and they both nod, too relieved to say anything as the words sink in.

“Good. Maijima-kun will get the gear and the required documentation to the company to go over them, refine them and then recreate them into a streamline appearance to fit your costume requests. I believe that is everything. Aizawa-kun can help you with the necessary paperwork and getting your new uniforms for the hero course,” Nedzu says brightly with a clap of his hands to indicate the finality of the meeting.

“Thank you, Nedzu-sensei,” Izuku says nearly breathlessly, bowing low and Hitoshi copies him, muttering his thanks too.

“Nonsense, you two. You did all the hard work. I merely signed some forms and arranged it so the two of you could have a seamless transfer. You should be proud of what you have accomplished in such a short time and I greatly look forward to what more you will accomplish in the future,” Nedzu says brightly and sincerely.

Standing, they accept the forms from him that he hands over and with one final bow, follow Aizawa out of the office. They wait until they get far enough away before letting out sighs of relief. “Oh gods,” Izuku mutters in relief, leaning against the nearby wall.

“You did that on purpose,” Hitoshi accuses his dad who merely smirks at them sadistically.

“Merely a logical ruse to ensure you appreciated what has been handed to you,” he states simply.

“Tell that to my poor heart,” Hitoshi mutters and Izuku snorts.

“Come on problem children, we have things to do,” Aizawa says with a huff and they quickly stand back up to follow him.

He leads them away from Nedzu’s office and to a different area until he unlocks a door and leads them into a storage area filled with uniforms. It’s not hard to find hero course jackets in their sizes, two each and he tells them to return their Gen Ed jackets after they’ve been washed. They both nod. He takes them to his office, apparently someone is covering his homeroom this morning, and he walks them through filling out the transfer paperwork so it’s all correct. Izuku will have his signed tonight and brought back in the morning.

Then he dismisses them for the day, saying they can either take the train home or stay on campus and wait for a ride. He suggests they start working on their costume designs now and get them in sooner rather than later. They both decide to remain on campus for the day to do just that with plans to meet up with Mei at lunch to go over their support gear and ways it can be integrated into their costume designs.

Aizawa lets them go with a reminder to not do anything stupid and then he heads to his class, leaving them standing out in the hall. They wait until he is long gone before Izuku looks at Hitoshi. “Toshi...we... we’re in the heroics program,” he whispers.

“We are,” he says sounding just as dazed as Izuku. With a grin, he grabs Izuku’s arm and starts towing him towards the library. “Come on. Let’s get to cracking on our costume designs. If Dad says get it done soon, he means it,” he reminds Izuku and the teen nods, eagerly following to the library, ideas already spinning through his head.

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“What do you think?” Izuku asks Mei later that day as they sit outside eating lunch. Hitoshi is just basking in the fact that all their hard work finally paid off. Yes, they might be starting a bit behind the other hero students, but they’ll catch up no matter what it takes.

Mei glances over the rough sketches Izuku had drawn up for their costumes. Hitoshi had let him do it, well aware of how atrocious his drawing skills are. On two pages of sketch paper are two fleshed out costume designs with tiny notes and comments written neatly for the costume designers.

Hitoshi’s is fairly simple. He’s wanted to do a bit of homage to both his dads and their own costumes for a while now, so the main body is a similar jumpsuit style to Eraserhead’s costume, though a bit tighter around the arms and lower legs. Heavy steel-toe boots, arm and shin guards, reinforced fingerless gloves, a utility belt with lots of pouches, and padding placed strategically at various points to protect him from falls or hits. A hood is added with subtle purple pin striping with an extra panel that zips up in front of his face to cover his mask voice changer. The jumpsuit also has a higher neck with padding to protect his throat and hide the throat voice changer. Over it all is a black leather jacket, similar in cut to Hizashi’s Present Mic jacket with hidden panels of body armor sew into it, protective, but breathable and easy to move in. All it needs is a capture scarf and a few other tools and it will be awesome.

Izuku’s had gone a different direction. He’d taken his Mockingbird name to heart, the whole thing dark storm cloud grey with darts of light grey and pale browns here and there to highlight parts of his costume, while a subtle feather pattern is sewn into parts of the costume. The bottoms consist of heavy-duty combat pants with lots of pockets tucked into similar steel-toe boots like Hitoshi’s. The upper part is a long-sleeved shirt that zips in the front sewn with hidden armor panels and a padded high collar to protect his neck and cover up his support gear when needed. A reversible three quarter jacket goes over top, the inside plain black with a hood to cover his hair and more hidden body armor. A utility belt also like Hitoshi’s wraps

around his waist along with similar shin and arm guards for protection. Fingerless gloves and a wrist attachment to adjust his support gear and that can also be used to record Izuku's quirk if he needs to send something he heard.

His neck piece, once Mei finishes it, will be much smaller and slimmer than Present Mic's own directional speaker. It'll wrap snugly against his neck with discrete speakers hidden in it with small resonating rods for Izuku to direct his quirk into so it can send his voice through the speaker and let him throw his voice further or make it louder as needed. The ear pieces will be nearly invisible in his ears with various functions once Mei gets done with them too.

"These look amazing," Mei says excitedly. She scans over the notes and comments. "Good details and instructions to. That will help them design what you're looking for," she adds with a nod.

Izuku flushes and grins. "Thanks. I was trying for something easily understood after hearing you mutter about vague descriptions," Izuku explains and she nods with a cackle.

"Yes, well, we Support people pride ourselves in delivering what the customer wants, no matter how vague, but," she adds with a bright, near manic grin. "I'm nearly finished with your gear," she says excitedly.

"Really?" Hitoshi asks.

"Yep. I got really inspired after the Festival and seeing your quirks in action and I worked through the weekend to figure out the last tricky bits. You should come with me after lunch to Support and we'll test them out, yes?" she asks, nearly vibrating with excited energy.

"Definitely," Izuku says with Hitoshi nodding eagerly. "Mei, you're amazing," he adds.

"All in a day's work, green bean. Just make sure to tell everyone where your gear came from and we'll be even...that and make sure no one works on it, but me, you hear," she adds with a finger wag.

"We promise," Hitoshi says eagerly. They finish their lunch and follow her back to Support where Power Loader waves at them distractedly and they follow Mei to her work station. Taking the completed gear to one of the test rooms so they can try them out, Mei writes down notes about fit and feel, and how well it handles their quirks. The other two wear noise canceling headphones when Izuku uses his quirk to protect

their ears. Hitoshi, with Mei's permission, uses Izuku's voice to brainwash her with both his mask voice changer and neck voice changer.

"I can definitely hear the hum through the voice changer. Resonator rods to pick up infrasonic sound waves were definitely the right way to go," Izuku admits once Hitoshi finishes testing his gear out.

"It would have taken me longer to figure it out if I wasn't already using them for your gear, green bean," Mei explains with glee. "When you explained the hum, my mind went into overdrive and after that, boom, finished," she adds gleefully. "My babies are so cute, aren't they," she adds.

"They're awe inspiring, Mei," Hitoshi says seriously.

"Oh, that reminds me," Mei says turning to them. "I took your ideas for my first baby of the school year and went full stealth with them," Mei explains and holds out what is probably a finished prototype of the metal ball she had shown them the first day they met. "They're nearly silent and small enough to be hard to spot. I'm still figuring out the light refracting for invisibility, but if you'd like to add them to your gear, I can have them adjusted to work with your gear. I can make you a control panel too, sleepy cat so that you can control them. Good for covert ops, you know," she says gleefully, petting her baby before pressing a button and its wings spring open with a soft snick and then begins to beat its wings silently. Izuku can pick up the hum, but even then it's very soft.

"So, spy cameras," Hitoshi says and Mei nods eagerly. "Mei, you spoil us." Hitoshi says with a grin and Mei whoops.

"I'll finish cleaning up your gear and add the stealth drones as well to your gear," Mei says eagerly. "Are you turning in your costume designs today or tomorrow?" she asks.

"Um, probably today before we go home. Do you need us to wait?" Izuku asks.

"Hm, oh, no, I should be able to finish this all up by today and Majima-sensei will help me get all the paperwork filled out to submit for review by the support company," Mei waves off as she leads them back to her work station.

"Okay," Izuku says and sits down next to her for a few minutes to add extra notes to both sketches about the gear and how it should fit with

the design of the costumes as well as adding an extra bit about getting a similar wrist attachment for Hitoshi so he can control the stealth drones as well as various other functions. "You could use it as a database for various voices to sync to your voice changer. So you don't have to rely on anyone in a fight to have a voice, you can just pull up a prerecorded one," Izuku explains.

"Oh, nice. Smart thinking. That'll help if they already know my quirk and my voice and won't talk to me," Hitoshi says with a grin.

"Exactly," Izuku says and finishes up the last of the notes. "Anything you think I should add?" he asks Mei who's fiddling with Hitoshi's neck piece.

"Hmm," she glances over it one last time. "Nope, looks good. They'll add questions if they want any clarification and can update it later if something needs to be changed," Mei says with a shrug and goes back to her work.

"Alright. We'll leave you to your work Mei. Thank you again," Izuku says, grabbing his sketches and stuff to follow Hitoshi out, Mei waving distractedly, humming under her breath.

"We've still got a few hours until classes let out," Hitoshi speaks up with a grin. "And I don't know about you, but I'm full of energy right now. Wanna do some extra training?" he asks Izuku.

"Please," Izuku says with a grin and they change course to go change into their gym clothes to find an empty gym to work out in.

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They turn in their costume designs that afternoon after working out for a while to burn off excessive energy. Aizawa nods approvingly at the costumes and notes, signing off on them and taking the paperwork they also filled out with all their measurements to send to the support company to use as well as any limitations or requirements needed.

Yamada laughs when they glare at him and accuse him of trying to give them a heart attack for stringing them along like he did that morning and hugs them, congratulating them on making it into the hero course, though he says he'll miss having them in his class.

Izuku goes home to tell his mother the good news and they celebrate that night, going over the paperwork: a thick packet of papers stating his transfer to the heroics department, the various liability waivers,



and a costume budget that states what is covered by Yuuei and what is paid for out of pocket. He's worried they won't be able to afford some of it, but his mother reassures him that they can and he nods.

She also pulls out a gift for him. "This is somewhat of a collaboration between myself, Aizawa-san and Hizashi-san," Inko admits with a small smile. "They helped me with figuring out what I needed to know and gave me people to contact about having it commissioned," she explains as she hands over a small dark metal case.

"Mom?" Izuku asks, throat tight.

"Well, go on, open it," she encourages and Izuku swallows and nods with a grin before clicking the buttons on the latches and the lid pops open. There, nestled into foam cut to its shape, is small narrow rod of a dark matte metal. Tucked into the lid is a small booklet.

Izuku carefully picks up the rod, brows going up because it's heavier than he was expecting. When he pulls out the booklet, he finds instructions for a collapsible staff. "Mom," Izuku whispers.

"Well go on, try it out," Inko says excitedly and Izuku nods, checking the instructions for how to activate it and then stands up from the kitchen table to get some space and twists part of the rod. It slides effortlessly and with a click and a hiss, the ends shoot out into a full length staff. Izuku hefts it and finds the weight is what he's used to in the staff he used when training with Yamada-san and the balance is perfect, resting comfortably in his hand. "Do you like it?" she asks.

"I love it. How...when did you get this commissioned?" he asks, looking over with wide eyes.

"At the beginning of the school year," she explains. "I talked with Hizashi-san and Shouta-san about ways to help and support you and they explained about getting Hitoshi his own capture scarf for when he got into the heroics department and I decided that you needed your own gear too and they helped me figure out what to get. He should be getting his scarf right now too," she adds with a grin.

Izuku twists the section in the opposite direction and it retracts back into its compact form. Setting it back into the case, Izuku walks over and hugs his mom. "Thank you," he whispers huskily.

"You're welcome sweetheart. I know things haven't been the easiest, especially after your father left and it was just us, but I want you to know I'm proud of you and I love you so much. I'll worry, constantly,

but I'll also support you, okay?" she promises.

"I'll try to keep you from worrying too much," Izuku promises back and she nods. "Toshi and I will watch each other's back and Yamada-san and Aizawa-san will keep an eye on us too when you can't be there," he adds.

"Good," Inko says. "Now, let's finish filling out these forms and then get started on dinner," she instructs and he nods, helping her fill out the last of the transfer forms and then helping out to make dinner. That night, before bed, he calls Hitoshi and they both scream near silently to each other and show off what their parents got them.

## Chapter End Notes

I had fun designing their costumes. I tried to be more practical than flashy with their costumes, considering that Hitoshi is more than likely going into underground heroics and Izuku is considering twilight heroics. I never understood how some of these people's costumes got the go ahead. Some of them have absolutely no freaking body armor that we can see. And pockets! Some have barely any places to put things. Use your heads for something other than hair support people!

Izuku went nope, we're having all the pockets and armor because Aizawa-sensei warned me about bad costume designs and he did his own research too. Also, stealth drones, because who doesn't need some stealth drones. :)

As for the two spots in 1-A. The first guy is just some random NPC who either got expelled from the course by Aizawa with the assessment test day 1, or who transferred out after everything with the USJ. I'll let you decide. Spot two was Mineta. He got expelled and transferred into Gen Ed after the Sports Festival after he and Kaminari tried to do the whole cheerleader thing. Rather than take their word for it, Yaomomo did the smart thing and actually asked Aizawa who said no. Mineta got expelled because he had had a lot of previous complaint and marks against him from other students and for other stunts. Kaminari got a week of detention and the threat of expulsion.

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Summary

Their hard work has finally paid off and the start of their hard won path is nigh.

## Chapter Notes

And we finally arrive at the start of it all.

Enjoy. You know what's coming next. :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tuesday comes quickly and Hitoshi is wide awake for once, thrumming with excitement and anticipation because today is his first day in class 1-A. Izuku, when they pull up outside of his apartment, is nearly vibrating in place and he rushes over to fling himself into the car excitedly.

“Morning, Izuku-kun,” Hizashi says, Shouta grunting tiredly in greeting and Izuku chirps back a hello as Hizashi pulls into traffic to start driving them towards Yuuei. “Are you ready for today? Your first day,” Hizashi asks excitedly with a grin.

“I spent most of last night too excited to sleep,” Izuku admits with a grin and Hitoshi snorts, seeing the faint shadows under his eyes.

“Down, problem child. The class won’t disappear without you,” Shouta mutters and Izuku laughs softly, but nods.

The drive is mostly silent with the radio playing. Izuku and Hitoshi mainly speak in sign language about how excited they are and the gifts from their parents while Shouta naps and Hizashi hums along to the radio. Yuuei appears before them and rather than heading off to wander a bit before heading to 1-C, they both follow Hizashi and Shouta to the teacher’s lounge.

Izuku hands over the filled out paperwork with an excited grin and Shouta sets it on his desk to file away later. “Oh, look at you two,” Midnight cries out excitedly, coming into the lounge to see them standing next to the other two pros. “Excited?” she asks.

“Yeah,” Izuku says with a nod.

“Well, have fun you two and work hard,” she says with a wink before walking to her desk to start going through some paperwork there.

Hizashi walks off to his own desk and Shouta motions for them to sit on one of the couches as they wait to pass the time before homeroom starts. Eventually, the three of them leave and head for 1-A. Hitoshi’s heart feels like it’s going to burst from his chest.

“Wait here,” Shouta instructs and they both nod as he opens the door, calling the class to order and then shuts it behind him. Hitoshi starts as he feels Izuku’s hand wrap around his and squeezes.

“Ready?” Izuku asks softly, eyes a little wide with nervousness and excitement.

“Definitely,” Hitoshi agrees, squeezing back and then Shouta’s opening the door, waving them in and they let go before stepping into the room.

“As I said, we have two new transfers into 1-A. Treat them as I expect you to treat them and we won’t have any problems,” Shouta states bluntly. “Go on problem children. Introduce yourselves,” Shouta grumbles.

“Hi, I’m Midoriya Izuku. It’s nice to meet you all,” Izuku says with a grin and a bow.

“Shinso Hitoshi and same,” Hitoshi mutters and bows as well.

“Alright you two, take the available spots,” Shouta drawls out and they nod, taking their things and walking over to the two seats near the back of the class. Unlike 1-C, the seats are diagonal to each other, but within talking distance so that’s fine. Hitoshi takes the one further back and Izuku takes the other. They both ignore the glare sent their way from Bakugō.

“Now that we have that taken care of and out of the way, it’s time to talk about your internships that will be starting next week,” Shouta states and the whole class sits up excitedly. He holds up a remote and presses a button, showing the class’s names in order of internship offers. Shockingly, in the middle of the pack are both Izuku and Hitoshi’s names with a few dozen offers each.

“Sensei, Shinso-san and Midoriya-san already have offers, even though they just joined us?” Yaoyorozu asks with her hand raised.

“They do. These were interested agencies that sent the offers just in case they both were aiming for the heroics department, which they were, and transferred into the class in time. Winning silver and gold at the Sports Festival is no easy feat and a lot of people took notice,” Shouta explains in a bored tone before reaching for a stack of files on his desk.

“These files contain your offers, if you got any, as well as a list of forty agencies that offer open spots for any Yuuei student who didn’t get any offers. I’ve added a few notes to each file about things to consider when choosing your agency. Don’t just pick on rankings, make sure it is a place where you feel you’ll learn the most in regards to the kind of hero you want to become,” he explains and the class nods.

“Iida-san, Yaoyorozu-san, please help hand out these files,” he orders and the two stand up to do so, taking part of the stack each and passing out the files. Some, like Todoroki, are thick with offers while others are flat, no doubt with only the pages for the forty agencies to pull from.

Hitoshi nods to Iida in thanks when he hands him his file, Izuku having already gotten his from Shouta and cracks his open. There’s the internship request form right on top. Behind it are the two sheets with the forty agencies listed with their rankings and what they specialize in. Behind those are a few sheets with offers from various agencies.

“You have until tomorrow afternoon to submit your choices,” Shouta continues to speak after everyone has their file. “This is just your first internship, so don’t be discouraged if it doesn’t fit or you don’t like it. There will be more in the future. This is just a first look at what goes on behind the scenes as a hero. Midoriya-kun, Shinso-kun, come to my office at the end of lunch and I’ll catch you up on what the class has already been told,” he orders.

“Yes, Aizawa-sensei,” they both say and then he turns toward his desk.

“Take the rest of homeroom to look over them,” he instructs, slipping into his sleeping bag and soon falling asleep as the class breaks out into excited whispers.

“Toshi,” Izuku whispers with wide eyes and Hitoshi nods.

“Shinso-kun, Midoriya-kun, you two made it!” Uraraka exclaims softly, but excitedly, turning to face them. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks,” Izuku says with a grin. “For a bit there, we thought it would take longer.”

“You were so manly at the Festival dudes, of course they let you in,” Kirishima exclaims loudly before being shushed and he ducks his head.

“Oh, you’ll have to think up hero names too,” Uraraka exclaims suddenly. “We did that yesterday, but you weren’t here for it.”

Izuku grins at her words. “We already figured that out,” Hitoshi admits and they look at him.

“Yeah, we’ve known what we wanted our hero names to be for a while,” Izuku adds excitedly.

“Oh, what are they?” Kaminari asks, coming over from his desk to lean on Uraraka’s desk.

“Well, mine is the Sound Hero: Mockingbird,” Izuku tells them.

“Oh, that nice,” Uraraka gushes. “I can’t wait to see your costume. What about you, Shinso-kun?”

“The Silent Hero: Liarbird,” Hitoshi explains.

“It’s a play on words,” Izuku explains energetically, pulling out a sheet of paper and writing it out. “There’s a bird called the lyrebird that mimics sounds and Hitoshi’s getting a voice changer to hide his quirk better, so we changed out the word lyre for the English word liar because he usually won’t be speaking in his own voice so they won’t recognize what’s his voice. Plus, it hides what exactly his quirk is,” Izuku finishes excitedly.

“Oh, that pretty clever,” Kaminari admits. “Mine’s the Stun Gun Hero: Chargebolt,” he says with a grin.

“I’m Uravity,” Uraraka says with a grin

“I’m the Sturdy Hero: Red Riot,” Kirishima adds excitedly.

“Oh, like the hero Crimson Riot?” Izuku asks.

“Exactly. He’s my favorite and who I drew off of for my costume and name,” Kirishima explains.

Izuku nods. “He’s got very strong morals and doesn’t stand for

injustice, no matter where it is,” Izuku agrees. “I’ve got a poster of him at home,” Izuku admits.

“So have you two looked at your offers yet?” Uraraka asks.

“Hmm, a bit,” Hitoshi admits. “I’m going to wait until after speaking with Aizawa-sensei at lunch to really go through them and decide.”

“Same,” Izuku speaks up.

“That’s smart. I’m going with Gun Head,” Uraraka says with a determined look in her eyes and clinched fists. “After that fight with you Shinso-kun, I realized I’ve been relying too much on my quirk and I need to get stronger, you know. He teaches martial arts which I think will greatly help me in the long run,” she adds.

“Smart decision,” Hitoshi says with a nod. “It’s why Izuku and I focused so much on physical training. Our quirks are pretty good, but they’re not strong like other quirks and we needed to make sure we could protect ourselves,” Hitoshi explains.

“Yeah, a lot of the stuff I used at the Sports Festival, I’d only just really started practicing in the last few months before the start of school, so I was lucky I was able to get it to work at all in the middle of a fight,” Izuku admits with a wry chuckle.

“What was it you did, Mido-kun?” Kirishima asks suddenly. “You did something and I felt like my insides were trying to vibrate out of my body and then the next thing I knew you broke through my hardening,” he says with a wave of his hands for emphasis.

“Oh, right,” Izuku flushes remembering that fight. “Um, my quirk is called Voice Box. It’s basically what it says on the tin. I can copy voices and sounds, but I have a range that’s broader than normal people can produce. Your hardening quirk is really strong and very hard to channel sound through, but you have...fault lines I guess you would call them, where your body creases to allow for movement while hardened. I used those fissures to act as channels to send the sounds through your hardening into your body underneath. Sounds at higher or lower frequencies can have physical effects on the body: nausea, disorientation, and even paralysis, if the right frequency is hit. I used a high and low frequency combo to basically vibrate your body, not enough to hurt, but enough to distract and disorient. I also guessed that your hardening might have a resonance frequency which would cause it to vibrate and crack some. The sudden change in vibration frequencies caused your hardening to weaken along these

cracks for a moment as you were distracted and disoriented and I used it to break through your defense,” Izuku explains in a rush.

The others just stare at him and he flushes again. “Yes, he always talks like that,” Hitoshi says with a snort.

“Toshi,” Izuku grumbles out. “I just really like quirk science and analyzing quirks,” he explains.

“Wow, so that’s how you beat Todoroki, huh?” Kaminari asks.

“Hmm, oh, yes. I used a low frequency sound outside the range of his hearing to induce nausea, and disorientation. On top of him over using his ice quirk to the point of backlash, it allowed me to get the upper hand and force him out of the ring,” Izuku explains, eyes flicking over to the teen that doesn’t seem to be paying them any mind as far as they can tell. “Honestly, if he’d used his fire as well as his ice, he’d probably have won,” Izuku admits.

“Really?” Uraraka asks in surprise.

“Yes. His ice was predictable and easy to dodge, but fire isn’t predictable. Plus, the sudden fluctuations in temperature would have made it difficult for my sounds to reach him because the air molecules would have been fluctuating between hot and cold. Sounds travel through air and temperature can enhance or limit how well it travels. It’s the same underwater too,” Izuku says with a grin. “Also, it’s hard to punch someone when they’re on fire,” he adds with a grin.

“True,” Kaminari agrees with a grin and then the bell rings for the end of homeroom.

Shouta stands up and slips out of his sleeping bag. “I’ll be in the teacher’s lounge if you want to turn your decisions in later today or have any questions. Treat this decision with the importance it deserves,” he reminds them and the class calls out agreement before he nods, sends one last look to Izuku and Hitoshi and then steps out of the room.

“Everybody say HEY!” Hizashi calls out and the class greets the hero, the others returning to their seats as Hizashi starts to lay out their English assignment for that day.

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Izuku knocks on the door and opens it a second later to look through



to the teacher's lounge. "Come in, problem children," Aizawa calls out and they nod. They'd quickly eaten their lunch before rushing over here.

Midnight is leaned against the man's desk drinking from a cup of tea and she waves eagerly. "You boys still look like you're coming to terms with the change," she jokes.

"Yeah, a bit," Hitoshi admits as he rubs the back of his neck.

"Don't worry, soon no one will remember that you transferred in," she reassures them.

"Let's go to my office and we'll look over your offers," Aizawa says and they nod, Midnight following.

"Sho informs me that you've already gotten your hero names picked out," Midnight starts off with once the door is closed and they nod. "Well then, let me hear them. I'll make sure they're up to snuff and if they're good, I'll approve them," she explains.

"Okay," Izuku nods. "Um, mine is the Sound Hero: Mockingbird."

"Oh, short, sweet and to the point. I like it," Midnight says with a grin. "Approved."

"Uh, mine's the Silent Hero: Liarbird," Hitoshi explains, writing it out to show her how it's spelled.

"A nice play on words. Hizashi will like that," Midnight huffs out. "I like it as well. Approved. Make sure to add them to your internship forms," she reminds them.

"Yes, ma'am," they both agree.

"Alright, I'll leave you to it," Midnight says with a wave and then slips from the room.

They turn back to Aizawa who is quickly writing something down on a paper. "Alright, here," he says, grabbing two packets of paper and tossing them across his desk towards them. "These cover everything we have covered in Fundamental Heroics, as well as the Laws and Ethics portion for the heroics department which differs somewhat from the regular Laws and Ethics. You should be on the same page with your other classes. You won't need to do the assignments already done except for the three essays currently handed out, though you'll

be given an extra day to make up for lost time. Study them closely because a lot of what is in there will be on the midterm in a few weeks and the final exam later,” he orders and they nod.

“As for your internship offers...,” he trails off for a moment. “What exactly are you looking for in your internship? We discussed in some detail last week the various types of agencies and heroics: underground, twilight, limelight, rescue, intelligence, stealth and information gathering, and environmental. Your quirks and training would fare better in some areas than others, but don’t limit yourself just because of expectations,” Aizawa states bluntly.

“Environmental?” Hitoshi asks.

“Agencies who specialize in different types of terrain with heroes who have quirks suited for it. An example is the Wild Wild Pussycats. They specialize in mountainous terrain as rescue heroes whose quirks help them in their operations,” Aizawa explains.

“Oh,” Hitoshi says in understanding. “Um...I was considering underground, mainly because of my quirk,” Hitoshi explains. “Though maybe I should consider something else, if only to see if I’d like it,” he adds with a shrug.

“That’s one way you can go. You don’t have to declare a specialty until second year when we start focusing on specialized classes and training in that type, so many first years experiment with different areas to see what they feels will fit them and their quirks better. Midoriya?” he asks looking at Izuku.

“I was thinking twilight. Having a foot in both underground and limelight heroics,” Izuku says sheepishly.

“There’s no wrong answer here, problem child,” Aizawa reminds him and Izuku nods. “Keep in mind that this is just a learning experience and you won’t be doing any active heroics. At most, if you are involved in a case, you’ll be helping evacuate civilians or acting as a lookout for your mentor. You’ve got my notes already in the file and what you might want to look for. So go over them carefully and then turn in your decision. If you have any questions, you can ask Hizashi or myself, got it?” he says and they nod.

“Good, then go on. Lunch is almost over and you’ve got Fundamental Heroics next,” he says and they quickly stand up, thanking him and then rush out of the room to start heading for 1-A.

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“I think I’m going to go with Pops for my internship,” Hitoshi admits, looking up from his list that afternoon to look at Izuku on the phone, the video call showing he’s also sorting through his offers.

“Yamada-san is limelight,” Izuku reminds him.

“I know, but I want to see how limelight heroes work, and if I want to go that route or not. Better to get it out of the way now if I decide I don’t like it rather than later down the line, you know,” Hitoshi admits.

“I guess that’s true,” Izuku says with a grin. “I’m considering Subsume myself. She’s a twilight hero, but she also specializes in rescue heroics too. So I could learn a lot from her. She’s got an agency in Hosu, so it’s not too far from here as well,” he adds. “I heard from Tokoyami-kun that he’s planning to take Hawks internship offer so he’s heading all the way to Fukuoka,” Izuku adds.

“Jeez, that’s far,” Hitoshi mutters.

“Yeah, though apparently Iida-kun is going with Manual in Hosu as well so we might see each other around,” Izuku says with a frown. “Did you hear about his brother?” he asks softly.

“Yeah,” Hitoshi nods. “Dad and Pops are friends with Ingenium so they went to visit him the other day. I heard them say he wouldn’t walk again,” he murmurs softly.

“I hope Iida-kun is okay. I’ll try to keep an eye on him while I’m in Hosu. Maybe I should get his number to text him and we can meet up when we’re not doing our internship,” Izuku offers.

“Maybe, but don’t be surprised if he declines. I’m sure he’s got a lot going on,” Hitoshi warns and Izuku nods in understanding.

## Chapter End Notes

Finally!! I originally considered having them get into the heroics program through the entrance exam, but honestly, I like it this way better. It makes them appreciate it more for having worked so hard. Not that they wouldn't have or didn't work hard before the Sports Festival, but still. No one can say they didn't earn their place. Well, except Bakugo probably, but we don't care about his opinion.

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Summary

Internships are here. Izuku and Hitoshi are excited and ready to learn.

## Chapter Notes

Izuku's hero mentor is someone I came up with randomly. There's not enough female heroes in the fandom so here's another. You can use her if you like.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Do you have everything you’ll need?” Inko asks for the tenth time that morning as she waits with Izuku outside the apartment for Aizawa and Yamada to pick him up to take him to Yuuei. He’s got his duffle bag full of clothes and other necessities for the week away from home as well as his staff in its case in his bag.

“I do, mom,” Izuku says again.

“Alright, you’ll text me when you get there, okay? And tell me everything that happens once you get back. I want to hear about what you learned,” she says with a smile and Izuku nods, spotting their car coming down the road.

“I promise,” he says and hugs her as the car pulls up beside them.

“Good morning Hizashi-san, Shouta-san,” Inko says as Hizashi rolls down his window.

“Good morning, Inko-san. Don’t worry, he’ll be in good hands,” Yamada reassures her and she nods.

“I know. Have a good time Izuku. You too, Hitoshi-kun,” she says to the other teen in the back seat. Izuku gives her one last hug and then gets in, waving as they pull away.

“Why are we going so early?” Hitoshi asks as they drive towards Yuuei an hour earlier than usual.

“You costumes came in last night so you’ll need to check that everything fits right and works correctly before going on your

internships. Anything that doesn't will be sent back for adjustment if Power Loader can't alter it quickly and you'll have to go without it to your internship," Aizawa explains.

"Really?" Izuku asks excitedly. He'd thought he'd have to go in his school uniform and gym uniform or something similar.

"Yep, so we get to have a mini fashion show before everyone else gets to campus and before you leave," Yamada explains and Izuku nods excitedly, Hitoshi grinning at him.

They get to Yuuei quickly, traffic light that early in the morning and the two pros take them to Aizawa's office where two cases with the number eighteen and nineteen on them rest unopened. "Eighteen is Izuku, nineteen is Hitoshi," Aizawa says. "There's a locker room down the hall from here. Come back here and we'll look over your gear," he instructs and they nod quickly, grabbing their cases and rush out of the teacher's lounge to do as told.

"Toshi, look how cool this looks," Izuku whispers after opening his case to see his costume stored neatly inside. The cloth parts are folded on one side while the support gear is nestled in cut out foam. "Oh, my voice enhancer," Izuku says, holding up the tech. It looks like how Mei made it, but polished up. The strap is dark stained leather with sweat wicking material on the inside to keep it from chafing. The tech itself is a mix of dark gray plastics in the color of his coat and dark matte metal. The speakers are discrete, hidden cleverly so you can't see they're there unless you get close enough with the resonating rods jutting from it discretely. There are also armor threads woven through the strap and the backing that covers his throat as added protection.

"Izu, look at my Persona Cords," he says, showing the mask version and Izuku has to admit, it looks both cool and intimidating.

"This is amazing," Izuku says excitedly and grabs his clothing pieces and moves over to start changing into them. "Hm, these fit like a glove. I guess tailoring clothing makes things fit better...who knew," Izuku jokes as he zips up his shirt, but keeps the top portion unzipped so he can strap on his voice enhancer.

He changes into his boots, making sure to stuff the bottoms of his pants evenly into the boots, tying them tightly and wiggles his toes to make sure they fit nicely. Shin guards go on next and arms guards after he pulls on his gloves. Utility belt filled with various tools and first aid kits he asked for. It's heavy around his waist, but it feels

grounding. There's also a clip at his lower back and he attaches his retractable staff there. His voice enhancer goes on next, snug on his neck. It'll take a bit to get used to it, but it doesn't rub or pinch which is a plus. Last to go on is his jacket, his hearing enhancers and his wrist attachment. He messes with it a bit, but he's probably going to need the instructions to figure out how to program it and sync it to his support gear.

"Well, how do I look, Toshi?" Izuku asks and turns to see Hitoshi is just finishing getting ready, settling his brand new capture scarf around his shoulders. It's darker than his dad's, more a light grey than off white. "You look like a hero," Izuku says with a grin

"So do you," Hitoshi says back. He messes with his own wrist attachment and then finally gets it on. "Come on, let's go put on a show," Hitoshi says and Izuku nods, leaving his case there as he follows Hitoshi out of the locker room and to the teacher's lounge.

They knock and enter. As soon as the door opens, they're met with a loud whistle. "Look at you two," Midnight crows from her spot leaned against a desk. There are a few other teachers already there and they both flush at so much attention.

Aizawa and Yamada are at Aizawa's desk and they walk over to them. "Well, give a turn," Yamada orders with a grin and they do. "Looking good, little listeners. How do they feel? Anything too tight, too loose, pinching or poking?" he asks.

"No, it feels good," Hitoshi says and Izuku agrees.

"Alright, then go get changed back into your uniforms and pack it up. We'll be meeting in 1-A briefly to make sure everyone has what they need for their internship and then I'll be walking the class to the train station to make sure everyone gets on the right train," Aizawa instructs and Izuku nods.

They head back to the locker room and change back into their uniforms, still grinning excitedly. Even though they only just started in the hero course and have catching up to do, this at least, they don't have to catch up on. They're *all* going to their first internship this week.

Cases packed, they carry them with their packs of clothes to 1-A where only the earliest of arrivers are there: Yaoyorozu and Iida. "Good morning, Midoriya-kun, Shinso-kun," Iida says with his usual energetic hand gestures, though they can see some of the energy

behind them is diminished with his brother's condition hanging over him.

"Good morning, Iida-kun. Yaoyorozu-san," Izuku greets with a wave at the two as Hitoshi nods. "Looks like we're both heading the same way, Iida-kun," he adds.

"Ah, yes, indeed," Iida says, adjusting his glasses.

"Um, if you want, we could exchange numbers...to keep in contact and maybe we could meet up when we're not doing anything with our internship," Izuku offers, fidgeting with his fingers nervously.

"That would be an excellent idea," Iida agrees and pulls out his phone as they exchange numbers.

"Oh, Midoriya-san, Shinso-san, before I forget, class 1-A has a group chat together, for things like asking for help with homework and other school related activities. I'll add you two so you can be in the loop. We have an official one set up by Aizawa-sensei for official use, but we don't use that unless we have to," she explains, coming closer.

"Oh, that's smart. Here," he holds out his phone and she quickly adds him to the group. "I'll add Toshi," Izuku says as the taller teen starts heading for his desk.

"Did you get your costumes?" Yaoyorozu asks, noticing them both carrying familiar metal cases.

"Oh, yes, they came in this morning. We were just trying them on to make sure they fit," Izuku says excitedly. "I'm going to need to go over my instruction manual to figure out all my new gadgets," he says excitedly.

The door opens and a few more students stumble in, looking tired, but wide awake with excitement. Izuku excuses himself from Iida and Yaoyorozu to head to his desk and sets his stuff down, knee bouncing with excitement as he waits for Aizawa to get there and take them to the train station.

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"Alright, here we are. Everyone have everything they need?" Aizawa calls out and the class calls out in various ways of confirmation. Nodding, he pulls out a list of itineraries and motions Sero and Koda over to hand them their train tickets as their train is the first to get

there before sending them off.

“Midoriya-kun,” Uraraka says softly as she looks over at him with a wan smile. “Can I ask you something?” she says softly.

“Of course,” Izuku says with a nod and follows her a short distance away, but still in sight. “What’s do you need?”

“Um, I know you and Iida-kun will be in Hosu together,” she starts with, wringing her hands. “And, I know he says he’s okay, but with everything that happened with his brother...will you keep an eye on him? I know you’re at different agencies, but if you can, just see how he’s doing?”

“Of course,” Izuku offers with a smile. “Manual and Subsume’s agencies aren’t that far from each other and our paths are bound to cross when we start going on patrols. Plus, he gave me his number, so I’ll text him a bit to check up on him,” he offers.

“Thank you, Midoriya-kun,” Uraraka says with a beaming smile.

“Uraraka,” Aizawa calls out and she grins at him as she waves farewell, and then rushes over to get her ticket from him. She bids Iida goodbye and then disappears behind the turnstiles.

“What was that about?” Hitoshi asks, coming up beside him.

“She asked me to keep an eye on Iida-kun, what with everything that happened with his brother,” Izuku says.

“Ah, and the fact that he’s interning where Ingenium was attacked,” Hitoshi adds.

“What?” Izuku asks.

“He was in Hosu and was attacked by the Hero Killer there. It was all over the news. They expect him to attack there again eventually,” Hitoshi reminds him.

“I’ve been a little distracted,” Izuku admits sheepishly. Then he frowns. “You don’t think he chose Manual’s agency to try looking for Stain, do you?” he asks.

“No clue. I don’t know him all that well and I’ve no idea how he acted before the attack, but if Uraraka is worried, maybe she’s got a right to be worried,” Hitoshi points out.



"I...maybe. Should we tell Aizawa-san?" he asks.

"Keep me updated. If he starts acting weird, text me and I'll let dad and pops know," Hitoshi says and Izuku nods.

"Midoriya, Iida," Aizawa calls out.

"Have fun with your dad," Izuku says with a grin, hugging Hitoshi quickly before he picks up his luggage and rushes over to Aizawa to grab his ticket.

"Stay out of trouble, problem child," Aizawa says softly to Izuku and he nods. "You two, keep your eyes and ears open, do what your instructors say and don't start anything. If you need anything, you know how to get ahold of me, understood?"

"Yes, sensei," they both say.

"Alright, go on," he motions and they bow slightly before grabbing their things and heading for the terminal to wait for their train.

It arrives ten minutes later. He and Iida get on and find an empty spot to sit as they travel to Hosu. Grinning at Iida in excitement, Izuku opens his case to pull out the small booklet included with his case and starts to read as Iida pulls out a book to read as well.

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Izuku waves to Iida in farewell as he leaves the larger teen in front of Manual's agency and keeps going further east. Following the GPS on his phone, he soon finds Subsume's agency, tucked in between two larger buildings.

Only two stories tall, it has a simple design, with plain lettering announcing it as a hero agency. Approaching it, the glass door slides open and Izuku steps in, looking around. The main lobby is painted in soft browns and tans, with tasteful frames across the walls of news articles and magazine articles of various cases solved by the agency or rescue efforts done by the people here. There's a short counter off to the side that acts as a reception desk and a hall with a rather intimidating security barrier across it that leads deeper into the agency.

"Can I help you?" a woman asks and he looks over to see a woman with short sky blue hair done in a simple style behind the counter smiling at him.

“Ah, um...I’m Midoriya Izuku,” Izuku says nervously. “I’m from Yuuei...for the internship,” he adds.

“Oh, yes, we’ve been expecting you. Hang on and I’ll message Subsume. She had to take a phone call, but should hopefully be done by now,” she says and Izuku nods.

He steps to the side, fiddling with the handle of his case as he waits for his instructor to come greet him. There’s a soft hiss as the security barrier releases and then Izuku gets his first personal look at Subsume.

Standing at nearly six feet in height, she towers over him. Dark brown, almost black skin shines faintly under the lighting of the building, highlighting the fissures that snake subtly across it. Her head is bald, the same fissure texture continuing across her face and head, though the hood of her costume covers it. Glowing golden eyes stare back as she grins with very white teeth.

“Midoriya-kun, right?” she asks and holds out her hand.

“Um, y-yes,” Izuku manages to get out, grasping it as she shakes his hand rapidly. Izuku subtly flexes his hand as he pulls it back. She’s got a strong grip.

“Nice to meet you. You put on a good showing at the Festival, you and that purple haired kid. Been a while since any Gen Ed. kids have medaled, let alone two for silver and gold. People were going nuts as they watched you two kick everyone’s asses,” she adds with a wink.

Izuku flushes in embarrassment, having forgotten mostly that the Festival was broadcast nationwide and even worldwide via the internet. “I...um, thanks,” Izuku says.

“Alright, let’s get this thing going. Hisoka-san, his pass please,” Subsume says, looking at the woman behind the desk.

“Of course,” Hisoka says with a smile, opening a drawer to pull out a lanyard with his pass hanging from it. “This will allow you passed both security barriers, into the training room and the support department as well,” she explains softly.

“Thank you,” Izuku says before Subsume rests a heavy hand on his shoulder to start steering him towards the mouth of the hall. “I’ll see you later,” he adds hastily to Hisoka.

“Welcome to the Mire,” Hisoka calls cheekily before Izuku is forced

forward so he can scan his pass to be let through the barrier.

“Only those who work here full time don’t need a pass,” Subsume explains as she leads him deeper into the agency. “Everything’s tied to our biometrics so it reacts automatically. Now, this,” she waves at the doors around them, “is mainly the business side of the agency. Hisoka is our face for guests. She’s also licensed to use her quirk should the agency come under attack. Not that it has been, but you can never be too careful, mind you,” Subsume explains brusquely.

“What is her quirk?” Izuku asks excitedly.

“Kinetic barriers,” Subsume explains. “Good for keeping undesirables out and for stopping things like projectiles. Of course, we never want her to need to use her quirk, but she’s there in case we’re out and someone did attack, you know,” Subsume continues. “Also on this floor are our press rooms for things like interviews. We get them from time to time, depending on the case, but for the most part, we only have to deal with the press occasionally. Not like those big limelight agencies,” she shudders dramatically and Izuku grins.

“Will I be working down here any?” he asks.

“Hmm, probably not, especially since you’re only here for five days, but you never know. You won’t be giving any interviews and such, but you never know what might happen in the meantime. I’ll give some tips on how to conduct an interview, but we’re mainly focusing on training, patrols, and learning how the bureaucratic side of an agency is run, or the dreaded paperwork, as I like to call it. First rule of being a hero kid, the industry runs on paperwork. You don’t get paid, you can’t do your job and you can get in trouble legally if you don’t do your paperwork.”

“Wow,” Izuku mutters. “I never knew it was so intense like that.”

“There are a lot of things the media never touches on when it comes to heroics. They glamorize the flashy stuff and ignore the backbone of the industry. Proper paperwork, good old fashioned legwork and investigation skills are what lead up to the flashy fights and rescues you see on TV. This job is a lot of hard work,” she reminds him.

“A lot of hard work, dedication and a lot of blood, sweat and tears,” Izuku recites with a grin and she nods. “Aizawa-sensei told me that once.”

“Smart man...good hero, too. He knows how things are done and done

right. He's not in it for the fame; he's in it to help people, which is how it should be. Unfortunately, a lot of people nowadays get in it for the fame and the TV time. To boast about their ranking rather than how they helped improve society by their actions," Subsume says as they ascend a set of stairs and she motions for him to scan his pass at a new barrier.

"I want to help people like me, who are treated badly because our quirks are seen as villainous and are ignored and those who can't fight back. They need a voice too," he says quietly.

"Good answer," Subsume says with a nod and motions to the new hall. "This floor is where the fun stuff happens. That left door leads to our support department. It's small, but they're licensed to repair and build gear. Yuuei already sent over your support company info with your file so they can contact them if need be should a repair or adjustment need to be made. They're also open to chatting if you want to ask about upgrades to your suit," she explains.

She gestures to the right. "That door leads to the training area. We'll get a good look at it in a bit. Aizawa said you'd only just gotten your costume so we're going to do some training in it so you can get used to working in it. Sound good?" she asks.

"Yes," Izuku nods excitedly.

"Good. Down here is where we all stay. That's my room on the right. On the left are my sidekicks' rooms and our intern room. We're small here, but we're efficient. Go put your things inside and then we'll keep going," she orders and Izuku nods.

Inside the room she points him to, it's plain: just a bed, dresser, closet, desk, and chair, as well as a small table and chair to eat at. A window lets in light and lets out to a view of the street in front of the building. Izuku hastily sets his duffle bag and his costume case on his bed before heading back out.

"Alright, next up, my office which is right at the end," she points to the door. "We'll head there in a second. First, we're going to go here," she directs him to a different door. "This is our work area and rest area," she explains as she opens the door. There are already two people in there working at the computers. "That's Yashimoto-san and Ueda-san. They're civilian contractors who help out both in here and in the support area," she explains.

"H-hello," Izuku greets with a wave and they wave back before going

back to work.

“We do most of our paperwork and investigative work in here. As you can see, it also acts as our kitchen and rec area,” she adds, pointing to the second half of the room where there is indeed a kitchen set up with a table to eat at and some comfortable chairs, a TV, a couch and a pile of blankets. “There’s always food in the fridge, so if you’re hungry, eat. If you use the last of something up, add it to the list please. Some of us would like to know when we’re out of something,” she adds with a look at the other two.

“You’re never going to let me live that down, are you?” Ueda calls out with an exaggerated eye roll as she glances at them with a grin.

“Nope,” Subsume says cheekily before leading Izuku back out and to her office. “And this is my office. It’s not large, but I don’t need much space,” she explains as they step in. It’s not large either, just enough room for a desk, a chair, a couch and room to walk around. Behind the desk, windows show out to the same view as Izuku’s room. “Alright, let’s sit for a minute and talk,” she says and motions for the couch.

Izuku sits down and fidgets as she gets settled. “Alright, so, you’re a transfer, not caught up with everything that has already been taught so I’ll answer any questions you’ve got. We’ll start your patrolling tomorrow and we’ll do some training today so I can get a feel of your skill sets and your quirk. First though, explain how your quirk works then I’ll explain mine.”

“Okay,” Izuku nods. “Um, it’s called Voice Box. I can copy any sound I’ve heard and replicate it, including people’s voices. I can throw my voice up to about thirty feet in any direction, no line of sight needed. Um, I’ve been working on accurately creating infrasonic and ultrasonic sounds as attacks which can have physical effects on people, like nausea, disorientation and even paralysis, though I’ve not done that one yet and I’m a little nervous to try and practice it,” he admits sheepishly. “I also have an eidetic memory for sounds and can hear a wide range of sounds, including infrasonic and ultrasonic sounds,” Izuku concludes.

“Hmm,” Subsume hums softly, taking in his words. “A bit like Present Mic’s then,” she concludes.

“Yes,” Izuku says with a nod.

“I assume your support gear is built to enhance your abilities?” she

asks and he nods. “Good, good. We’ll hand over your support manual to the support people to go over so they know what you have in case it needs to be fixed or adjusted. Now, my quirk,” she says with a grin. “I can rapidly inundate earth and rock with water, turning it into a quicksand like substance to trap or slow suspects down for capture. I can also rapidly dry earth and stone as well. This works with asphalt and cement too. I also use it for rescues, particularly for rubble and collapsed buildings as I can cause parts to soften or harden as needed,” she continues.

“Oh, there’s someone in 1-B that has a quirk similar to that, though I only saw it a bit at the festival,” Izuku says excitedly.

Subsume nods. “Honenuki is a cousin of mine,” she admits with a grin. “He decided to go somewhere else for his internship.” She shifts back slightly with a sigh. “I try to be very precise with my quirk, but accidents do happen. If I end up using it and you happen to get caught in it, don’t struggle or you’ll sink fast. I’ll get you out, okay? I won’t let you get hurt by my quirk or by anyone we’re taking down. When we patrol, you stay behind me and if I tell you to stay back, you do. The max you should be doing is helping any civilians to get away or keeping them back from getting too close and possibly getting hurt as well, or letting me know if someone tries to sneak up on me. The only time and I mean the only time you may use your quirk to defend yourself, is if you are in a situation where you can’t run away and it’s the only way to save yourself, got it?” she presses.

“Yes, Subsume-san,” Izuku nods.

“Good. Now, my two sidekicks are out on patrol right now and we’ve got nowhere to be for the next few hours, so...,” she grins. “Go get changed into your gear and meet me down the hall by support and bring your case. We’re going to train some,” she declares and Izuku grins back, jumping up to follow her out of the office to head for his room to change.

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“How’s working with your dad?” Izuku asks quietly from the other side of the line as Hitoshi lounges in his room. One of the perks of going with his dad for his internship, he doesn’t have to stay at the agency. He pets Fritz absently as she purrs on his chest.

“He’s not holding any punches back,” Hitoshi admits, recalling their ‘training’ session earlier that day. “I’ve certainly seen a lot more of the

agency than before, despite having been there many time too.”

“I know. I never realized how...paper driven they are,” Izuku mutters. “Are you patrolling soon?” he asks.

“Hmm, yeah, we’re going out tomorrow afternoon. What about you?” Hitoshi asks.

“Same. I texted Iida-kun and he said he’s patrolling tomorrow too, but he didn’t say when. I know Manual tends to go out earlier so we probably won’t cross paths,” Izuku admits.

“Anything on that front?” Hitoshi asks.

“Not...not really. I don’t know him well enough to know if what he texts is normal or not, but he seems okay. Maybe we can meet up later and I’ll see how he’s doing face to face,” Izuku says with a sigh.

“Don’t run yourself ragged with this,” Hitoshi reminds Izuku. “I know you want to help, but if he doesn’t want to be helped then you can’t force things.”

“I know,” Izuku huffs out. The line goes quiet for a bit before he speaks up. “It’s weird,” Izuku mutters.

“What?” Hitoshi asks.

“I think this is the longest we’ve gone without seeing each other or hanging out since we first met,” Izuku admits with a chuckle.

“Aww, you’re missing me, Izu?” Hitoshi jokes softly.

“Maybe,” Izuku mutters and Hitoshi can just see the frown on his face fighting to keep from smiling. “You’re my best friend, Toshi. I’m allowed to miss you.”

“I miss you too,” Hitoshi admits softly with a small smile. “Don’t stay up too late, Izu. You’ve got patrol tomorrow,” he adds, breaking up the silence.

“Yeah, you too. Night, Toshi,” Izuku murmurs softly and after Hitoshi answers back, the line cuts off. Scratching Fritz behind her ears, Hitoshi sets his phone aside and reaches out to turn his lamp off to go to sleep.

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“Alright you two, we’re heading out. Don’t burn down my agency while we’re gone,” Subsume says as they pass by the support area where Izuku can see Tailwind and Riptide lounging with the support woman who’s busy tinkering on something. He’d finally met the two sidekicks the evening he’d arrived after they returned from patrol.

“No promises,” Tailwind calls out with a grin. “I’ve got a hankering for popcorn and you know how unpredictable making a bag of that is.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Subsume grumbles, but still smiles before leading Izuku down the stairs. “Come along, Mockingbird. We’ve got a patrol to get to.”

Izuku waves goodbye and follows her down the stairs in his gear. Outside, the sun is just finishing setting as the city starts to cool from the heat of the day and lights are already starting to come on as the natural light dims. “We did a day patrol yesterday, so today we’re doing a night patrol. While both have their dangers, nighttime patrols tend to be more dangerous due to a number of factors. Can you tell me what some of those are?” she asks as she starts to lead him away from the agency on their patrol path.

“Um, lack of light, an increase in artificial light and an increase in crime,” Izuku says after thinking for a second.

“Good. With the sun down, there are more shadows for people to hide in. Artificial lights, especially colored lights, can play tricks on what we see and as you said criminals and villains tend to do most of their dealings at night where they can hide easier. So, keep your eyes and ears open,” she taps her ear to indicate his hearing enhancers and he nods, switching them on and adjusts them on his wrist attachment to not overwhelm himself.

“Do you do a lot of night patrols?” he asks as they walk, eyes scanning the street and alleyways that are shadowed.

“I like to break up my patrols, switching between day and night to keep from being predictable. Predictability can hurt nighttime heroes, make you easy to ambush or avoid, but if I have a case, I will do multiples of the same shift in a row,” Subsume explains.

They walk in silence for a bit, Subsume greeting a few people who stop to say hello or to report something. By the time an hour goes by, they already stopped one fight and deescalated a situation between a customer and a business owner.



Subsume slows a bit, walking beside Izuku. “So Mockingbird, how do you like your internship so far?” Subsume asks.

“It’s...not exactly what I expected,” he admits honestly with a grin.

“It never is, kid,” Subsume agrees with a nod, glancing ahead at a loud burst of noise, but it’s just some people singing loudly as they head down the road away from them. “So, have you figured out what type of heroics you want to go into?” she asks curiously as they continue onward.

“Um, I’m really considering twilight,” he admits, fidgeting with the strap of his arm guard. “Helping both in the day and at night, but I also want to do some rescue stuff and maybe some intelligence stuff too...,” he trails off before huffing. “It’s so hard to decide,” he grumbles.

Subsume laughs at him, clapping his shoulder. “It can be, but you’ve got time and just because you declare yourself for one branch doesn’t mean you can’t learn to do the other branches. Your quirk is pretty versatile and would do well in a lot of areas: rescue, underground, intelligence and stealth. Don’t worry about limiting yourself. Declaring an area is just for the paperwork side of things and where you will mainly focus your efforts, but nothing says you can’t branch out. I started out as underground myself,” Subsume admits. “But I pulled a few day cases and got a taste for it and went twilight and then realized I’m good at rescue stuff as well and started doing that as well. You’ll find your place,” she advises.

“That doesn’t sound so-,” Izuku starts to say before a sound catches his attention. A screech from further away...it doesn’t sound human. “Um, Subsume-san,” he says, trying to figure out where the sound came from.

“What?” she asks, glancing around, but before they can pinpoint it, the sound of shattering glass breaks the relative quiet of the darkened city and they both look right. People scream in fear, rushing away. “Shit. Mockingbird, stay back and help evacuate the civilians away from whatever is going on,” she orders and he nods.

“Everyone, this way!” Izuku calls out, using his gear to throw out his voice further and make it louder as Subsume runs ahead to figure out what is going on. “This way!” Izuku continues to call, waving his arms and people start to swarm towards him in a panic.

An explosion echoes in the distance and Izuku looks to the east to see

a plume of flame explode into the night sky, illuminating everything briefly before fading back. People panic further and Izuku has to fight against being swept away by the tide of bodies.

“Please, move in a calm and orderly manner,” Izuku tries, turning his speaker higher to be heard over the crowd. Some hear it and calm, but most ignore his words, pushing and shoving to get away. As he struggles to fight to keep his position, he hears the sound of cracking and crumbling and looks as a distant building half collapses, the upper floors falling down as something demolishes the floors.

The people around him surge with panic and this time, he can’t keep his footing. He’s short and despite his yelling to calm, no one is listening as they rush away and Izuku is carried in the mob of panicked people.

By the time he manages to pull himself free, he has no idea where he’s at and he can’t see where he left Subsume. “Subsume? Where are you at?” he asks into his ear piece, but he must be too far away to connect and he curses.

He’s closer to the fire that broke out and he can see heroes rushing about. “Iida!” Someone yells and Izuku recognizes Manual.

“Manual-san,” Izuku calls out, rushing over to him. “Please, have you seen Subsume-san? We got separate,” Izuku asks breathlessly, trying to keep from panicking.

“Sorry, I haven’t and I can’t find Iida-kun either. Try to help the civilians evacuate and stay away from the fighting. Something is attacking the city. If you find Iida, tell him I’m looking for him and give him the same orders, please,” Manual orders hastily. Before Izuku can say anything, Manual rushes back in as someone calls for him and he catches a glimpse of something huge lashing at a pair of heroes who barely dodge.

Looking around, Izuku can’t see any civilians and rushes further down the road, keeping an eye out for Iida’s distinctive armor as he looks for anyone needing help. As he gets further and further from the fire and fighting, he hears something else that stops him in his track. It sounds like yelling and then a cry of pain.

Izuku looks around, hoping to see a police officer or a hero, but they’re all busy elsewhere and even the civilians are gone, running away from whatever is going on in this attack. Heart in his throat, Izuku forces himself forward, aiming for the direction he heard it

coming from.

It's as he's passing near an alley that the sound of metal on metal reaches him as the yell of pain echoes through the shadowed alley. Izuku recognizes that voice. Pausing, he glances around the corner to see a shadowed figure standing in the middle of the alley, arm raised as light refracts off of the metal of what Izuku quickly realizes is a blade as he withdraws it. He can also make out the pale color of Iida's armor in the shadows.

Izuku freezes for a second, not sure what to do. If he does nothing, Iida will be killed, but if he interferes, he could get in trouble. He promised Subsume he wouldn't do anything hero related except what was allowed. If he uses his quirk, he could even be charged with vigilantism, but, how can he just stand by while Iida is killed? Aren't heroes supposed to help people, even if it means being in the wrong?

Hands shaking, Izuku grips the wrist attachment and shifts it slightly. Mei had included an SOS button that would send out his current location to all the contacts he'd programmed into the device. He'd spent his first night getting all his gear synced and programmed up. With a grimace, he presses the button, feeling it vibrate subtly to inform him it had been sent and then reaches back to pull off his staff.

With a quiet hiss, it expands and then he takes a steadying breath. Staying low, thanking his forethought on having gear that blends into the shadows easily, he creeps forward, the attacker more focused on Iida than on anything else.

When he's close enough, Izuku throws his voice. "Hey, what the hell is going on down here?" a loud voice rings out from further down the alley and the attacker whirls, looking to see who is coming. Izuku creeps closer and as he gets close enough, he realizes that Iida isn't the only one here. A second figure, nearly swallowed in shadows, is slumped on the ground against the wall of the alley.

Izuku had hoped to distract the attacker long enough to get Iida out of here, but this changes things. He can't leave them here. "I'm calling the police," Izuku sends his voice out and the attacker growls under his breath.

Unfortunately, that's the wrong thing to say because he whirls around, probably to finish his handy work and cold red eyes stare down at Izuku a few feet from Iida's prone form. "Who are you?" he growls out and Izuku pales.

This close, he can finally see what had been hidden by distance and darkness: the distinctive mask, the many blades and the aura that radiates off him. He'd found the Hero Killer, Stain.

## Chapter End Notes

Shit's about to go down. Poor Izuku, he's in for one wild night.

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Summary

Izuku fights for his life and the life of Iida and Native as he waits for help to arrive.

## Chapter Notes

Hero Killer Arc conclusion and all the after stuff too.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku's heart feels like it's about to burst from his chest with how hard it's beating. All he can hear is his own panicked breathing as he stares at cold red eyes. What should he do? He doubts, even with his training, that he'll be any match for Stain, but he sent his SOS signal! Someone will come eventually. He just needs to stall for time. He can do that.

"My name is Mockingbird and you're the Hero Killer," Izuku gets out, glad that for once his stutter doesn't show up.

"Another little hero student," Stain growls out.

"Midoriya, what are you doing?" Iida cries out, still prone on the ground. Why is he still prone?

"Tell me, little bird; are you a false hero too?" Stain asks with a sneer on his face as he glances at Iida and the other prone form that Izuku finally looks closely enough at to recognize the hero Native. "Your little friend here, he claims to be a hero, but then he tried to kill me... revenge for his brother. Not very hero like," he murmurs.

"I'm not a hero," Izuku admits softly. "Not yet anyway, but I can't let you kill my friend," Izuku gets out, firming his grip on his staff, keeping it between him and Stain.

"Midoriya, get out of here, this doesn't concern you. Take Native and go," Iida cries out frantically.

"That's not how these things work Iida-kun," Izuku huffs out. "You made this my concern the moment you went looking for Stain," Izuku reminds him. "You think I'll just sit back and watch him kill you?" Izuku demands. "What kind of person would that make me?"

“You’ve got guts kid and you’re certainly more hero than this thing,” Stain mocks, pointing with his serrated katana at Iida still on the ground. “I’ll give you one chance. You are a true hero at heart, even protecting this scum. I will let you leave with your life.”

“Iida-kun, why can’t you get up?” Izuku asks, eyes never leaving Stain’s.

“I...I don’t know. He cut me and the next thing I knew, I couldn’t move. I think his quirk has to do with blood,” Iida admits.

“Last chance little song bird,” Stain growls out, bringing his blade up.

“No true hero would turn their back on a person in need,” Izuku growls back as he pushes his fear down and settles into a fighting stance that had been drilled into him time and again.

“No more chances, little song bird,” Stain growls and rushes Izuku.

Izuku holds his ground and rather than watching the blade, he watches Stain’s torso and hips, as Aizawa taught him. Ducking under the slash, Izuku brings his staff up and clips Stain in the side. It’s not a hard blow, Stain dodging most of it, but it does make him pause for a moment, obviously reassessing his estimation of Izuku.

He shifts his grip on his blade and then he moves. Izuku barely manages to dodge the next blow, Stain suddenly much faster than before, bringing up his staff to block the katana before he has to jerk away as Stain’s free hand lashes out with a wicked looking knife that he pulls out of nowhere.

After that one hit, Izuku can’t even get another one, focusing entirely on defending himself and trying to keep from being pushed back. He just has to last long enough for help to arrive. He can do that. He just needs to keep from getting cut by Stain.

Even as he thinks this his foot catches something, Iida’s leg, and he missteps. Before he can correct his stance, Stain rushes in with his blade lashing out. It scores up along his jacket, the hidden body armor stopping most of the blow, but as it goes up, it catches his cheek, leaving a burning line of pain as Stain pulls back.

Before Izuku can stop him or even do anything, Stain brings the blade to his mouth and licks along the tip of the blade. Izuku gasps as all the energy leaves his body in a rush and he collapses to the ground onto his back, staff falling from numb fingers to roll a few feet away. He

feels like a puppet with its strings cut and no matter how hard his mind screams, he can't move.

"Not bad, little song bird, but not good enough. Yet, I won't kill you," Stain declares and turns away. "However, these two, I will kill. The blood of false heroes will stain this night," he growls out. Izuku can just catch Iida's wide-eyed gaze as Stain advances, can see how pale he is and the fear in his gaze.

Silently apologizing to Subsume for disobeying her orders, Izuku throws his voice out at Stain. He focuses on him, raising the frequency higher and higher. He's never tried to go this high, but he knows that the only way to stop Stain is to knock him out, knock him down. He's never tried to paralyze someone with his sound, but right now, he's desperate.

Stain stumbles and stops, looking around for the reason for his sudden disorientation. Red eyes turn to stare at Izuku who has his mouth unconsciously pursed. Izuku increases the frequency higher. "What are you doing, little song bird?" Stain demands, voice slightly slurred.

He advances on Izuku, completely forgetting about the other two. Izuku raises it higher and Stain clutches at his head. "What are you doing?" he demands. Izuku still doesn't answer and with a growl, Stain lashes out, the blade slicing at Izuku's neck.

Izuku's voice enhancer takes the brunt of the damage: metal, plastic and circuitry breaking into pieces, but the blade manages to get through to the protective backing and strap, the tip just sharp enough to cut through as he presses down.

Izuku can only lie there, feeling the blade start to slice through skin into his throat, unable to concentrate on his sound as the pain overwhelms him. Stain presses down, aiming to cut through the thick armor around his neck before he abruptly yanks the blade back and moves away as a spear of ice suddenly appears over his head where Stain had just stood.

Izuku can't move his head to see, but he would recognize that attack anywhere. "Todoroki-san?" Izuku calls out shakily.

"Sorry I'm late, Midoriya. It took me a bit to find my way here," Todoroki informs him.

"Don't let him cut you. He can paralyze you if he licks your blood," Izuku whispers to Todoroki, throwing his voice at the teen. "He's fast

and strong. He mainly uses his katana, but he's got multiple blades on him. You will need to keep him at a distance and avoid any blade he might throw," Izuku informs him.

"Got it," Todoroki mutters and then ice erupts from his right side to spear down the alley.

"Why are you doing this?" Iida demands frantically. "You'll just get yourself killed? This is not your fight!"

"It's not your fight either," Todoroki huffs out, shifting to avoid the blade thrown at him.

"Iida, do you think your brother wants you to do this? How will he feel if he turns on the news to find out that his little brother had been killed by the same man that took his legs? If he found out you went looking for Stain and got yourself killed?" Izuku demands sharply, not pulling any punches. "Being a hero means putting your life on the line. Yes, he can't walk anymore, but that doesn't keep him from being a hero. You know what will? You dying!" Izuku shouts at him.

He can feel his fingertip shifting against the ground. He just needs a bit longer to move. Todoroki curses as a blade sinks into his arm and suddenly the alley erupts with flames as the teen flings out a burst of fire. "You're using your fire now?" Izuku asks in shock.

"I heard you talking about our fight," Todoroki admits, grimacing as he pulls the blade from his arm. "I did some research recently. You lied. Fire *would* have helped you. Sound moves better through hot air than cold air. Yet you still beat me in our fight anyway," he mutters. "It made me think on how I viewed me left side."

He sends out a burst of ice, creating a thick wall between them and Stain. "I never wanted to use his quirk. All he does is burn and hurt people with it. I want to use it to help people," Todoroki explains.

It takes Izuku a moment to realize who Todoroki is talking about: Endeavor. He shifts his hands and feet, the feeling coming back into them. He forces himself up slowly, despite the pins and needles he can feel in them. "I've got an idea, Todoroki-san," Izuku admits, reaching clumsily for his staff and using it to stand up.

The wall of ice shatters and two blades come streaking through the air. Izuku knocks one aside while Todoroki dodges the other. "Tell me," he demands.



“I think I’ve figured out how his quirk works. He ingests someone’s blood and paralyzes them. It’s how he got me, but my paralysis just wore off while Iida and Native are still down and they got hit first which means there’s a time condition. Either it means the amount he ingests is dependent on how long he can hold us, or...,” Izuku flexes his shoulders, loosening them up. “It depends on blood type. I’m type O,” Izuku murmurs.

“Same,” Todoroki nods.

“I’m A,” Iida says quietly.

“If you saw my SOS Todoroki-san, then that means everyone else it went to has seen it. Hopefully someone is on the way to help, but we just need to stall for time, got it?” Izuku asks.

“I can do that. I sent my old man to call for help after he finished dealing with whatever is attacking the city,” Todoroki explains.

“Iida-kun, we’ll give as much time as we can, but you need to focus on moving, got it? We can’t fight him by ourselves,” Izuku orders.

“Yes,” Iida nods shakily as Stain advances.

“Todoroki-san, can you heat the air for me please? I’m going to try something again,” Izuku asks.

“Got it,” Todoroki agrees and flames lick over his hand before it shoots out straight at Stain who jumps over the stream of fire, bounding off the wall of the alley to throw more blades at them. Izuku knocks two aside as he pushes Todoroki out of the path of a third.

The fire stops and Izuku can feel the lingering heat and throws his voice out. It’s almost too easy this time to rise in frequency, the warmed air molecules vibrating with the heat and allowing him to get to the frequency he needs. Stain shakes his head, losing his grip on the blade in his hand momentarily and it drops slightly before he clenches his hand into a fist.

“No,” he howls in rage and rushes them. Todoroki sends out another blast of fire before Stain dodges and then a pillar of ice catches him midair before the murderer uses the ice to rebound and force himself away.

Izuku keeps pressing his sound on Stain. He can’t throw it as far with his voice enhancer destroyed, but Stain is determined to kill Iida and

Native and isn't leaving Izuku's normal range. Izuku can see the note taking effect, the man's moves starting to get sloppy and his eyes a little unfocused. It's only through sheer will, burning rage and skill that he's still putting up a fight and being such a threat to them, his blades still flying with deadly accuracy.

Izuku hears Iida move finally, can pick up the low building hum of his engines coming to life. "Todoroki-san, now," Izuku orders. Todoroki surges forward, a large spear of ice rushing Stain as Iida surges up, legs pumping as he becomes a blur of speed. Izuku doubles down on the sound, suddenly spiking the note even higher, making Stain stagger right as the ice hits him in the gut and Iida's kick hits him in the head.

There's a resounding silence as they watch Stain fall and not get up. "It...it worked?" Izuku asks in amazement, shaking with fear and adrenalin.

"We should tie him up before he comes to," Todoroki reminds Izuku who nods. Reaching into one of his pouches, Izuku pulls out a few heavy duty zip ties. Iida sits heavily, still bleeding badly from his earlier injuries as Izuku and Todoroki pull off all the murderer's blades before zip tying his hands and feet with multiple ties.

Todoroki manages to find some rope as well, an added precaution, and ties that on as well to make it easier to drag the man out of the alley. Izuku walks over to Native. "Are you able to walk, Native-san?" he asks.

"I...yes, thanks to you three," he mutters wryly, using the wall to push himself up. Izuku offers his shoulder and Native takes it as he wavers a moment before finding his feet.

"Come on," Izuku says. "They'll be looking for us and it'll be easier to find us on the main road." Between Todoroki and Iida, they manage to drag Stain out onto the main road just as a commotion breaks out and they look up to see a group of heroes heading right for them.

"What is going on?" Manual demands, rushing up. Izuku can see Subsume racing forward, golden eyes wide in shock as she takes in his bloody and dirty form.

"Mockingbird, what happened?" she demands before she gets a good look at just who Iida and Todoroki are dragging. "Is that Stain?" she demands sharply.

"I...I'm sorry, I didn't..." Izuku starts to say, the fear finally catching up with him as he starts to shake.

"Hey, hey, easy, it's okay," Subsume says soothingly. "You're safe and while you're not sound, you will be. Someone call an ambulance. They're all hurt," she orders as someone nods. "Now, tell me what happened? Last I saw, you were helping civilians evacuate."

"I was," Izuku says shakily. "But then-" he starts to say before a screech breaks the quiet and they all look as something comes flying in fast. Before anyone can react or stop it, the *thing* dives and Izuku lets out a scream of fright as claws grab him and pull him up into the air, one finding a gap where his shirt had pulled up and digging in painfully.

Izuku looks around frantically, trying to find someone to help or some way to get the thing to let him go as it flies further and further away before it suddenly shudders and starts to fall. There's a blur of sudden motion and then he's looking into burning red eyes as Stain snarls in rage, blade sinking into the thing's exposed brain with a wet squelch that makes Izuku want to heave before the ground approaches quickly. Stain grips the back of his coat and yanks him out of the thing's hold and then they land heavily, Izuku jolting in his grip.

Stain drops him to the ground, pain lancing across Izuku's nerves as he lands on his hurt side before Stain presses a foot to his chest, pinning him. The murderer turns to glare at the approaching heroes, Izuku making out the burning beacon that is Endeavor and can only stare in fear as Stain howls his rage at false heroes, stalking forward. How he will only allow All Might to end him and how he will wash this world in the blood of false heroes before he abruptly stops.

His heart beating a heavy tattoo in his chest, Izuku stares at Stain's still standing, unconscious form, shaking like a leaf, eyes wide with fear. He doesn't remember much of what happens after that. He recalls Subsume helping him up, riding in an ambulance to the hospital and being checked in. He remembers the doctor checking him over and stitching him up and being put in a room in a bed and then nothing.

~\*~

It's pretty late as he and Pops finally leave the agency. They'd finished up a late patrol and paperwork. Dad's on a night patrol of his own so it's just the two of them as they take the car home. "What do you

want for dinner?" Hizashi asks as he moves through the thin early evening traffic.

"I'm good with anything," Hitoshi admits with a grin. It had been a good day. He's learned a lot so far and while he's decided that limelight heroics are not what he wants, it's been a good learning experience, especially in regards to his learning about the many charities, organizations and outreach programs his dad helps or promotes. That's something he'd like to do as well. Being a hero isn't always about saving someone or stopping bad guys. It's about making things better for everyone.

Before Hizashi can answer, both their phones beep shrilly about an incoming alert. Hitoshi pulls his out and opens his phone to see a message alert. He feels his face pale as he reads it. "What is it?" Hizashi demands.

"SOS, from Izuku," he whispers and Hizashi swears before his phone starts to ring suddenly and he abruptly pulls off to the side of the road and hits the breaks sharply.

Hizashi pulls out his phone and answers it. "Sho! Yeah, we got it too. We just left the agency. Where are you? That's a few minutes from us. We'll pick you up. No, it doesn't say anything else. See you in a bit," Hizashi hangs up. He looks at Hitoshi. "See if they've reported about anything happening in Hosu," he orders as the tires of the car squeal and he darts back into traffic, making a quick left turn, barely slowing down into it.

Hitoshi, heart beating rapidly and stomach knotted with worry, starts to surf for any news that might be coming out of Hosu. What he finds makes him curse softly. He finds a breaking news live stream going and opens it, turning up his volume as the audio of a news report starts to play about an attack on Hosu.

*"...you can see, there has been a major assault on the city of Hosu by several assailants. No one has come forward with any information on what they look like or what their quirks might be, but as you can see, they've already caused major infrastructure damage to the city."* The video switches to a camera feed showing a block of buildings on fire, panning to show another building half collapsed. They can make out the tiny figures of civilians running away even as flashes of quirks announce heroes on the scene, combatting the fire and fighting whatever or whoever is attacking the city. *"We take you live with..."*

The car stops abruptly and Hitoshi looks up to see Shouta standing on the side of the road as he quickly gets in the car and Hizashi takes off again. "There's a major attack on Hosu," Hizashi informs Shouta.

"Iida is there as well," Shouta reminds him and Hizashi curses before increasing his speed, weaving quickly through the traffic as they speed towards Hosu. "See if you can get ahold of Midoriya," Shouta orders and Hitoshi nods, calling Izuku's phone a couple times, but it just goes to voicemail.

"He's not answering," Hitoshi admits.

"Neither is Iida, Manual or Subsume," Shouta informs them. "They're probably caught up in the middle of this," he admits.

"We won't get there in time to help any," Hizashi admits.

"They have enough help," Shouta reminds his husband.

Hitoshi glances back down at the live video and frowns, seeing a bright beacon on the screen. "Endeavor's there," he says, holding it up so Shouta can see.

Shouta gets a look of annoyance. "What do you want to bet he brought Todoroki as well?" Shouta asks and Hizashi curses again as he takes the on ramp to the freeway towards Hosu.

~\*~

Izuku must have fallen asleep because the next thing he knows, he's waking up in a bed to raised voices outside the door to the hospital room they put them in. Sitting up, Izuku looks around to see Todoroki is there and awake, but Iida is gone. He looks back at Todoroki. "He went to get examined by the doctor again," Todoroki explains and Izuku nods tiredly.

The door opens abruptly and Izuku looks up in surprise as Yamada, Aizawa and Hitoshi come rushing into the room. "Izu!" Hitoshi cries out, kneeling on the edge of the bed to pull him into a hug. Izuku latches onto his best friend, shaking slightly. Hitoshi pulls back. "What the hell happened?"

"Toshi...I...", Izuku can't stop the tears from forming and Hitoshi just pulls him back in.

"Hey, it's okay," Yamada murmurs, coming up beside Izuku to run a

comforting hand over Izuku's curls.

"You okay, Todoroki-kun?" Aizawa asks, coming over to the other teen.

"I'm fine. Just some cuts and bruises and quirk exhaustion," Todoroki murmurs. "Iida's still with the doctor," he adds.

"We're aware. We saw him going into the exam room," Aizawa admits, laying a gentle hand on Todoroki's shoulder to squeeze it in reassurance.

Izuku finally pulls back with a wet sniff, wiping his eyes. "Better?" Yamada asks, sitting on the edge of the bed. Izuku nods. "Now, what happened? We only got your SOS and we saw the news about the attack on the city, but someone said something about the Hero Killer," Yamada demands.

"I...I was with Subsume. We were doing a night patrol and then something attacked the city and she ordered me to stay back and help evacuate civilians," Izuku says with a bit of a dry swallow. Yamada reaches out to snag the pitcher of water and a nearby cup, filling it before handing it to Izuku.

He smiles gratefully before taking a sip and clearing his throat. "I...I was doing that, but then something exploded and caught fire and everyone panicked and I got swept up in the crowd," Izuku rambles. "I...I managed to find Manual, but he and the other heroes were busy fighting something and he ordered me to keep evacuating civilians, but then...then I heard something," he admits softly.

Hitoshi squeezes his wrist and Izuku smiles gratefully. "I...I found Iida-san in the alley being attacked by someone. I swear I didn't know it was the Hero Killer. I tried to distract him so I could get Iida out of there, but then I saw Native and he turned around and...and," Izuku cuts off, eyes squeezing closed as the remembered fear almost overwhelms him.

"I couldn't just leave them there. I'd hit my SOS button before going into the alley so I decided to distract him until help could come, but then he...um...got me," he whisper, and reaches up to rub at his cheek where a bandage is placed. "His quirk paralyzes by ingesting blood and I was down and I...I didn't want to. I promised I wouldn't use my quirk unless it was life or death, but he was going to kill Iida and I...," Izuku trails off, hands shaking so badly the water sloshes a bit before Yamada wraps his hands around Izuku's to steady them.

“Hey, little listener. It’s okay. You’re safe now. He can’t hurt you or anyone else,” Yamada soothes and Izuku nods shakily. “So you used your sound attacks on him,” Yamada encourages.

Izuku takes another drink of water before continuing. “He realized what I was doing and...and...,” he rubs at his throat and Hitoshi sucks in a sharp breath. “My voice enhancer and the armor on the back saved me, really,” he admits with a shaky smile. “That and Todoroki-kun getting there. He got Stain off of me and at a distance. Eventually, the paralysis wore off and I got back in the fight and then Iida did as well and...and we knocked him out...somehow. I don’t know how we did it. By all rights, he should have taken us out,” he says, eyes wide with uncertainty.

“He underestimated you,” Aizawa speaks up. “He didn’t see you as enough of a threat to go all out. You’re all lucky,” he admonishes.

Izuku nods and Todoroki looks down at his hands. “We tied him up and took him to the mouth of the alley when help finally got there, but then one of those...*things* grabbed me and then...Stain saved me,” he admits softly, looking at Yamada in shock. “He....he killed it. Stabbed it right in the brain,” Izuku murmurs huskily. He’ll forever remember the sound of shredding brain matter. Izuku swallows heavily and takes a slow breath to keep the nausea at bay. Yamada encourages him to take another sip and he does. “Then he passed out after making some big speech. The doctors said he’d broken a rib in our fight and it punctured his lung when he saved me and we landed,” Izuku explains. “I...I was terrified,” he whispers.

“I would have been too,” Yamada admits, running a comforting hand down Izuku’s arm. “That was more than anyone could take on their own. While we can’t condone the use of your quirks without a license or permission from your instructors,” Yamada continues, shifting to look at Todoroki, “we’re proud of you three for saving each other and looking out for Native.”

The door opens and they all look up to see Iida coming in, the doctor behind him. “Aizawa-sensei, Yamada-sensei, Shinso-san,” Iida says in surprise.

“Iida-kun,” Aizawa says evenly. He looks at the doctor. “Have their parents been called?” he demands.

“Yes,” the doctor nods quickly. “Iida-san’s parents are nearby and are aware of their son’s stay here, but they are also dealing with

Ingenium's care and are splitting their time currently," he explains. "Midoriya's mother is on her way while Endeavor is currently dealing with the aftermath of the attack and can't be here at the time. Todoroki-san's sister is currently on her way to handle things," he adds.

"Thank you. Are their injuries life threatening?" he asks.

"I can't discuss this with you," he says.

"I am their homeroom teacher at Yuuei as well as one of the heroes responsible for their wellbeing and safety while away from their families. I have permission from their parents to act as their temporary guardian until their family can attend to them," Aizawa explains patiently.

"Very well," the doctor murmurs. "Of the three, Todoroki had the least severe injuries. He had a shallow stab wound in his arm, along with multiple cuts and bruises and quirk exhaustion. We stitched up what needed to be stitched up and he should be fine after some rest and time to heal. Midoriya also had some cuts. The most worrying was the one on his throat, as it came close to cutting through his windpipe. We cleaned it well and stitched it. Thankfully, the blade missed the arteries. He also had a deep puncture in his side from where a claw pierced him and that as well has been stitched. Rest and healing will fix his injuries and quirk exhaustion. Iida has the worst damage, multiple major punctures and slashes to his person. We are keeping an eye on his arm in case of nerve damage, but for now, he is fine," he finishes.

"Thank you," Aizawa says and the doctor nods before leaving them alone. Once they're alone, he turns to Iida. "Care to explain how you ended up in an alley with Stain?" he asks softly and evenly.

Iida looks away, shoulders slumped in shame. "I...went looking for him," he admits, uninjured hand fisting on his lap. "I found him attacking Native in an alley and just...I was so enraged that I rushed him. I was stupid," he admits, looking up at them. "I thought I could take Stain and he barely had to do anything to take me down. If it wasn't for Midoriya-san and Todoroki-san, I would be dead right now along with Native," he admits. "Thank you, for your aid," he murmurs with a bow to the two.

Aizawa sighs softly. "We will discuss your punishment later and I'm sure there will be legal consequences for all three of you," Aizawa



admits tiredly. He stands with a groan. "I'm going to find the Chief of Police. See if I can't nip this in the bud before it gets too big. Keep an eye on them, Zashi," Aizawa says.

"Of course," Yamada says with a sunny smile as Aizawa leaves them abruptly. "Alright you three, you need to rest. Lie down and try to get some sleep. Shinso-kun, why don't you grab us both something to drink," Yamada says, offering his wallet to Hitoshi and the teen nods, taking it before leaving to do as told.

"Yamada-san," Izuku murmurs.

"It's alright now," Yamada says with a smile as he takes Izuku's mostly finished cup of water.

"I'm sorry," Izuku whispers.

"I know you are," Yamada says softly, setting the cup on the side table. "We'll get this all figured out, okay?" Izuku nods and lets the blonde hero tuck the blankets around him before he walks over to do the same for Todoroki and Iida. Whether it's because they're here or because he's still exhausted, Izuku finds sleep easily and soon passes out.

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Hitoshi is slumped awkwardly in a chair when he hears the sound of hurrying footsteps. Hizashi is outside the room, coordinating with Yuuei and Nedzu while Shouta is dealing the Chief of Police and helping clean up the mess Hosu is in.

"Yamada-san, is he in there?" comes the familiar voice of Izuku's mother. She sounds out of breath, probably having rushed all the way through the hospital to get to her son.

"He is, Inko-san. He's sleeping right now," Hizashi reassures her and Hitoshi sits up, glancing at the door where he's sure they're standing in front of it.

"What happened?" Inko demands frantically.

"There was an attack on Hosu tonight. I'm not sure what or who exactly attacked, but it was wide spread with citywide panic. Izuku was out with his instructor Subsume and in the panic trying to evacuate civilians, they got separated. Somehow, he stumbled on the Hero Killer attacking one of his classmates who had gone looking for

the man for what he did to his brother, Ingenium. He hit his SOS button and tried to defend against Stain until help could arrive. Todoroki, another of his classmates came when he got the SOS and between the three of them, they somehow managed to knock Stain out. One of the things that attacked the city went after Izuku, but Stain saved him, for whatever reason and then passed out,” Hizashi explains quickly and Hitoshi’s sure Inko looks shocked by such an info dump.

“Is...is he...,” Inko can’t seem to finish her sentence.

“He’s fine, Inko-san. He was hurt, they all were, but it’s nothing life threatening or debilitating. Rest and time healing will help. I should warn you, there might be legal consequences,” he adds softly.

“What?” Inko asks quickly.

“Illegal quirk use, vigilantism, and causing bodily harm with a quirk more than likely,” Hizashi admits softly. “Shouta is talking with the Police Chief right now to try and down play the consequences, or to allow Yuuei to dole out the punishment rather than the legal system,” he explains.

“Oh gods,” Inko whispers, sniffing softly, “I...I’ll contact Takeda-san in the morning if they decide to press charges. There are precedents of charges being waived for minors using their quirks in life or death situations. I’m not going to let them crucify my baby just because he defended himself,” Inko whispers heatedly.

“We don’t know yet what is planned, but we’ll keep that as plan B,” Hizashi says with a bit of a laugh in his voice.

“Can I go in?” Inko asks.

“Of course. Hitoshi’s keeping an eye on them while we work on this,” Hizashi explains and Inko makes an understanding noise before the door slides open and Hitoshi sees Inko. It looks like she had thrown on whatever was closest when she’d gotten the call, a pink cardigan pulled over casual clothing, like she was relaxing at home.

She smiles distractedly at Hitoshi before walking further into the room. There’s a stool next to Izuku’s bed and she drags it closer before settling, eyes taking in Izuku’s person, noting the bandages around his neck and on his cheek. When she reaches out for Izuku’s hand, he turns away to give her some privacy as he stands and walks out to see Hizashi texting quickly on his phone.

“Anything on what attacked the city?” Hitoshi asks, fishing for answers.

Hizashi sighs, lowering his phone, before offering an arm to wrap around Hitoshi’s shoulders, the teen taking it with a smile. “I’m sure this will be all over the news tomorrow. Reports and videos are starting to come in. They looked similar to the Nomu that attacked the USJ,” Hizashi admits.

“Is it the same people that attacked?” Hitoshi asks softly, remembering that panic filled day with a grimace.

“There’s no proof yet, but we can’t rule it out,” Hizashi admits with a sigh. “Sho’s on his way back with the Police Chief. No matter what is said in this meeting, keep your mouth closed, okay? I know you want to defend Izuku, but this is between the three of them, their instructors and the Police Chief,” Hizashi warns and Hitoshi mimes zipping his lips.

They step back into the room and Hitoshi takes his chair again as Hizashi snags the stool beside Iida. A few minutes later, the door opens and a head of white hair with streaks of red pokes into the room. “Shouto, there you are,” the woman exclaims, walking in.

“Fuyumi,” Todoroki greets softly.

“Father wouldn’t tell me everything that happened, only saying that you were involved in something and were in the hospital. Are you okay?” Fuyumi demands worriedly, rushing to his bedside and taking the seat there.

“I’m fine. I was helping protect my...friends from being hurt by the Hero Killer,” Todoroki says, hesitating over the word choice. Izuku, having woken up at Fuyumi’s entrance, grins at Todoroki before he notices his mother and yelps softly in surprise before she pulls him into a hug.

“Mom,” Izuku gets out, hugging just as tightly.

There’s a knock at the door and the room gets even more crowded as Shouta, Manual, Subsume and a large man with a dog mutation walk into the room, taking in the two new people in the room. “Shouta-san,” Inko greets with a wan smile.

“Inko-san,” he nods at her, stepping away from the main group to stand by Hizashi and Iida.

“Subsume-san,” Izuku greets with a wan smile.

“Hey kiddo,” she greets with a nod. “Midoriya-san,” she adds as well with a nod to Izuku’s mother who nods back. “This is Tsuragamae Kenji, Hosu’s Chief of Police,” she explains simply.

“Hello,” Inko murmurs, Fuyumi doing so as well.

“Greetings. I assume all the family members or guardians are all here?” he asks.

“What about Iida-san’s parents?” Izuku asks.

“They are currently helping Tensei with his recovery and are unable to be here at the moment. They have asked me, as his homeroom teacher, to step in,” Shouta speaks up.

“Oh,” Izuku murmurs.

“Very good. I have just finished being informed about the condition of the Hero Killer, Stain,” Tsuragamae says simply, woofing softly with each sentence. “Burns, bruises, broken ribs and punctured lung, ruptured ear drums from sound based attacks, the man in in rough condition. Such damage cannot be overlooked, especially from three hero students without a license or direct permission from their superiors. The charges will be hefty and could have an impact on your hero careers before they even start,” he states bluntly.

“Excuse me, are you tell me you will charge three children with protecting themselves when their so called superiors failed in their duty to protect them,” Inko hisses out angrily, puffing up in indignation. “My child was only defending himself from a known murderer and protecting his friends and classmates from harm until the so-called heroes finally showed up after the fact. What would you have done if one of them died? Pinned it on the others? I should press charges on their superiors and the city for allowing them to come to harm,” she says heatedly.

“Inko-san, please,” Shouta murmurs and Inko deflates a bit at his words. “Tsuragamae,” he murmurs.

The man clears his throat. “Of course, you are well within your rights to press charges where you feel you should,” he acknowledges. “What happened tonight should never have happened and punishment has already been handed out in that regard. However, these three hero students still broke the law and caused bodily harm to another person

knowingly and punishment must also be given where it is due.”

“You can’t seriously say we’re in the wrong. Native would be dead right now if Iida hadn’t interfered and Iida as well if we hadn’t,” Todoroki huffs out angrily.

“And so the law shouldn’t apply to you too?” Tsuragamae asks. “If we make an exception for one, we have to make an exception for everyone and then the law is pointless. No one is above the law,” Tsuragamae reminds them.

Then he clears his throat, “At least, that is the official stance of the police,” he admits. “You may of course claim this publicly and I’m sure the public will go crazy for it, but then there will also be the punishment that follows it,” he explains.

“Or,” he pauses, looking around, “you don’t. With his burns and Endeavor’s presence tonight, it can be played off as his and the charges swept aside. Very few were witness to what happened between you three and Stain, which means we can keep this quiet, but that also means you don’t get any of the public recognition. So, you have to choose: take the claim and face the consequences or allow someone else to take the claim and leave with no consequences, legally, and with the heartfelt gratitude of the Hosu Police Force for taking on a duty that should never have been yours to begin with.”

“Why didn’t you just start with that,” Todoroki grumbles.

“Shouto,” Fuyumi hisses.

“I accept your terms, sir,” Iida says quietly.

“Yes please,” Izuku agrees quickly, Shouto nodding as well.

“Very well,” Tsuragamae says with a smile. “You have my most humble thanks for what you three have done tonight. I know it doesn’t seem fair that the adults are ruining what should have been something good, but we only do this to protect you. You three are excellent students and I for one can’t wait to see the kind of heroes you will be in the future,” he murmurs with a deep bow before nodding farewell and walking out.

“Oh,” Inko whispers, no doubt taken aback at the sudden change in what was happening. “Well, I guess I don’t need to call Takeda-san in the morning then,” she admits with a small huff of laughter.

“Mom,” Izuku exclaims softly.

“Oh, don’t sound like that. Like I wouldn’t leave my baby undefended legally,” Inko waves off with a smile, reaching out to take his hand.

“Don’t think you three won’t be facing consequences,” Shouta speaks up and the room goes quiet. “Nedzu and the rest of Yuuei staff are already aware of what has happened tonight, as well as the likely outcome. Come Monday, when you return to campus, we will be meeting with all three of you to discuss the ramification of your actions and what you will be doing as punishment. Got it?”

“Yes, sir,” they chorus together.

“And that also includes punishments from us as well,” Manual speaks up. “I especially don’t take lightly to being used as a means for revenge,” he says pointedly to Iida. “Had I known this was why you chose my agency, I would have rescinded my invitation.”

“I’m sorry, Manual-san. I never meant for all this to happen,” Iida whispers.

“Just make sure it doesn’t happen again,” Manual says, tapping Iida’s head lightly. “I’ve already been punished due to this and now I get to pass it along to you. We’ll speak later, once you’re discharged.”

“Yes sir,” Iida whispers.

“I highly doubt father will care one way or another. He gets to add the Hero Killer to his belt,” Todoroki mutters.

“Shouto,” Fuyumi says softly in reprimand. “I will make sure you get some sort of reprimand,” she huffs and he nods.

“Midoriya-san,” Subsume murmurs and walks over before bowing lowly to Izuku’s mother. “I am sorry, for my lacking in protecting your son. I broke my promise to him, though I did not mean to. I hope you can forgive me for my negligence and if you still want to press charges, I won’t fight you,” she murmurs.

“What?” Izuku asks in shock.

“Oh, no, please, it’s alright,” Inko whispers, pressing a hand to the larger woman’s shoulder until she straightens. “I know you did everything you could have,” Inko says softly. “From what I’ve heard about what happened, it was chaos out there. I’m just glad he’s safe

and relatively unharmed. It could have been a lot worse tonight. I'm... I'm not happy about what has happened, but I can't place all the blame on you. Izuku made decisions tonight as well," she adds and the teen ducks his head.

"I'm sorry, Subsume-san. I never meant for things to escalate so quickly. I just wanted to get Iida out of danger, but then it turned out to be Stain, and then I saw Native and I couldn't just run and leave them to die and..." he pauses for breath.

"No one blames you for wanting to protect your friends, Mockingbird," Subsume says with a faint smile. "You're still learning and coming to understand what it means to be a hero. Take tonight and learn from it."

"Okay," Izuku nods with a wan smile.

"We should probably leave before we're run out," Hizashi speaks up. "Visiting hours are long passed and it's late. There's a hotel nearby we can stay at until the boys are discharged."

"Of course," Inko says. "I'll check with your doctor in the morning. Are they finishing their internships or going home?" she asks.

Shouta shrugs. "That is up to you and their instructors," he says.

"I have no problem taking him for the rest of his internship," Subsume speaks up and Manual adds his confirmation as well.

"Then I'll check in with you tomorrow morning and then head back home, okay?" Inko whispers to Izuku.

"Okay, mom. I'm sorry you had to come all the way out here and for worrying you," he whispers.

"Oh, sweetheart. I'll always worry about you," she jokes, but kisses his cheek before standing up. Fuyumi stands as well, bidding Todoroki farewell. Shouta, Hizashi and Hitoshi all say their own farewells as Subsume and Manual wave before stepping out ahead of the rest of them.

Hitoshi gives one last hug to Izuku and waves to the other two before following his dads and Izuku's mother out.

"Are we staying the night?" he asks them.

“We are,” Hizashi speaks up. “You and me are going to spend tomorrow helping the locals clean up the damage as I drill some rescue info into that head of yours,” Hizashi says with a grin.

“Okay,” Hitoshi nods.

“I’ll stay for a bit to see if we can’t figure out if this was the League again or a coincidence,” Shouta murmurs to the two of them.

They escort Inko to the hotel Hizashi mentioned and they all get rooms before finding some sleep. It’s been a long night already.

## Chapter End Notes

I never got how they could discuss all the legal consequences with Izuku, Iida and Todoroki without their parents there. I mean, come on, they’re minors and you’re threatening to charge them with a crime. They have no legal or parental representation there. And no, their mentors don’t count unless their parents signed documents letting them act as representation.

That’s like interrogating a minor without a parent’s permission or without any legal consul.



# Chapter 14

## Chapter Summary

It's back to classes as their internships come to an end. Consequences are had and midterms arrive sooner than expected.

## Chapter Notes

Things are calming down for now, but we all know life never remains calm at Yuuei and things are bound to happen, one way or another.

I'm posting a little early than I usually do. Work's crazy this week and I won't have time to do it in my free time there so I'm posting before I go in.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rest of Izuku's internship flies by. He doesn't learn what punishments Iida or Todoroki get from their instructors, but Subsume has him drilling on paperwork pretty much the rest of the week, except for a few excursions to help with cleaning up the damage from the attack and teaching him rescue policies and practices as she and her sidekicks clear rubble from roads.

Izuku bids her farewell on the morning he's expected to leave, apologizing again for causing her trouble. "Ah, it wouldn't be an internship without some chaos, though I will admit that this was a bit more than I was expecting. You were a model intern, except of course with what happened. Maybe we'll work together again and if you ever want to intern here again, I won't say no, though try to keep the chaos to a minimum next time," she scolds him gently.

"Yes ma'am," Izuku says with a bow.

"Good luck, Mockingbird. I think you're going to need it," she jokes and waves. Izuku bows one last time and waves back before he rushes off to meet up with Iida outside of Manual's agency before the two of them walk to the train station.

They don't take the same route as they took there, instead heading home, so Izuku bids the taller teen farewell before finding his train and taking it home. He texts Hitoshi the whole way back, and then gets off at his stop before walking the last ten minutes home.

His mother is home and greets him warmly, fussing over him, but other than the small bandage on his cheek and the bandages peeking over the collar of his shirt and hidden under it, he's fine. She listens raptly as he tells her about everything else that happened before and after the Hosu incident as people have started to call it. She seems delighted at his training and learning about the reality of heroics, nodding when he exclaims about how much paperwork is involved.

"Oh sweetie, I could have told you that. I've worked with quite a few cases involving heroes and the amount of paperwork they file is ridiculous," she jokes. The rest of the week flies by and soon, Monday rolls around.

Yamada and Aizawa arrive on time as usual, though his mom is out there with him to greet them and thank them for taking care of Izuku and helping with everything that happened in Hosu. They talk a few more seconds as Izuku crawls into the back with Hitoshi who looks like he's in another cycle of his insomnia as the shadows under his eyes are very dark and he looks ready to collapse from tiredness.

Inko bids them farewell and then the car pulls away. "You okay?" Izuku asks as Hitoshi leans into him, head resting on Izuku's shoulder.

"Yeah," Hitoshi murmurs quietly. "Just had trouble sleeping the last few nights...bad dreams," he admits softly, reaching out to squeeze Izuku's wrist and Izuku realizes what he's talking about.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Izuku whispers sadly. He probably really scared Hitoshi with that SOS and him learning about what happened.

"Just don't do that again...at least not without me," Hitoshi scolds, eyes still closed, but a frown marring his brow.

"I promise," Izuku whispers. Hitoshi nods against his shoulder and soon conks out. They arrive at campus and Izuku is forced to wake Hitoshi up, the purple haired teen grumbling, but following Izuku as he pulls him from the car.

"I'll be speaking with the three of you after homeroom, problem child," Aizawa reminds him and Izuku nods before leading Hitoshi away from the parking lot and towards their classroom. It's earlier than they normally go to the room, but Hitoshi is tired so Izuku gets the teen settled at his desk, offering his uniform jacket as a cover to block out the light as they wait for class to start.

Iida arrives not long after they do, as does Yaoyorozu who sends the

two of them a knowing look, like she's aware of what happened in Hosu, but doesn't comment as she greets them as she usually does. As the rest of the class starts to filter in, talking excitedly about their own internships and about what happened in Hosu, Izuku turns back to his notebook, writing on a new hero who'd just debuted and what their quirk is, ignoring the rest of the class.

"Hey, Midoriya-kun, Iida-kun, I heard you two were in Hosu when things with Stain and the attack went down. What was it like?" Kaminari asks excitedly.

Izuku looks up to see many of the other students looking at him and Iida, Katsuki sending a dark glower his way. Izuku had looked up the stuff about the Hosu incident after the fact and had seen the grainy cellphone video of him being grabbed and Stain saving him. "Um, terrifying," Izuku admits.

"Too bad you didn't catch him. I heard your dad got the credit," Sero says excitedly, looking at Todoroki.

"He did," Todoroki agrees blandly, his heterochromic eyes glancing between Izuku and Iida before going back to his notes.

Izuku glances at the time and sees it's almost time for class to start. "Toshi, come on, wake up," Izuku whispers and Hitoshi groans, but rises, handing Izuku back his jacket just as the bell rings and Izuku quickly turns around, straightening his jacket as Aizawa walks in, calling the class to order.

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Izuku, Iida and Todoroki follow silently behind Aizawa as he heads for a conference room down the hall from 1-A. He gestures them into the room after opening the door and they find Nedzu, Hound Dog and Recovery Girl in the room.

"Ah, there you three are. Please, take a seat," Nedzu orders and they do. "Now, I'm sure you know why we are having this meeting," the rodent says pleasantly, sipping at a cup of tea.

"Punishment for our involvement with Stain," Iida speaks up. "I would ask that you please go easy on Midoriya-kun and Todoroki-kun. They were only trying to help me and it's my fault they got involved at all," Iida asks, bowing from his seat on the couch.

"Your punishments will reflect your involvement and your actions

leading up to the incident, what you did and what happened afterwards,” Nedzu states simply and Iida nods, shoulders slumping.

“First off, how are you three feeling?” Recovery Girl asks softly. “I’ve already received your medical files from the hospital and I know what injuries you sustained.”

“Um, it’s still tender, but nothing too bad. They sent me home with some mild pain relievers if it started to hurt,” Izuku admits.

“Same,” Todoroki adds.

“I still have to go back for further testing for mine,” Iida admits.

“They’re hopeful that they can restore the nerve damage,” Iida adds.

“Good and I’ve asked them to keep me updated should my skills be needed,” she informs him.

“Very well,” Nedzu speaks up cheerfully. “On to your punishments: the first being that each of you will be required to have a minimum of three sessions with Hound Dog here. You faced something traumatic in Hosu and such incidents leave wounds that don’t show on the skin. We just want to make sure you are compartmentalizing this experience and to ensure nothing negative comes from it, understood?” Nedzu asks and they all nod.

“Second: each of you will be writing a ten page paper on vigilantism and the pros and cons of such acts, as well as the various laws surrounding it, and the ramifications it can have on a case. To be turned in by next Monday,” he explains. “If you need help locating source material, I’m sure Aizawa-kun can help you there.” Aizawa nods.

“Iida-kun,” Nedzu speaks up and Iida straightens. “Because your actions were the catalyst that started this incident with the Hero Killer, you will face the worst consequences. As of right now, you are on academic probation. While you won’t have a mark on your record, should you step out of line again, we will be forced to pull you from the hero program until such a time that you can prove you are responsible enough to return, is that understood?” Nedzu asks.

“Yes, Nedzu-sensei. Thank you for the chance to prove myself,” Iida agrees with a bow.

“Midoriya-kun, Todoroki-kun, you two will be serving detention after class for the rest of the week and will be given a stack of reading of

cases similar to what you two did. You will learn from them the many ways things could have gone horribly wrong last week and how lucky you are to be alive right now,” Nedzu states simply.

“Yes, Nedzu-sensei,” Izuku agrees without complaint, Todoroki bowing and agreeing as well.

“I hope you will learn from this lesson, boys, and grow,” Nedzu says with a sad smile. “I’m glad all three of you are okay and please know we don’t punish you without reason,” he explains.

“Yes, sensei,” they chorus.

“Well, go on back to class. Don’t forget to schedule your sessions with Hound Dog and if you need to see Recovery Girl, her office is always open,” he reminds them and they bow before leaving the room.

“I’m sorry,” Iida whispers.

“It’s fine,” Todoroki murmurs.

“That’s what friends do, Iida-kun,” Izuku explains with a small smile and Iida nods back with a smile as well. They ignore the stares when they return, apologizing for interrupting Yamada-sensei’s lesson and retake their seats.

~\*~

Izuku is nearly vibrating as he changes into his outfit. This is his first real training exercise since they transferred into 1-A. Last week they’d been on their internship and the week before after transferring in had been lessons about internships and agencies and what to do in certain situations.

Hitoshi is huffing in laughter at Izuku’s buzzing bounce as he pulls out his gear. He still hasn’t gotten a replacement for his voice enhancer back from the support company, but that’s fine. He doubts he’ll need it for this lesson. He also decides to leave his wrist attachment as well. Hopefully, he won’t need it.

“What do you think we’re going to be doing, Toshi?” Izuku asks excitedly, turning to look at his friend as he finishes tying his boots and standing.

“No clue,” Hitoshi mutters. “Hey, Kaminari, any clue what we’re doing today?” Hitoshi asks the blonde.

“Not a bit,” Kaminari admits with a grin. “Also, your outfits rock guys.” He gives a thumbs up and Izuku flushes and grins at the praise.

They follow the blonde out for the changing room and head for Grounds Gamma. “Woah,” Izuku mutters as they get their first look at the place. “Seriously, how much money does Yuuei have to do this?” Izuku hisses to Hitoshi.

“Your guess is as good as mine. I’m just hoping they don’t throw robots at us again. I’m really tired of robots,” Hitoshi mutters and Izuku nods as well.

“Welcome back everyone from your internships. I’m sure they were very instructional and informative. Hopefully you all learned something while you were there. Today, we’re doing something a little different,” All Might calls out loudly, voice booming.

“I still can’t believe we’re learning from All Might,” Izuku whispers excitedly to Hitoshi.

“Rein in the fanboy,” Hitoshi mutters back and Izuku elbows him in the side.

“Today, to get an idea of how you’ve improved, we’re going to hold a little race...a rescue race to be exact. You’ll be broken up into teams of five. A signal will blare somewhere in the city behind you and you will have to race to the source through the city. Anything can be used except trying to trip up or slow down your opponents. The goal is to get to the person needing rescue, me, the fastest. Not to stop your classmates. Got it?” he asks and the class nods.

“Alright, first team up: Midoriya, Iida, Ashido, Sero, and Ojiro, get to the starting point. The rest of you can observe the race from over here. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’ll get into position. Wait for the signal,” he reminds them.

“Oh, Toshi, it’s just like training,” Izuku whispers with a grin. “Are you going to use your capture scarf?” he asks as they head towards the starting area and the viewing area.

“I’m not good enough with it yet,” he admits with a huff. “Better not fall. I’ll laugh at you.”

“Yeah, yeah. Root for me,” Izuku calls back and Hitoshi waves as he heads for the starting line. He sizes up the rest of his competition. He knows he can’t win, not against Iida’s speed and Sero’s tape, but he’s

sure he can put on a good display. He'll never be a speedster, but he's small, quick and flexible. Good for this kind of course.

A horn blares in the distance and Izuku surges forward, already figuring out the direction he needs to go and rushing towards the side of a building where a series of pipes and electrical boxes stick out, making an excellent series of platforms to get higher.

Bounding up, he pulls himself over the edge of the roof with a roll and charges forward. He can see Sero is already ahead, swinging from his tape and Iida is weaving through the city, trying to find the best route to reach his destination. He can hear Ashido and Ojiro behind him and pushes ahead.

Taking to the rooftops, Izuku jumps, bounces and swings across the gaps between, aiming for the area he needs to go. He doesn't make first or second like Sero and Iida, but a solid third is nice, with Ashido and Ojiro coming in fourth and fifth.

"Yes," Izuku cheers breathlessly, jumping up and down as soon as he crosses the finish line.

"Good work, Young Midoriya," All Might says and Izuku beams.

"You're pretty quick for a non-physical quirk," Sero admits with a clap to Izuku's shoulder.

"Thanks," Izuku says back. "I studied parkour and it really came in handy. Though I'm sure on a different course, I might not do so well. This one had so many nice hand and foot holds," he admits.

"Right," Sero agrees as they trudge back to the viewing area and All Might announces the next team: Bakugō, Tokoyami, Sato, Kaminari and Aoyama. Bakugō of course comes in first, followed by Tokoyami, Sato, Aoyama and Kaminari in last.

The next group is Asui, Kirishima, Shoji, Hitoshi and Uraraka. Asui comes in first, with Hitoshi coming in second, Uraraka in third, Shoji in fourth and Kirishima bringing up the rear.

"Toshi that was awesome," Izuku yells as Hitoshi comes back, still a little winded, but grinning.

"Better than you," he adds with a grin.

"You only had to beat Asui in regards to speed," Izuku reminds him

and Hitoshi sticks his tongue out.

The last team is Koda, Jiro, Todoroki, Hagakure and Yaoyorozu. Yaoyorozu comes in first, making skates and a jet pack to propel herself forward. Todoroki comes in second, skating across his ice while Jiro, Hagakure and Koda all come in third, fourth and fifth.

“Very good, all of you. I can see some of you have improved greatly. Others still need some work. While speed isn’t always the deciding factor, being fast can save a life. Don’t be too hard on yourself though. This is only the first semester of your first year. Work hard at it and you can learn to be faster. Alright, you’re all dismissed. Go get changed. Good work everyone,” All Might calls out and then rushes off in a hurry.

“Wonder what’s got him in such a rush,” Hitoshi mutters as he follows Izuku to their locker room. Izuku shrugs before turning back to their conversation from before class started, Hitoshi humming and adding a comment here and there as Izuku goes on about that new hero he’s been watching.

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“How did you do on your midterms?” Hitoshi asks, looking like someone drug him through the ringer as they leave 1-A.

“Okay,” Izuku admits, “though I think I might have gone off topic on some of the essay questions.”

Hitoshi snorts. “You let that brain get away from you again, didn’t you?” Hitoshi asks, ruffling Izuku’s curls.

“Toshi, don’t be mean. It could really impact my grade,” Izuku whines and then stumbles as Katsuki goes storming passed them, shoulder checking Izuku angrily as he heads for lunch.

“Hey, watch where you’re going dick face,” Hitoshi growls at Katsuki.

The angry blond whirls around to glare at them. “What was that, Creep?” he growls, hands popping threateningly.

“Really? You’re going to attack us in the middle of the hall, surrounded by witness, cameras and a teacher,” Hitoshi adds, nodding to where he can see Shouta coming down the hall.

Katsuki huffs angrily, but stops his quirk. “Whatever, extras. You got



in because you cheated. You'll wash out eventually," Katsuki hisses before storming away.

"Dude, Bakubro, that was uncool," Kirishima calls out after him. "Sorry about him. He's stressed about the midterms," he murmurs and then follows his friend towards the cafeteria.

"I see the Pomeranian hasn't changed any," Hitoshi mutters.

Izuku sighs softly. "I thought he was getting better. He was at least leaving us alone," Izuku murmurs sadly.

"Problem children," Shouta says from in front of them once he's close enough. "Was that something I need to look into?" he asks evenly, though Hitoshi can see the concern in his eyes.

"It's fine, Aizawa-sensei. Nothing we can't handle," Hitoshi adds softly and Shouta nods.

"Alright, go get lunch. Don't forget, we've got training in gym Theta after class," he reminds the two of them.

"Okay," Izuku says with a grin, Hitoshi grinning as well and nodding eagerly. Izuku's been working with Hizashi to hone his sound attacks and Hitoshi's been practicing using the capture scarf on the aerial obstacle course in that particular gym. Waving at Shouta, they rush off to get lunch and see how Mei did on her own midterms.

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"Tada!" Mei says excitedly and reveals a new updated version of her stealth drones that she's been working on for a while.

"Mei-chan, it looks so cool!" Izuku exclaims excitedly, bending closer to get a closer look at it. The ball is a matte metal grey with a wide lens on the front.

"I updated the programming on it and I was finally able to do the light refraction barrier, though it's short term because of the power draw. I'm still working on reducing the power demands. I also added some fun extras too," she adds and presses the button on top and the wings spring out, as well as the lower portion of the metal ball. It's a little bigger than the ones she originally designed.

She pulls out a device that looks similar to his and Hitoshi's wrist attachments and hits a few buttons, the ball lighting up faintly. "I

gave it a taser plus a targeting program so it can't miss," she explains as the bottom portion spins to show a small sharp rod sticking out. "It's got enough juice to take a large adult down and then some," she says with a manic grin. "It does however use up the battery so one use only. There's no room for a secondary battery at this size, not yet anyways," she explains and Izuku nods.

"What are you expecting us to be doing?" Hitoshi asks watching the thoughts pass through Izuku's head lightning fast as he comes up with ideas on how to use this.

"A hero can never be too prepared and a good support person always anticipates their client's needs," Mei says dismissively as she presses a few more, buttons. "This," the bottom portion twists again, "is the tracking gun. It shoots out a small tracking device that will adhere to any surface: skin, metal, cloth, stone, you name it, it can stick to it. Good for following a suspect from a distance. The tracking program's accuracy is incredibly accurate and here," she presses another, button and the drone's lens lights up before projecting what seems to be a 3-D model of what appears to be Yuuei's support labs. "A 3-D map display to give the most accurate locations. It only shows this detail when you're within 300 feet however."

"Mei," Izuku whispers and Hitoshi can see the stars in the teen's eyes at this tiny piece of tech.

"You love it. I knew you'd love it. Once I get it tweaked, I'll make a few for each of you of course," Mei says excitedly.

"You two are scary," Hitoshi mutters and they both grin at him.

## Chapter End Notes

Mei makes the drones even deadlier and awesome.

Izuku: I have so many plans for these!!!

Aizawa: My problem child senses are tingling.

# Chapter 15

## Chapter Summary

Time flies when you're having fun and the final exams are now upon them. Some secrets get out and Izuku is put into a situation he really would have rather not had to deal with.

## Chapter Notes

We're inching closer to the end. Here's the final exam arc. Not much has changed except for two exams: Hitoshi is teamed up with Koda against Present Mic, and Jirou, who was originally with Koda is teamed up with Sero against Midnight. Sero still gets knocked out and Jirou is forced to pass on her own. :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku sits up as Aizawa calls the class to attention and Hitoshi does as well, seeing the serious look on his dad's face. "As I'm sure you're all aware, finals are coming up quickly. They will cover everything we have gone over in your classes. As well," he pauses, sharp eyes glancing around the room. "We will be holding a summer training camp for a week. Only those who pass their exams, both the practical and the written, will be allowed to go while those who fail will be forced to stay behind and take remedial classes to make up for their failing marks."

Noise breaks out as people exclaim at the news. Aizawa waits until the noise dies down before continuing. "If you have any questions on the material we have covered in your classes, don't be afraid to ask your teachers or classmates. That is all," Aizawa says with a tired sigh before leaving the room.

"Toshi!" Izuku whispers excitedly, turning towards Hitoshi's desk.

"Just what we need, more pressure," Hitoshi grumbles.

"Well, this is Yuuei. Their motto is 'Go Beyond, Plus Ultra.' What did you expect," Izuku murmurs.

"Ugh, don't remind me. Why couldn't it be everyone deserves a nap," Hitoshi grumbles.

"Not sleeping good?" Izuku asks.

Hitoshi waves him off. "I'm okay, just a little tired. Pops has been helping with my insomnia, but you know how it is. It comes and goes. Though dad did threaten that if it gets worse he'd make me see a doctor about maybe getting something to help," Hitoshi admits.

"There are medicines and other methods that can help with insomnia," Izuku admits as they start gathering their stuff to leave the classroom, most of their classmates gone ahead to lunch already. They quickly leave the room to head for the cafeteria. "If you need my help with anything, you know you can just ask, right?" Izuku reminds him, walking backwards to look up at Hitoshi.

"Yeah, I know," Hitoshi says with a soft grin and then Izuku stumbles as he runs into someone just coming out of a room.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Izuku cries out as quick hands keep him from falling over.

"Ah, it's no problem, young man," the man behind Izuku says, his voice thin and strained. "Accidents happen." He's tall and thin...really thin with drooping blonde hair and deeper shadows under his eyes than Hitoshi and Aizawa's combined.

Hitoshi expects Izuku to say something else, but when he glances at his friend, the teen is just staring the man in confusion and the dawning of some thought that has his eyes widening. "We'll get out of your way," Hitoshi says in concern, bowing slightly to pull Izuku away from the man and further down the hall, sending a glance back once before the man disappears into a conference room.

Hitoshi drags Izuku towards where they normally eat with Mei. The girl isn't there. Apparently, she got picked for some super-secret project in her class and is busy for the next few weeks and won't be eating with them much as she works.

"What's wrong?" Hitoshi hisses, Izuku still looking like he's in shock and his brain is attempting to buffer. "Do you know him or something?" he asks.

"I...it doesn't make sense," Izuku whispers.

"What doesn't make sense?" Hitoshi demands.

"His voice...that was All Might's voice," Izuku whispers.

"Are you sure? No, you're sure. You know voices better than anyone I

know. How could he be All Might? All Might's huge and muscled, and that guy looked like a stiff breeze could knock him over," Hitoshi mutters, but now that Izuku planted the idea...he can sort of see it. Even slightly hunched, the guy looked to be of the same height as All Might. They had the same hair color too, but All Might's hair stuck up in that weird bunny ear looking way of his. Except if it was down...

A lot of people don't recognize Hizashi when his hair is down and he's out of costume. His dad planned it that way to avoid being recognized in public when he just wants to be a regular person and not Present Mic. What's to say All Might doesn't also do something similar, keeping a hard line between his hero persona and his civilian persona?

"Toshi," Izuku whispers looking up at Hitoshi, worry clouding his face. "I don't think we're supposed to know this," he mutters. "This has got to be a huge secret. I mean, if it got out that the number one hero looked like that normally, the press would have a field day."

"Then we keep it secret," Hitoshi says with a shrug.

"Right...right, of course," Izuku says, some of the worry on his face leaving at the simplest answer. Leave it to Izuku to focus so hard on the problem, trying to find some complex solution and overlooking the most obvious answer. That's what Hitoshi is here for. Then he frowns again. "Is it wrong of me to want to ask him so many questions about his quirk? I mean, it's got to be some sort of transformative quirk right? For such a staggering difference physically, there's no other way," Izuku mutters.

"How about we hold off on cornering All Might to grill him on his quirk and instead get lunch," Hitoshi reminds his friend. If he let him, Izuku could get lost in his thoughts for hours theorizing about All Might's quirk.

"Oh, yes, I'm hungry," Izuku admits with a sheepish grin and follows Hitoshi to the cafeteria.

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"My hand hurts," Izuku whines at lunch at the end of their third day of their written exams.

"Tell me about it," Hitoshi grumbles, slouched back against a tree. "I hope I never have to see another essay question again."

“You two are hilarious,” Mei says with a grin, looking up from her tinkering.

“How did your exams go?” Izuku asks.

“Excellent and I’m excused from my practical,” she cheers with a cackle.

“How?” Izuku asks.

“That project I helped out on. It was technically my exam so I don’t have to take the original exam, though support’s practical is just building something or coding something, or fabricating something or designing something,” Mei starts to list off the various types of support work on her fingers.

“Are you still not going to give us a hint on what you were working on?” Hitoshi asks.

“Well,” Mei says with a sly look on her face. “I was told not to say anything while I was building it. They said nothing about afterwards, so...here’s the deal,” Mei says, scooting closer. Izuku sits up excitedly and even Hitoshi flops over to be closer to her. “I was asked to make a way to put a significant enough handicap on a pro hero to make them easier to fight,” she explains. “Of course, my first thought went to weights. So I made arm and leg cuffs with high density weights. To make it harder to move,” she explains excitedly.

“What do you think that means?” Hitoshi asks, looking at Izuku.

Izuku frowns, fingers tapping against his knee as he considers his info. “I think they’re changing things up,” Izuku whispers, looking at Hitoshi. “I mean there was the USJ attack, then the Hosu incident where their students faced life or death situations. The old methods just won’t cut it anymore with the way things have been escalating. I’m sure you’ve seen it in the news. More fights breaking out, bigger scandals and operations coming to light. Things are ramping up and they want us to be prepared for what’s to come. I think the finals are going to be us fighting our teachers,” he concludes.

“So we’re not fighting robots again?” Hitoshi asks.

“Probably not,” Izuku admits.

“Whoo, they took my complaint to heart,” Hitoshi says with a lazy grin and then sobers. “Oh gods, I might have to fight Dad or Pops,” he

whispers. Mei and Izuku laugh at him. They'd told Mei about Hitoshi's dads when they let some stuff slip weeks ago. "Don't laugh, you might have to fight them too," Hitoshi reminds him.

"Oh gods," Izuku whispers.

"Mei, if we die, will you honor us with a huge explosion?" Hitoshi asks seriously.

"The biggest explosion I can make, sleepy cat," Mei says with a serious nod.

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"Should we tell the others?" Izuku asks Hitoshi quietly as they wait for lunch to come to an end back in their classroom.

"Tell us what?" a voice asks and Izuku jumps before turning to see Shoji a few seats ahead, an ear and eye trained on him from the larger teen's shoulder. Izuku should have realized it's impossible to keep a secret in class.

"I think I know what our exam is going to be," Izuku admits.

"Really?" Jiro asks who had been talking with Shoji and Tokoyami by their desks.

"Pretty sure," Hitoshi adds.

"Mei, a friend from Support, was asked to do a secret project to create a way to handicap a pro hero to make them easier to fight," Izuku explains quickly, the others leaning in.

"You think we're going to have to fight our teachers, kero?" Asui asks seriously.

"Yeah," Izuku says with a nod.

"We heard from 1-B's class president that they asked the upper classmen and the exam is usually fighting robots," Kaminari pipes up.

"What is it with Yuuei and robots?" Hitoshi grumbles from his half slumped position.

"Yes, yes, robots suck, I'm with you," Izuku says with a pat to Hitoshi's shoulder.

“What do you have against robots?” Kaminari asks.

“Asks the boy who can fry a robot with his electricity without breaking a sweat,” Hitoshi grumbles.

“Robots can’t be brainwashed,” Izuku reminds him. “And sound waves can’t affect electrical currents, nor is my quirk strong enough to cause enough concussive force to even put a dent in metal,” Izuku adds.

“Oh,” Kaminari mutters with a sheepish look.

“But dudes, you were awesome fighting in the festival. You could totally kick robot ass,” Kirishima exclaims.

“Not as well as some of you in our class,” Izuku says, but he has a pleased grin on his face. “Look, it’s just a guess, but don’t be surprised if we do have to fight our teachers.”

Before anyone can say anything, the bell rings and they all scramble to their seats before Aizawa walks in to see them out of their chairs.

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“I hate being right sometimes,” Izuku hisses as they all get off the bus in their gear and see ten of Yuuei’s teachers spread out before them. Even Nedzu is there, perched on Aizawa’s shoulder as they explain the changes made to the exam this year.

“It’s a curse,” Hitoshi agrees with a nod and a snort of laughter until they start reading out the teams and who will be their opponent. Then he pales as Yamada sends a bright and toothy grin his way when it’s announced that he’ll be facing his dad alongside Koda who also looks like he’s going to be sick.

Izuku’s heart plummets as they announce his teammate and who he’ll be fighting and has to fight the urge to faint or run as All Might lands to stand towering over him and Katsuki with a bright and intimidating grin.

“Trade you Toshi,” Izuku whispers, voice shaking.

“You’re on your own,” Hitoshi mutters, shaking his head before following Yamada and Koda towards their bus that will take them to their testing site.

“Traitor,” Izuku whines before turning back to see Katsuki is grinning



manically, eyes burning and Izuku curses. Of all the people they could have teamed him up with it had to be the one who hates him most.

“Young Bakugō, Young Midoriya, we must get on the bus,” All Might reminds them. Izuku nods silently and turns to walk towards the bus.

“K-Kacchan, we should probably come up with a plan-,” Izuku starts to say before Katsuki cuts him off.

“Shut up, Deku. I don’t fucking need your help,” Katsuki growls before stalking ahead with a heavy shoulder check and boards the bus. Yeah, that seems about right. Izuku boards after him and resigns himself to either figuring out a plan on his own or failing because Katsuki can’t play well with others.

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Hitoshi covers his ears with a wince as a scream tears through the trees around him. Koda is likewise hunched, shaking and anxious as Hizashi unleashes his assault on them without moving a single step closer. Why is his Pops so fucking overpowered?

His ears ringing, Hitoshi waves toward Koda to get his attention. They’d discussed their quirks quietly on the way to their testing site and possible plans. ‘*Can your animals do anything?*’ he signs hastily and then winces as another scream tears through the trees.

Koda shakes his head. ‘*Scared away. Can’t hear me over Yamada-sensei,*’ Koda signs back, hands shaking so badly Hitoshi has trouble reading his words.

Hitoshi curses silently. He’s useless in this terrain. He’s been training for urban terrain, not forest, and he’s sure to give himself away by moving with how sensitive Hizashi’s hearing aids are. If he can’t get closer, he can’t try to brainwash him either and Hizashi *knows* his quirk really well. That and the fact there’s only the three of them out here so he won’t respond to any other voice Hitoshi might use.

He glances at his stealth drone. Mei had only had time to make one updated one for him and Izuku and while it might be able to get close enough to Hizashi to use the taser on it, in all likelihood, Hizashi will spot it before it can get close enough and he can’t use the refraction barrier without using up the taser’s battery. Tech tends to stand out in nature unless it has camouflage. He’ll mention that to Mei later.

Hizashi doesn’t have much in the way of weaknesses though...

unless...Hitoshi looks over at Koda. *'Can you control bugs?'* he asks quickly before another scream rips overhead.

Koda's eyes go wide and he waves his hands frantically. *'Not that,'* he signs quickly.

*'Not a fan of bugs?'* he asks and Koda nods quickly. *'Well, I know for a fact that Yamada-sensei is terrified of them. Like passing out, terrified of them. We need to pass this exam which means doing things we're not comfortable with. Think you can do it for the win?'* Hitoshi asks.

Koda stares at him, shaking and eyes wide, before he swallows and nods hesitantly. He shuffles away towards a busted log and with a grimace, bends down to start whispering quickly. Finished, he pulls away and they wait in silence as the screaming takes a break, no doubt Hizashi's got a bit of dry throat from so much quirk use.

There's a distance scream, not quirk enhanced, and Hitoshi grins. *'See,'* he signs and Koda stares at him in awe before Hitoshi bounds over his hiding place and races for the exit where Hizashi is passed out right in front of it. Pulling out the cuffs, he quickly latches it around his Pops wrists and the alarm sounds, announcing their win. Standing, Hitoshi grins and holds up a hand to high-five Koda, who tentatively does so with a smile.

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The ride to the test site is silent, Katsuki glaring ahead with his hands clinched in his lap while Izuku keeps flicking glances between All Might and Katsuki, heart hammering in his chest. The bus pulls up in front of a familiar mock city, the one he took his exam in, and lets them off. All Might points out the starting gate and says it will open once he gives the signal before flying away in a single bound.

Izuku fidgets with the stapes of his arm guard, glancing at Katsuki who's pacing like a caged animal in front of the gate. Taking in a slow breath, Izuku lets it out and reaches for his belt clip and pulls off his staff, extending it to its full length and waits.

Finally, the alarm sounds and the gate rumbles a little as it pulls back to let them in. Katsuki pushes ahead and Izuku scrambles to follow. Swallowing nervously, he approaches the blonde. "K-Kacchan, we really need to come up with a plan. This is *All Might* we're facing. We can't just rush in without out some semblance of-," Izuku gets out.

Katsuki whirls around angrily, fist flying and backhands Izuku away

from him. Izuku yelps and stumbles away, clutching his throbbing cheek. “Stop fucking talking to me, you voiceless freak,” he growls out and Izuku stares in shock. “If I wanted your advice, I’d ask for it. Now shut up and go away. I’ve got this in hand,” he snaps, turning away and stretching his shoulders with a pop of his hands.

Izuku hears it before Katsuki does: the screaming of metal and the shattering of glass. “Get out of the way,” Izuku screams, dodging away from the middle of the road. He’s not fast enough to dodge all of the attack and is only able to wrap an arm around a railing to keep from being flung off his feet and tossed like a ragdoll back the way they came.

As the scream of wind dies down, he can hear his own panicked breathing and the sound of falling debris as he looks at the path the attack came from and can only see destroyed buildings and roads. *This* is the strength of the number one hero. He gulps in fear. There’s no way they can win against this.

Before Izuku can try and call out to Katsuki in the hopes that *now* the other teen will realize they need to work together, there’s a blur of motion and then All Might is just there, right in front of him. “Can’t have that mind of yours coming up with a plan, young man,” All Might says evenly and his fist lashes out, catching Izuku in the gut and sends him flying.

As Izuku sails through the air, he hears the sound of an explosion as Katsuki attacks the pro and then he lands with a heavy thump, rolling along the road before sliding to a halt. Coughing, barely able to keep his lunch down, Izuku looks up with watering eyes only to see Katsuki get slammed to the road without remorse.

Vision spinning a little, Izuku looks around frantically for his staff and finds it a few feet ahead of him where he’d dropped it when he landed. Scrambling to his feet, Izuku lurches forward and snatches his staff up. He doubts it will have any effect on the pro, but any weapon is better than nothing against the number one hero.

Running, Izuku watches Katsuki press his hand forward and unleash an ear shattering explosion point blank and stumbles a bit at the backdraft it causes. All Might doesn’t let go of Katsuki and seems barely even bothered by such an attack. Lifting Katsuki up, he slams the teen down again with barely any effort.

Izuku rushes the pro from behind, trying to keep somewhat quiet and

brings the staff down on his back as hard as he can. It clangs as it connects and then burning blue eyes are on him as he lets Katsuki drop. Izuku gulps in fear, hands trembling under such an intense gaze.

Shaking, he keeps the staff between him and All Might, and watches as the pro reaches out before he yanks the staff from his grip far too easily and bends the metal staff with a screech of metal before dropping it.

Izuku backs up a step, but All Might is quicker and he finds himself dangling from the man's grip. "It seems you didn't learn your lesson, young man," he murmurs and tosses Izuku like he weighs nothing. He comes to a sudden stop as the railing he used earlier slams into his back and hip. He falls with a cry of pain, barely catching himself before he face plants.

Vision swimming, he watches Katsuki throw himself at All Might again only to be tossed aside like a feather. They need to get away, hide, plan, anything other than just letting themselves get tossed around like this.

Hands shaking, Izuku reaches for a pouch and pulls out the upgraded stealth drone Mei gave him. Pulling his wrist forward, he finds the wrist controller unharmed besides a cracked screen. He quickly finds the drone's controls and turns the electricity to max.

Pressing the top, he lets it go and it hovers over his head. "Target All Might, tag then taser," he orders softly and it beeps quietly before buzzing away and Izuku rushes towards Katsuki as All Might turns to look at him. He notices the drone, it's not trying to be stealthy, and raises a hand to swat it out of the air before it fires out a tracking tag first and then the bolt and wire.

There's a moment of nothing, and then All Might convalesces a little as it unleashes its full electoral attack. Izuku takes the distraction for what it is, hefting Katsuki over his shoulder and dragging him away down a random alley, ignoring his slurred curses all the while. He turns one way, another, another, getting hopelessly lost, but away from All Might before Katsuki manages to get his feet under him and pushes himself away from Izuku.

"What the fuck are you doing?" he snarls.

"Saving you," Izuku hisses before hitting a button on his wrist attachment and brings up the tracking system. All Might's close, but from what Izuku can tell, he's not able to see or hear them. "We need

to find a way to get away from him long enough to-," Izuku starts to say.

"SHUT UPS!" Katsuki howls, lashing out to slam his fist into the wall beside Izuku's head, making the boy flinch. "I didn't ask for your help or to save me, and I don't need your fucking plan to win," he growls lowly, staring into Izuku's eyes as he does.

"Yes, because throwing yourself at All Might over and over again is really an excellent plan," Izuku hisses back with narrowed eyes. "Insanity is defined as repeating the same thing over and over and expecting a different result. You can't out punch All Might, Kacchan. You've barely laid a scratch on him and look at you. You can barely stand and you definitely have a concussion right now."

"And you think running away will work?" Katsuki snarls. "At least I'm trying to do something. You won't be able to get away from him, no matter how fast you are," he scoffs out.

"No, but if we'd just planned from the beginning, we might have been able to do something other than get our asses handed to us," Izuku snaps back, pushing off of the wall to glare at Katsuki. "In case you forgot this is a *team* exam. We're supposed to work together, but you've got your head shoved so far up your-, " Izuku yells.

Katsuki brings his fist up to hit him again. "Do it, I dare," Izuku whispers and Katsuki pauses. "I don't care what your problem with me is or how amazing and 'heroic' your quirk might be. I'm not failing this exam because you can't work with someone for five minutes," Izuku hisses at him. "So shut up and fucking work with me because I don't know about you, Kacchan, but I'm tired of being thrown around by All Might."

Katsuki stares at him for one long drawn out second, and Izuku's not sure how this will go. That's the first time he's ever yelled at Katsuki. "Just tell me your stupid plan," Katsuki snarls, but lowers his fist.

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Izuku pauses in an alley and glanced down at the screen. There are two dots on it now. One is tracking All Might, the other is Katsuki, Izuku having pulled the tracker from his original stealth drone. Katsuki is almost in position and All Might seems to still be looking for them and heading where Izuku wants him to go.

"Kacchan, he's near you. Be careful scaling the building," Izuku hisses.

“Don’t fucking tell me what to do,” Katsuki growls back softly over the ear piece. He’d given one of his hearing enhancers to the teen, switching it to communication mode so they could talk. Rolling his eyes, Izuku keeps moving, aiming for his own building and soon starts to scale it. Going slowly, he reaches the top without giving away his position. Finding a place to hide, but still see everything, he starts to put his plan into motion.

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*Izuku eyes Katsuki before finally nodding. Reaching up, he pulls out a hearing enhancer and presses the button on the side, switching it to communication mode before handing it over. “We can keep in contact with this,” Izuku informs him, Katsuki snatching it out of his hand.*

*He starts pulling out a roll of wire, his original drone and a knife to cut the wire. “How many of those small grenades do you have?” Izuku asks.*

*“Six, why?” Katsuki demands.*

*“Start filling them up...as much as you can without hurting yourself. How attached are you to your gauntlets?” Izuku asks as he pulls out the tracker from the drone and presses it to Katsuki’s shirt. He quickly adds it to his tracking program.*

*“What the fuck do you need them for?” Katsuki snarls.*

*“We can’t outrun All Might, nor can we out punch him. We need something that can slow him down long enough for one of us to escape. So, we’ll drop a building on him,” Izuku says with shrug, looking around to find a way to a rooftop to scout.*

*“What? You can’t just drop a building on someone,” Katsuki says, eyes for once wide in shock.*

*“Kacchan, he took one of your strongest explosions point blank and it barely did anything to him. Do you honestly think a building will do anything to him except slow him down?” Izuku asks. “Besides, it won’t be a big building. We only have enough explosive power to bring maybe a two story building down. Fill them up,” Izuku reminds him and Katsuki grumbles, but starts filling up the grenades as Izuku starts to climb.*

*Reaching the top of the building, Izuku switches his hearing enhancer to distance mode and just listens. He quickly pinpoints All Might’s position about three blocks away from them, walking slowly as he looks for them.*

Opening his eyes, Izuku looks around. Their best bet is to take the path of destruction All Might created with his first attack. It might give him an advantage, but it will give them an advantage as well if they don't have to go around buildings. There should be plenty of buildings near it that were damaged that they can lure him into and bring down on him, thus minimizing the damage to the city.

He finally finds one that looks already pretty unsteady. It should easily come down with some help. Nodding, Izuku slowly climbs back down to find Katsuki finished and fuming at having to wait. "Alright, I found the building and All Might is that way," he points a little south of their position. "Follow me and be quiet. He's still looking for us."

Growling under his breath, Katsuki reluctantly follows Izuku, moving quietly through the alleys until they come to the building. It looks like a warehouse with a second story office space on top. Glancing at his wire Izuku nods. He should have enough to rig this up.

Taking some wire, he quickly wraps it around the pins of the grenades. "Place these there and there," Izuku orders, handing over two of the grenades to Katsuki who does as told while muttering. They place the explosives around the base of the concrete support pillars, using fallen debris to keep them in place with the wires trailing to the center of the room. He runs out of wire before he's done and has to pull out a spool of twine.

"Why the fuck do you even have that?" Katsuki growls when Izuku pulls it out.

"Just in case," Izuku shrugs and continues attaching all the wires and twine together before finding a beam high enough and tossing the spool over and catching it. Searching around, he finds a small crate and a large chunk of concrete that had fallen when the building took damage. Tying the twine around the concrete chunk, Izuku precariously sets it on the crates edge.

Making sure it has just enough slack to pull all the pins, Izuku backs up slowly. "Place your gauntlet reservoirs near one of the grenades," Izuku tells Katsuki and between the two of them, they manage to rip the reservoirs out without breaking them open. "When the grenades go off, it will ignite them and add enough explosive force to take out the rest of the supports that we couldn't reach," Izuku explains.

"Whatever," Katsuki grumbles.

Rolling his eyes, Izuku holds his tongue. "Now, there's a building two up from here. Hide on it and wait. I'll give my signal when the bomb is set to

go and as soon as you hear it, you run for the exit. Hopefully, that should slow All Might down enough that one of us can escape, thus passing the exam,” Izuku says, checking one last time on his apparatus.

“And how the fuck are you going to lure All Might in here?” Katsuki demands.

“Oh, I’ve got a few ideas,” Izuku says with a grin.

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“I’m in position. Are you?” Izuku whispers from his perch on top of another building across the way. He’d had to backtrack a bit in order to cross the path without being spotted.

“Fuck you,” Katsuki mutters.

“Kacchan,” Izuku hisses.

“Yes, I’m in fucking position,” he hisses back.

“Good because All Might’s almost here and we’re about to begin,” Izuku says and switches off communication and listens to the approaching steps of the pro. He taps the screen on his wrist and brings up the drone’s programs. Mei hadn’t been able to put much in terms of fire power in the drone, at least not the original version, but she had added some interesting programs. One program can project things, from maps to imagines, though they need to be simple images. He sets up his drone and waits.

All Might slowly comes into view, eyes searching high and low for them. Once he’s in position, Izuku projects his voice using his voice enhancer. *“I know your secret, All Might,”* Izuku whisper to the pro and watches as the man reacts like he’s been electrocuted, stiffening and searching around. He starts to frantically look around. *“I wonder what the world would say if they knew such a thing about the number one hero,”* Izuku adds and then hits the button on his screen and a projection comes to life as a shadowy figure rushes into the building they rigged up.

All Might spots the movement and rushes after it. “Young Midoriya, wait,” he calls out and disappears inside.

Izuku switches to communication. “Now,” Izuku says and hits the button on his screen as the drone knocks the precariously balanced debris off its crate and the wires all pull the pins out. There’s a second



of silence and then an earth shattering explosion sounds out.

Izuku doesn't even wait to watch, taking to the rooftops and jumping the gaps in his way. On the other side, Katsuki launches himself into the air with well-timed explosions. When Izuku's path runs out, he takes to the ground, following the path of destruction.

They're almost to the exit when something comes flying through the air and a car slams into the ground right in front of Izuku who rolls out of the way, but keeps pushing ahead. "That was not very nice boys," All Might chides. His outfit is covered in soot and rock dust, hair a mess as he lands in front of them.

Heart pounding, Izuku slides to a halt and shares a glance with Katsuki. Pressing a button on his screen, Izuku whispers to Katsuki, "Keep going," and faces All Might. "Sorry," he adds with a smile before sound erupts around the pro's head. All Might grabs his ears as pain lances through them and Izuku bears down on the pro as Katsuki takes to the air, aiming a well-placed explosion at the pro on his way passed that knocks him down.

Opening burning blue eyes, All Might goes to grab Katsuki and Izuku doubles down on the sound. All Might misses by inches. Reaching into his pocket, Izuku pulls out the cuffs they gave them. One way or another, they're passing this exam.

All Might turns on him, wincing, but pushing through the pain in his ears and reaches out for Izuku. Izuku abruptly switches the frequencies and All Might staggers slightly. Izuku takes that for what he can, reaching out to grab the thick wrist in front of him and goes to place the cuff on it.

All Might, moving faster than Izuku can block, grabs his hand in a tight grip, making Izuku wince at the pressure. "Not this time, young Midoriya," All Might growls out. As he lifts Izuku off his feet to slam him down, the alarm blares and they both freeze, then look back towards the exit to see Katsuki standing just outside of the gate.

"Oh thank gods," Izuku whispers, slumping in All Might's grip.

"Ah, yes, congratulations," All Might says with a smile, setting Izuku down gingerly onto his feet and steadying him when his knees wobble a bit. "Good job, young man. That was quite an inspired plan, though I would prefer not to have buildings dropped on me in the future," he adds wryly, shaking rock dust out of his hair.

“Sorry, sensei,” Izuku adds sheepishly. He goes to take a step and his brain finally registers what his leg has been screaming at him. “Ow,” Izuku huffs out, his knee buckling under the pain.

“Ah, perhaps I might have gone a bit harder on you two than I should have,” All Might huffs out. “Here, let me get you two to Recovery Girl,” All Might says and scoops Izuku up. They find Katsuki leaned against the wall, grimacing and holding his side. He doesn’t even wait to talk with Katsuki, just scoops him up in his other arm and carries on walking back towards where Recovery Girl had set up her tent.

## Chapter End Notes

Izuku is seriously done with Bakugo's shit. He's going to pass, even if he has to do it all by himself or drag Bakugo kicking and screaming across the finish line.

Also, I was inspired to drop a building onto All Might because of the fic 'The Density of Fog' by [ive\\_been\\_losing\\_sleep](#). It's an amazing fic. Go read it.

# Chapter 16

## Chapter Summary

Exams are done and it's time to shop before heading to the Summer Training Camp. What could possibly go wrong?

## Chapter Notes

Things are gearing up on a few fronts.

For those wondering, Bakugo does face consequences for his actions during the exam, but it's off screen in this fic. It will come up in later fics which do have names finally:

Birds of a Feather- Inko/Hizashi/Shouta POV fic that will follow along with this and the sequel of Mockingbird and Liarbird.

Adding to the Flock- follows from just after the Kamino arc and so far will end before the liberation war. I haven't decided if I will go further than that.

I've got a whole birb theme going on here by the way. There's Mockingbird, Liarbird, Loud Bird, Sleepy Bird, Mom Bird and, once Eri is added, Baby Bird. XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hitoshi comes into the tent to find only Izuku inside. Bruises and scrapes litter his body that wasn't protected by his clothes and he looks exhausted. "Hey Toshi," Izuku says quietly. "How was Yamada-san?"

"Loud," Hitoshi says, rubbing at his ears. They're still ringing slightly, but Recovery Girl had said that it should fade by morning. "We won though. I heard you actually won against All Might," he adds, snagging a chair to sit on next to the bed.

Izuku nods with a tired grin. "I dropped a building on him," he admits proudly.

"What?" Hitoshi whispers in shock. "Are you crazy?"

"Um...maybe a little bit, but like in a good way...like Mei," Izuku says cheekily before he sobers. "You don't understand, Toshi. All Might is terrifying to go up against. How do people decide to fight him and not wet themselves once they see for themselves," Izuku whispers.

“That bad, huh?” Hitoshi asks.

“His speed and strength are off the charts, Toshi. I knocked a building on him and it barely slowed him down. We only won because I managed to distract him long enough for Kacchan to escape,” Izuku waves his hands around in emphasis.

“So you actually worked with that bag of dicks,” Hitoshi mutters.

“I might have yelled at him first,” Izuku admits with a grin.

“You didn’t,” Hitoshi whispers in amazement. “Come on, play it back for me. I know you can,” Hitoshi asks with a grin.

“No,” Izuku shakes his head, but still grins as Hitoshi fake pouts. “I do need to find Mei and give her the biggest hug I can. Her stuff is the only reason I was able to do any of this. And I need to commission some more stealth drones. Both of mine are probably caput.”

“That should make her happy,” Hitoshi say with a nod.

The tent flap opens and Shouta walks in. “You two ready to go home?” he asks.

“Yes,” Hitoshi nods.

“Recovery Girl said I’m good to go,” Izuku says, wearily pushing himself up and swinging his legs over the side of the bed. “I’m tired,” he adds.

“Let’s get you home then,” Shouta says and Hitoshi helps Izuku stand before they follow the man out of the tent to where Hizashi is waiting. He’s holding the bent remains of Izuku’s staff.

“Sorry, kiddo. Not much we can do to fix it,” Hizashi apologizes, holding it out to Izuku who takes it with a sad smile. “We did find this though,” and he holds out Izuku’s first drone he used to shock All Might. “The other one was a casualty of your pyrotechnics,” Hizashi adds and Izuku grins sheepishly at the raised brow Hizashi sends him.

“Thank you,” Izuku says, tucking it into its pouch.

“Alright, let’s get you changed and then we’ll head out,” Shouta orders and they nod, wearily following the two adults back to the main building.

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“Izuku,” Inko cries out worriedly as he comes into the apartment slowly, looking dead on his feet.

“I’m okay, mom. Just tired,” he reassures her with a smile. He holds up the staff, “Um, sorry. It was ruined in the exam,” he adds sadly.

“Oh, sweetheart, that was bound to happen eventually,” Inko says fondly, leading him into the living area and making him sit. “We can always order another one,” she adds.

“Um, Mei’s already taken up the project, though I’m worried about what she might add to it,” Izuku says with a laugh and Inko smiles. “But...um, I think I’m going to mount this. My first staff, you know,” he adds and she smiles in understanding. “Plus, All Might signed it as an apology, so I definitely need to keep it,” Izuku adds giddily and Inko outright laughs.

“Then we’ll definitely keep it,” she says. “Now, you go take a shower and get changed into something comfortable and I’ll get started on dinner. I think it’s going to be an early night for both of us,” Inko orders and Izuku nods, standing up to trudge towards his room to put his things away and grabs some clothes to change into.

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“We failed, I know we failed,” Kaminari wails from his place draped over Ashido’s desk. “Mina, what do we do? They’re all going to be having fun without us,” he asks the pink skinned girl.

“I really wanted to go too,” Ashido whines, sniffing softly.

“You won’t be alone at least,” Kirishima mutters with a sigh, sending Sato a companionable look as the larger boy slumps at the reminder.

“M-maybe it won’t be that bad,” Izuku tries to console them.

“You don’t have to worry. You passed your practical,” Kaminari shoots back and Izuku sends a glance towards Katsuki, but the blonde is ignoring them, shoulders stiff with tension.

“Take your seats,” Aizawa snaps as he opens the door and they all scramble to take their seats as he stands at his podium in front of the class. “I’m sure you’re all wondering about your exam results,” he states bluntly and many across the room nod eagerly or groan pitifully.

“Everyone passed the written exams, though a few only by the skin of your teeth,” Aizawa informs them and a sigh ripples across the room. “You can find your results on the board outside the room. As for the practical,” he trails off as tension mounts. “Some of you failed the practical: Kirishima, Sato, Kaminari, Ashido, and Sero. You all failed your practical.”

Groans and sighs ripple out. “Don’t get complacent. A few of you barely passed the practical,” Aizawa reminds them and a few look guilty. “As you know, the summer training camp was conditional to passing both exams.” He pauses, looking around the room. “That was a lie,” he says with a sharp grin and shouts of shock ring out.

“Sensei, you lied to us again?” Ashido whines out.

“A logical ruse to ensure you did the best you could on the exam. You all are going to the summer camp regardless of your exam results, unless you had failed the written exam as well. The practical exam pointed out obvious weaknesses each of you have as a means of overcoming your shortcomings. The summer camp is to make you stronger and those who failed the practical need it the most. It would be illogical to keep you from the camp,” he explains.

“Sensei,” Iida says, raising his hand sharply while standing quickly. “I hope you won’t keep doing this in the future. Some of us might become distrustful of you in the future.”

“Noted,” Aizawa says evenly and starts handing out stacks of brochures. “In regards to your practical exams,” he pauses, eyes scanning around the room with a look of seriousness that has the class sitting up and paying attention. “Instead of your normal Fundamental Heroics class this afternoon, I will instead be speaking with each of you separately to go over the exam to point out where you were lacking, where you did well and how you can improve. I will also be giving out any material I feel will help in this regard. I expect you to take what I say seriously. You won’t like me very much if you keep making the same mistakes over and over. I don’t like repeating myself.” The class is silent at his tone.

“These brochures list what you will need for the camp and what you should be expecting in regards to physical training. Pack appropriately because we won’t be leaving the camp to get something if you forget. The date we are leaving is on there. You will need to be here on campus by four am. We leave at five am. If you need help getting to campus that early, speak with me,” he adds before turning to his

sleeping bag to settle in it and sleep the rest of homeroom's time.

"We're all going," Kaminari yells excitedly. People shush him and he cringes.

Izuku stands to go to Hitoshi's desk where the teen is looking through the brochure. "Are we really going to need all of this?" Izuku asks as they look down the list of recommended items.

Hitoshi shrugs. "Probably," he mutters. "I've got most of this, but I might need to make a trip to the store."

"Same," Izuku agrees.

"Hey, why don't we do a class shopping trip?" Hagakure calls out excitedly and the class gets excited, many already agreeing to go.

"Midoriya-kun, do you and Shinso-kun want to come?" Uraraka asks.

Izuku trades a glance with Hitoshi who shrugs. "Sure," Izuku says with a grin. "I've never been on a class shopping trip before."

~\*~

Izuku is following Hitoshi to lunch when they're stopped. "Ah, young Midoriya," All Might says brightly. "Could I possibly have a word with you?" he asks.

Izuku shares a glance with Hitoshi before nodding. "I'll meet you guys at our spot," Izuku says.

Hitoshi shrugs. "I can wait. Mei's not going to be there either way," Hitoshi reminds him, the girl helping Power Loader with the end of semester Support cleaning day.

All Might coughs into his fist a little. "Of course, we'll just be in here," he says and Hitoshi nods as Izuku follows the pro towards a nearby conference room. Inside, All Might motions for Izuku to sit and he does, fidgeting with his fingers. He can guess what this might be about.

"Ah, no need to be nervous my boy, you're not in trouble," All Might starts off with. Izuku nods. "I have a question to ask you...about something you said during your practical exam," All Might says.

"Oh," Izuku says while glancing at his hands. "A-about saying I know your secret, right?" Izuku asks.

“Yes,” All Might says seriously. “You must understand that I have secrets that must remain secret and if you know about one, I must know,” he explains.

“I-I know,” Izuku whispers. “I...um...I know about, well your smaller form,” Izuku informs him. “I didn’t mean to find out, but that day we ran into each other in the hall when you were in your small form, you spoke to me and I recognized your voice. I always remember a voice and...well, I added it up. I haven’t told anyone...well, except Toshi, but he was with me that day when I figured it out and I was confused and talking aloud, but we haven’t told anyone,” he quickly reassures him.

“Ah,” All Might murmurs with a heavy frown. “Perhaps we should include your friend then after all.”

Izuku nods and goes to the door to wave Hitoshi in as well. “What’s up?” Hitoshi asks quietly.

“He knows we know...about the whole secret thing,” Izuku explains quickly.

“You mean the secret thing we were keeping secret?” Hitoshi asks with a frown.

“I didn’t tell anyone else, but I sort of used it in the exam and well...,” Izuku puffs out his cheeks and Hitoshi nods, following Izuku into the room fully before shutting the door behind him.

They both sit on the couch opposite him. “I’m sure you have questions and I’ll answer what I can, but this must remain between us. The teachers and staff that need to know at Yuuei are aware, but the rest of the student body is not in the know. You must swear to keep this secret, boys.”

“Yes, All Might,” they both say and the man eyes them for a long drawn out moment of silence before he explains about his injury, how it has limited his hero work and how he has kept it from the public to keep people from panicking.

Hitoshi and Izuku leave for their lunch ten minutes later quiet as they absorb what they had learned and subdued by the implications of what it means.

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“Hey, we’re heading out,” Hitoshi calls out softly to Hizashi who’s in the kitchen in the middle of making some tea.

The blonde pokes his head out with a smile. “Got everything you need?” he asks quietly, stepping further out. Shouta is conked out on one of the couches, sleeping before his patrol that night.

“Yep,” Hitoshi nods, wiggling his wallet for the man to see. Izuku snorts at the cat themed wallet on display and Hitoshi just arches a brow, well aware of Izuku’s All Might limited addition wallet that he waited in line for an hour to get.

“Alright, have fun, behave and try to stay out of trouble you two,” Hizashi orders with a stern finger wag before a grin breaks out on his face. “Call us if you need us. I’ll have my phone on me just in case.”

“Okay,” Izuku says with a nod.

“Don’t kill anyone,” Shouta calls out, voice muffled from how he has it pressed against the back of the couch. He must have woken up when Izuku knocked.

“No promises,” Hitoshi says with a grin. “Bye,” Hitoshi calls out, dragging Izuku out of the apartment and towards the elevator down. They chat as they walk towards the train station and wait for their train. Once boarded for the Kishiya Ward Shopping Mall, Hitoshi pulls out his phone and they spend the ride watching compilation videos of cats.

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Once the train reaches their stop, they push through the press of bodies trying to get on and soon find themselves outside the station where they can see quite a few of their classmates milling around waiting for the others to get there.

“Midoriya-kun, Shinso-kun over here,” Kaminari shouts loudly, waving his arm and the others shush him as a few strangers give him annoyed looks.

“Are we the last ones?” Izuku asks, worriedly thinking they made everyone wait.

“Nah, we’re still waiting on Sero, Uraraka and Aoyama. They texted to say they’re on their way,” Kirishima assures him. “Bakubro and Todoroki declined, but everyone else is coming, by the way.”

“Kacchan doesn’t really like crowded places,” Izuku says with a shrug. He remembered the blonde having to fight through crowds for new All Might releases and getting snappy as people crowded around him.

“I’ve been meaning to ask about that,” Ojiro speaks up from where he’s leaned against a nearby wall. “You two seem to know each other. You too, Shinso-kun.”

“Oh, uh...yeah,” Izuku mutters, rubbing the back of his neck, something he picked up from Hitoshi. “We went to middle school together and I’ve known Kacchan since we were little.”

“Oh, so you were friends?” Hagakure asks brightly.

“Sort of,” Izuku says with a grimace at the same time Hitoshi snorts derisively.

“Friends with that bag of dicks? I’d rather eat glass,” Hitoshi mutters.

“Toshi,” Izuku admonishes him. “I was friends with him when we were little, but we grew apart as we got older.”

“You mean he became a bully and tormented you,” Hitoshi speaks up.

“It’s not like that,” Izuku insists.

“You mean he didn’t push you around and hurt you with his quirk or call you that horrible name all of middle school?” Hitoshi asks sharply and Izuku flushes, looking away as the rest of the class watches on silently.

“W-wait, really?” Kaminari asks in shock.

“Aldera is a horrible school,” Izuku explains softly. “It encouraged a lot of bad habits in people, especially if they had really good quirks. People don’t change if everyone says they’re perfect and never calls them out on bad things. He’s getting better and becoming a better person at Yuuei. Everyone deserves a chance to show they can change, Toshi,” Izuku says softly, but firmly, looking him in the eyes.

“Ugh, fine. Why are you so nice?” Hitoshi complains.

“It’s my charm,” Izuku says with a small smile.

“I’m sorry that happened to you, Midoriya-kun,” Kirishima says softly, expression troubled. “I’ll try to call him out when he does things that aren’t manly, okay? You’re right. Everyone deserves a chance to prove

they can change.”

“Oh, thank you,” Izuku says with a surprised smile before the group drifts a bit and he and Hitoshi end up near Tokoyami. “Hi, Tokoyami-kun,” Izuku says with a wave and a smile. “Hi, Dark Shadow.”

“Greetings, mad one,” Tokoyami says back with a nod, Dark Shadow coming out to wave at Izuku.

“I thought that was Mei-chan nickname,” Izuku says with a frown.

“It was, but after your exam against All Might, it seemed fitting,” Tokoyami explains as Dark Shadow giggles, pressing their hands against their beak.

“What?” Izuku yelps. “How?”

“Asui-san and I finished out exam fairly quickly and returned to the observation room in time to see the rather explosive end of your struggles,” Tokoyami explains.

“I tried asking Aizawa-sensei if I could get a copy of the video footage, but he said no,” Hitoshi says with a sigh. “One day I’ll see it.”

“Toshi,” Izuku whines, flushing. He looks down at his fidgeting hands and thinking back on his discussion with Aizawa-san about his exam and the rather pointed look as he replayed the building exploding on All Might.

“We’re here!” Uraraka cries out as the last three stumble out of the train station towards the group. Cheers go out and chattering breaks out as the group starts to migrate towards the entrance to the mall. Inside, they stop to assess what everyone needs.

“Um, I just need some sturdier shoes for hiking through the woods,” Izuku informs the group.

“Same, and a hunting knife,” Hitoshi adds with a shrug. “Plus, my parents asked me to pick a few things up while I’m here,” he adds.

“Why don’t we just split up into groups and meet back here in a few hours to grab a late lunch,” Uraraka says when they all realize they need a wide range of things. When no one vetoes the idea, groups break off from the main group until it’s just Izuku and Hitoshi left standing there staring in shock at how quickly everyone just left.

“Well, come on Toshi, might as well go get our shoes first,” Izuku says with a grin and Hitoshi nods. They stop by the mall map and find where to go before heading to the second floor where the outdoors good are sold.

It doesn't take long to find a good set of hiking boots, but then they run into a snag, namely Izuku's size is near the top of the shelf out of reach of the shorter teen. Izuku hops a bit, hoping to reach it, but it's just too high.

Hitoshi would help, but he's too busy laughing to do so. “Toshi,” Izuku huffs, arms crossing.

“Do you need help?” Hitoshi asks, gloating at his greater height.

“I'm about to climb this thing,” Izuku mutters, looking around for a step stool, but finds none in sight.

“I will film you doing so,” Hitoshi says seriously, holding up his phone. “Then I'll send it to Dad and Pops who will give you the patented parental disappointment look.”

“I'll just claim I'm suffering from a height deficiency,” Izuku says with a shrug, grinning. “You'll have to face the disappointed look because you were filming instead of helping,” Izuku adds.

“Oh look, a convenient arm rest,” Hitoshi says, resting his elbow on Izuku's head.

“You're so mean,” Izuku whines before elbowing Hitoshi in the side and making him grunt in pain.

Someone snorts in laughter behind them and they turn to see a store associate giggling behind them. “Excuse me,” she chuckles, waving her hand. “You two just make a really cute couple,” she explains with a grin.

“What?” Izuku yelps, face going red at her words and Hitoshi starts to cough as he breathes wrong, face flaming as well. “We're...we're not...Toshi's my best friend,” Izuku exclaims, waving his hands frantically.

“Oh no, I'm so sorry,” she says quickly. “I just assumed...forget I said anything. How can I help you?” she asks, flushing a bit as well.

“I-I just needed those shoes up there in size six,” Izuku says, still

flushing, heart beating heavily in his chest as Hitoshi finally catches his breath and straightens from his half hunched position. She nods and reaches up on tiptoes to pull the box down. Once Izuku confirms it's the right size, he takes it. Hitoshi grabs his own shoe box and they aim for the front of the store, the taller teen silent the whole way there.

They pay for their shoes and Hitoshi's knife, and quickly leave. "Oh, that was...", Izuku trails off with his cheeks finally cooling off as they aim back towards the center of the mall. "Are you okay, Toshi? That was so weird. No one's said that before to us," he jokes halfheartedly, grinning shakily.

"Y-yeah," Hitoshi says with a nod, still looking a little flushed. "I need to go grab something," he says softly.

"I'll come with you," Izuku offers.

"No, you can't," Hitoshi says quickly.

"What? Why?" Izuku asks, hurt a little at this sudden change.

Hitoshi sighs, "Because I'm getting your birthday present you doofus," Hitoshi explains with a look.

"Oh, yeah, I guess that would ruin the surprise," Izuku says with a laugh, glad there's a reasonable cause for this sudden change. "Okay, I'll wait over there by those benches and when you get back, we'll finish getting that stuff for Aizawa-san and Yamada-san," Izuku says and Hitoshi nods.

"Ten minutes tops...hopefully, if there's not a line," Hitoshi says and Izuku grins and waves as the taller teen walks off.

Izuku finds a seat and fidgets with his fingers. That was such a shock. Him and Hitoshi? Yeah, no, that's not happening. For one thing, he doesn't even know if Hitoshi likes...well, boys. Of course, Izuku has never really thought about that...having a boyfriend...or a girlfriend either. He's been so focused on training, then getting into Yuuei, then getting into the heroics program and just trying to finish the semester. He hasn't had time to think about anything like that.

But now that the thought is there...Izuku feels his face go red again at the idea of him and Hitoshi. Pressing his hands to his warm cheeks, he lets out a soft whine. He shouldn't be having these kinds of thoughts. Hitoshi is his best friend! He'd hate himself if he said anything and

Hitoshi didn't like him like that and it ruined their friendship forever. It's just a thought...a crush...it'll go away...right?

Huffing, Izuku rubs angrily at his cheeks in frustration and stands with the bag clutched in his hand as starts to pace a bit. No, he'll just ignore this. It'll go away and then things will go back to normal. It's just the idea of a boyfriend. He's never really thought about having one and now suddenly it's all he can think about. Focus on school and hero stuff.

Nodding to himself, Izuku turns to start walking back to the benches when someone bumps into his back, arm draping over his shoulders. "Hey, are you that kid from the Sports Festival? That Gen Ed one who took second?" they ask into his ear and Izuku freezes.

He's had a few people stop him in the streets to ask something similar, but none have ever done this before. He jerks his head up to look at the taller person hanging off him and meets burning red eyes, a large, almost manic grin splitting their face which looks severely chapped, like they have some sort of skin condition. Blue stringy hair frames their face from under a black hood.

"Too bad, you missed all the fun at the USJ," he murmurs and Izuku heart skips a beat as long bony fingers wrap around his throat and squeeze ever so slightly. "Make a scene and you won't be able to let another sound come from that throat of yours," he warns.

"W-who are you?" Izuku asks, stuttering as fear swamps his mind. He remembers Aizawa explaining to him and Hitoshi what one of the villains that got away from the USJ attack looked like and that if they ever saw him, to call the police immediately.

"Just someone looking for answers," he murmurs, eyes narrowing and Izuku stiffens as he feels fingers tapping at his throat. He also remembers Aizawa telling him about this man's quirk: a five-point touch disintegration quirk. "I just want to chat. You seem like a smart person. Maybe you can help me figure something out," he muses and Izuku nods slightly as he leads them towards the benches he just left.

Izuku looks around frantically for someone, anyone who can help him, but all he sees is civilians walking about their day, completely unaware of whom is in their midst. "Don't do it," he murmurs. "You might warn them, but I could take out at least thirty before help arrived." Shivering, Izuku allows himself to be guided to sit on the bench.

Hitoshi lets out a long drawn out sigh as he walks away from Izuku. Never has he been gladder for a legitimate excuse to have a moment away from his friend. He can still feel the residual heat of his flush as he climbs the stairs to the second floor of the mall.

That was not what he expected today. Hitoshi rubs at his face with his free hand. He'd only realized recently that he might have a small, tiny, itty-bitty crush on his friend and to have it suddenly brought up by some stranger? Gods, he'd nearly swallowed his tongue in surprise.

And Izuku...*best friend*, he'd said best friend. Hitoshi honestly doesn't know Izuku's preferences or if he even likes anybody like that or if he wants a relationship like that. Of all the many things they've talked about in the three years they've known each other, relationships have not come up. Which is funny because they've literally had an in-depth conversation about what they would do if they just decided to turn villain one day. Needless to say, Izuku is scary when evil and Hitoshi will never betray him. We're talking fully fleshed out plan of world domination sort of evil.

Hitoshi honestly isn't even sure if it's actually a crush or if he's just confusing things. He's never had a crush before as far as he knows. Of course, Izuku is the closest friend he's ever had before. They share everything, no secrets between each other. Well, no major secrets that won't eventually be told in the future.

Hitoshi has considered asking Hizashi, but he's a little afraid and he'd be so mortified to ask him, let alone Shouta. Gods, the kind of conversation that would come from that question would make him want to shrivel up and die right on the spot. Shouta would get so much fun out of making him squirm in embarrassment.

He looks up to see the store he's looking for come into view and quickly enters. He'd called ahead after they confirmed when the class would meet up and the store confirmed they had the item he wanted so he'd put a hold on it. Izuku has been eyeing a new All Might figurine for a while now, but has been hesitant to buy it, mainly because he's already asked for so much lately from his mom money wise with the expenses at Yuuei. So Hitoshi's getting it for him.

Of course, there's someone already in line being helped by the only associate behind the counter. It's an older gentleman and by the sound of their conversation, it's going to be a bit before he's finished, the

woman helping him figure out what to get for his grandchild or something.

Hitoshi sighs softly. Figures he's going to have to stand in line for a bit. He rubs at his eyes. He really just needs to put this crush thing behind him, before it gets out of control. Izuku is his best friend, and he'd rather remain friends than screw up what they have over a small crush. Besides, they've been so busy with school and training, when would they even have time to do anything else. Better to just focus on what he has now and not ask for more.

A second associate comes out of the back and waves him to the next register and he sighs in relief before explaining what he's there for. Three minutes later, with the new figurine tucked into gift bag provided by the store, Hitoshi heads back.

Glancing at his watch, he sees it's been less than ten minutes. Grinning, he heads down the stairs and starts looking around where Izuku said he would wait. He spies him sitting on a bench, a taller person half draped over him and Hitoshi frowns. He can't see their face from here, their hood covering them.

Walking closer, he calls out, "Izuku." Izuku jumps, eyes wide and frantic. Hitoshi can see how badly his hands are shaking and finally notices the hand wrapped around his friend's neck. Hitoshi's heart lurches at the sight.

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"W-what do you want t-to talk ab-about?" Izuku asks shakily as they sit in silence for a few seconds watching people pass in front of them.

"You seem smart and I saw the video posted. You were there the night Stain was taken," he says with an annoyed frown. "He's all everyone wants to talk about. They've barely even talked about my Nomu attacking, like an afterthought. What does he have that I don't? He destroys things he doesn't like, like I do, and yet everyone praises him."

"You attacked Hosu?" Izuku asks. "So you weren't working with Stain?" Izuku had wondered, when Aizawa had mentioned that it might have been the same people who attacked the USJ, if the two were related or it was merely a coincidence.

"He turned me down," he says with a hiss, hand tightening around Izuku's neck slightly and Izuku coughs a bit before he relaxes his



hand. "Not that I want someone like that in my group. You didn't answer my question," he adds angrily and tightening his hand purposefully before releasing again.

Izuku swallows nervously, glancing around before thinking on his question. "The difference...I...um...I-I guess it would be your goals," Izuku says quietly, thinking rapidly to come up with something. "I...I don't agree with what he does. Killing won't solve anything, but he's at least trying to change the world for the better, in his own twisted way. So far, all you've d-done is attack for no apparent reason other than because you didn't like something."

"A goal," he murmurs. "My goal is to kill All Might," he mutters angrily.

"And then what?" Izuku asks and red eyes glance at him. "You kill All Might and then what? Killing All Might isn't a goal. It's just you wanting to destroy something you don't like. A goal is meant to do something, change something, for better or worse. Killing All Might is only the first step," Izuku says, heart frantically beating.

"Yes...that's it," he says with a chuckle, eyes wide with excitement and Izuku feels his hand clench again and not let up. "I've been so focused on killing All Might; I never realized that there's more to do. More to destroy, more to my goal," he says breathlessly.

Izuku reaches up a hand to grab at his wrist and he finally lets go as Izuku draws in a shuddering breath. "That...I feel so much better. It's like everything makes sense now. You're really smart, you know," he says.

"Izuku," Hitoshi calls out and Izuku's head jerks up to stare fearfully at Hitoshi. No, he can't be here. If he attacks Hitoshi and kills him... Hitoshi frowns, purple eyes darting between Izuku and the villain draped over him.

"Well, this has been nice, but I think I need to go. Thanks for the talk. It really helped me clear my head," he says with a grin and let's Izuku's throat go before standing. "See you around," he calls and starts to walk away.

Hitoshi starts to turn to follow and Izuku panics. "Toshi, no!" Izuku calls out, breathing rapidly as the fear starts to hit him.

Hitoshi turns back to him and then rushes forward, dropping his shopping bags to drag Izuku into a hug. "Are you okay?" he demands

quickly, pulling back to glance over him, but he can't see any injuries.

"I...I...", Izuku can't make words come out, shaking so badly.

"I'm calling the police," Hitoshi says and Izuku just nods, wrapping his arms around Hitoshi as the teen pulls out his phone.

### Chapter End Notes

So we're finally getting to the Hitoshi/Izuku parts of this fic. My boys are so cute and oblivious and such dumb boys. Don't worry, they'll get their shit together by the end of this fic. But be prepared for the awkwardness and pining for a few more chapters at least. :)

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Summary

It's time to head to the Summer Training Camp, but first they have to get there.

## Chapter Notes

We're so close to the end. Just four more chapters. GAH!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Hitoshi," Hizashi calls out and Hitoshi jumps up from his chair to race towards the blonde and into his arms. "Are you okay?" Hizashi demands. Hitoshi nods against his chest. A second set of hands rub at his back and arm and Hitoshi looks over to see Shouta there as well.

"Where's Izuku?" Shouta asks softly.

"They're still interviewing him," Hitoshi murmurs.

Shouta nods. "I'll go check on things," he says and Hitoshi nods as Hizashi starts to lead him back to the row of chairs Hitoshi had been sitting in just now.

"Are you okay?" Hizashi asks softly as Hitoshi pulls back to sit in the chair he just left.

"I...fuck, I just left him there, Zashi," Hitoshi says, glaring angrily down at his lap. "I walked away and that...that guy just grabbed him. If I had just stayed with him...he wouldn't have..." Hitoshi trails off.

"Hey now," Hizashi murmurs and lifts Hitoshi's head with a finger under his chin. "Stop beating yourself up," he orders. "There was no way for you to know that that was about to happen. No way. Unfortunately, the fact of the matter is that these things happen. It's easy to blame yourself and think about what ifs. What if I hadn't left? What if I had been there? That'll just drive you crazy, Toshi," Hizashi murmurs, running a hand over Hitoshi's hair.

"But," Hitoshi starts.

"No buts," Hizashi says firmly, but gently. "Do you think I don't think these same thoughts whenever Sho gets hurt? And him as well when I

get hurt? It's natural to think these things, but you need to focus on the here and now. Izuku is safe and sound. He wasn't hurt and you both managed to get out of a situation that could have gone very badly. Izuku is probably really scared right now and I'm sure he'll need your help to calm down and feel safe again," Hizashi adds.

Hitoshi sucks in a shuddering breath before nodding, rubbing at his eyes where angry tears are trying to escape. "Okay," Hitoshi whispers. "I feel like I should have done more though. I was right there. I could have tried to stop him...brainwash him," Hitoshi insists.

"And that would have been vigilantism," Hizashi reminds him with a raised brow. "You two did the right thing. You remained calm, you didn't do anything to antagonism him and once you were safely away from him you called the police. Leave Shigaraki to the police and the pros. Right now, you're just students."

There's the sound of shuffling feet and they look up to see Shouta escorting Izuku into the waiting area. "Hey little listener," Hizashi murmurs, standing and Izuku collides into his chest for a hug. "It's okay."

Hizashi looks up at Shouta. Shouta shakes his head. "They lost sight of Shigaraki and he got away. Izuku replayed their conversation for them. Looks like the League and Stain aren't working together, despite what many people are saying. From the looks of things, it was just a coincidence that they crossed paths and he recognized Izuku from the Sports Festival," Shouta explains quickly.

Hizashi nods with a soft sigh of relief. He looks down at Izuku. "I texted your mother and she's going to meet us at our apartment, okay?" he asks.

"Okay," Izuku whispers.

"Thank you again for your help, Midoriya-san," a voice calls out and they look to see the detective that had interviewed Izuku come into the room. "It might not have been much, but what you gave us will certainly help. If you have any questions, concerns or if you remember anything else, don't be afraid to call," he adds and holds out a business card. Shouta takes it for him.

"We'll keep in contact, Tsukauchi-san," Shouta says.

"Of course, Eraserhead," he says with a nod. "Good night and stay safe," he adds before walking off.

“Come on you two,” Hizashi says and the two adults start to herd them from the police station and towards the parking area where their car is at, stopping to grab the boys things before exiting the building.

The drive back is silent, Izuku staring out the window as he fidgets with his fingers. Hitoshi keeps sending him glances, worried, but Izuku doesn’t seem to notice. They park and take the elevator up to the fourth floor and as they head down the hall towards their apartment, Inko comes rushing towards them.

“Izuku,” she cries out and Izuku grabs hold of her, hugging her tightly as she clutches tightly to him. “Oh baby, are you okay?” Inko asks softly, petting back his curls gently.

“Here, let’s get inside,” Hizashi says gently as Shouta opens the door and then they’re all inside, Izuku sitting between Inko and Hitoshi, wiping at his eyes as he cries a little.

“I-I’m s-sorry,” Izuku whispers.

“There’s nothing wrong with crying, problem child,” Shouta reminds him and Izuku nods.

“Sho’s right. That was a very stressful situation. It’s understandable to be overwhelmed after the fact. You were very brave,” Hizashi adds with a gentle smile.

“He was just there,” Izuku whispers. “I promise I didn’t go looking for him or anything like that. I was just waiting for Toshi to get back and then all of a sudden he was there and before I could do or say anything he had a hand on my neck and I remembered what you said about his quirk and...,” Izuku trails off with a shuddering breath.

“You did good,” Shouta says with a nod. “I’m proud of you both.”

“Izuku, why don’t you and Hitoshi go to his room for a bit. I’d like to talk with Shouta-san and Hizashi-san,” Inko says softly and Izuku nods, standing with Hitoshi to follow him to his room.

“You okay?” Hitoshi asks softly as Izuku sits down on the teen’s bed.

Izuku shrugs. “I guess. I’ll probably have nightmares after this, but at least I’m alive to have them, you know,” Izuku says with a small wry smile.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t there,” Hitoshi apologizes.

“What? Toshi, this isn’t your fault. Who’s to say he wouldn’t have taken both of us hostage? He probably waited until one of us was alone before doing anything,” Izuku says quickly.

“I guess, but I still wish I’d done more,” Hitoshi says with a sigh and takes the spot next to Izuku. He bumps their shoulders together. “I’m glad you’re okay.”

“Yeah,” Izuku says with a smile.

“Here,” Hitoshi says, grabbing the gift bag and handing it over. “I know your birthday isn’t for a few more days, but I figured you could use some cheering up after everything that happened.”

“What?” Izuku says in surprise before taking the bag. Pulling aside tissue paper, Izuku extracts the box and stare in shock at the figure inside. “Toshi,” Izuku says softly.

“I know you’ve been eyeing it, but didn’t want to ask for it. So I got it for your birthday. And before you ask, Hizashi and Shouta helped me pay for it,” he adds.

Izuku sets it aside with a watery smile before hugging Hitoshi. “Thank you, it’s perfect.”

Hitoshi grins brightly. “Someone has to fund your hoard,” Hitoshi mutters and Izuku laughs brightly.

“I’ll find a place to put it,” Izuku says, pulling back with a grin.

“You mean you actually have room or you’re going to have to put something away to make room?” Hitoshi asks and Izuku sticks his tongue out at him.

“Really Toshi, thank you. I...it doesn’t make things better, but it helps, you know,” Izuku says.

“Yeah, I figured,” Hitoshi says and they fall silent. A few minutes later, Inko calls them back in to say they’re going home, Hizashi offering to drop them off and Izuku gives everyone one last hug before following his mother out of the apartment, bag clutched in his grip.

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*UO: Are you really okay?*

*MI: I’m fine. It was just really scary and stressful, you know.*

*KE: I'll bet. It was terrifying at the USJ and we weren't anywhere close to him.*

*UO: Try not to stress too much about it and we'll see you on campus when we head to the training camp.*

*MI: Okay, see you all then. I'm going to go get something to eat.*

Izuku sets his phone aside as he finishes packing his bag for the training camp. They're not leaving for a few more days, but he needs something to distract himself with, so packing it is. A knock at the door has him looking up in confusion before heading to answer it. It's just him at home with his mother at work.

"Open up, green bean," Mei's voice calls out as he nears the door and Izuku hurries to answer it, grinning at the sight of Mei, Hitoshi behind her.

"Mei-chan, Toshi, what are you doing here?" he asks in shock.

"I came to check up on you of course and give you this," she declares, holding up a metal case with a giant grin.

Hitoshi shrugs. "She demanded I bring her to you," Hitoshi says with a smirk. "I see we're having a lazy day," he adds, noting the All Might pajamas Izuku is still in.

"Hang on, I'll get dressed," Izuku calls out with a flush and rushes into his room to quickly throw on some clean clothes.

"I'm really okay, Mei-chan. I promise," Izuku says as he comes out to see she and Hitoshi are seated in the living area with the case set on the table in front of them.

"Of course you are, but I still needed to be sure," Mei says. "Now, open your birthday present. It's a little late, but I had to make a few adjustments to it."

"You didn't need to," Izuku says, but dutifully takes his spot between them and pulls the case closer to flip the clasps on it. The lid pops up and he sees a small rod nestled in some foam. "Is this what I think it is?" he asks with wide eyes.

"Your new staff! I pulled a few all-nighters to get it ready for your birthday," she says with a grin and pulls it out. "I even added some details."

Izuku looks closer and can see a feather pattern carved into the metal. “Mei,” he whispers.

“Well, go on. Extend it. Just like your old one did,” she instructs. Izuku nods and takes it from her. Stepping away to an open area, he twists the part with the feathers and it extends smoothly and soundlessly. It’s the same familiar weight as his other one, but he spies a few new additions on the middle of the shaft as well as two strange additions on each end of the staff.

“I upgraded it of course,” Mei explains. “It’s made of sturdier materials so hopefully it will last longer, though I don’t think any metal is strong enough to withstand All Might,” she says with annoyed huff before brightening. “It’s got a tracking chip in it in case you lose it. The red button is for the taser on the top,” she points to the pronged end. “The blue button is a modified version of my expanding foam. What I used in the Sports Festival,” she explains. “Press it and point that ends of the staff towards your opponent and it will fire it out.” She points towards the hinge on the other end where the top will pop open.

“Mei,” Izuku whispers again, eyes wide in shock by this gift.

“It’s only got three shots, but I’ve included some extra clips of it. Just hold the blue button down and the panel will pop open to let you reload it,” she explains as she holds up a canister of three extra balls of pale purple colored expanding foam.

Izuku collapses the staff and sets it back into the box before pulling her in for a quick hug. “Thank you Mei. You’ve really outdone yourself again. Once you get Hatsume Industries up and running, I’m only buying from you,” he adds with a grin as he pulls back.

“With a friends and family discount of course,” Mei says with a wicked grin and Izuku nods as Hitoshi snorts. “Don’t be jealous, sleepy cat. I’ve got something in the works for you, but you already got your birthday present so you’ll just have to wait.”

“Ugh, fine,” Hitoshi mutters, but they can both see the grin on his face. Mei had given him a set of communicators similar in design to Izuku’s hearing enhancers so they could stay in contact and with a slight enhancement as well to help Hitoshi on patrol...once they actually start going on patrols.

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“Did you pack everything?” Inko asks around a yawn and Izuku nods, rubbing at his eyes tiredly while tugging at his tie. Why they had to wear their Yuuei school uniforms to a training camp, he’s not sure, but wear it they do. “Stop messing with your tie,” Inko scolds gently and taps his hand away.

“It’s tight,” Izuku mutters sullenly. His mother had tied it for him rather than letting him do it.

“That’s because you butcher it when you tie it dear. One day you’ll learn to tie it correctly,” she says with a sigh and hands him a plate of food to eat. “Now eat up. Shouta-san and Hizashi-san will be here soon and you need to eat before they do.”

He’d set his alarm at the ungodly hour of two thirty am to get up and get ready. Aizawa and Yamada would be here by three to pick him up since they both had to be there early to make sure everything is ready for the two classes to go on their training camp. Izuku glances at the clock and sees he’s got ten minutes to eat and proceeds to shovel the food into his mouth as quickly as he can.

His mother places a wrapped bundle on his stuff. “Some snacks for your trip,” she adds with a smile. “To share with Hitoshi and your other classmates if you want.”

“Thanks mom,” Izuku says with a grin and then polishes off the last few bites. Standing, he takes his dishes to the sink and quickly cleans them before setting them on the drying rack.

His mother’s phone buzzes and she picks it up with a glance at the screen. “Oh, looks like they’re a few minutes out. Come on, get your shoes on and I’ll help you get your stuff down the stairs,” Inko says and Izuku nods. He does a last minute dash to his room to double check he has everything he needs and then comes back to stuff his feet into his new hiking boots.

His mom grabs the food and his case holding Mei’s birthday gift and he grabs his duffle bag before following her out, locking the door behind them and heading down the stairs. Hizashi is just pulling up along the curb as they step out and he waves cheerfully at them, fully awake, even at this hour. Aizawa and Hitoshi are two lumps in the car, no doubt asleep.

“Bye Izuku. Have fun, be safe and train hard, okay,” Inko whispers and Izuku nods as he hugs her. They get his stuff situated in the trunk and then he slides into the back seat next to Hitoshi, waving to his

mother as they pull away.

“Hey little listener, ready?” Hizashi asks quietly.

“Yes,” Izuku says with a grin. Nodding, Hizashi continues to drive, the car silent except for the radio playing softly. It’s still dark out this early and even the traffic is barely there, most people asleep and not even the trains are running this early.

Eventually, Yuuei comes into view and Izuku gently pokes Hitoshi in the side until he stirs, cracking one eye open to glare before Izuku points ahead and he sighs, but nods, straightening from his half slump. Aizawa wakes up without needing to be woken up, somehow aware that they’d arrived on campus.

Izuku and Hitoshi are the only students there that early while quite a few of their teachers are also present, everyone working to make sure everything is ready to send forty students and two teachers off to the summer training camp.

Hizashi and Aizawa wave them off when they offer to help and instead, the two sit on a couch in the teacher’s lounge. Hitoshi dozes some more while Izuku surfs the internet, taking in what he can because he doubts they’ll have very good reception where they’re going and they’ll be so busy training, he’s not sure he’ll have time to be on the internet much.

About fifteen minutes to four, Aizawa comes back in and motions them to come along. Grabbing their things, Izuku and Hitoshi follow him towards the main entrance to the school where two buses are waiting to be loaded up. Midnight and Yamada are off to the side, guarding the piles of costume cases for class 1-A and 1-B.

There are a few early arrivals already: Iida, Yaoyorozu, Kendo and Shoda already there to help as the presidents and vice presidents of each class. “Good morning,” Izuku says quietly, waving at them.

“Midoriya-san, Shinso-san, good morning,” Yaoyorozu greets with a smile.

“Please grab your cases you two. Once everyone is here and has their case, we will stow them on the bus and load up in order of our numbers,” Iida instructs and they both nod, grabbing their cases. Slowly, over the next forty minutes, students trickle in, either by walking onto campus or being dropped off by parents at the main gate.

Eventually, all of class 1-A and 1-B are gathered and separated into two groups. Aizawa steps up to look over each student. "I've checked everyone's gear to make sure it is all there. If you forget something, don't tell me because we won't be turning around to get it. If you have any medication you are required to take, let me know once we get to the training site. It will take a few hours by bus to reach our destination with one pit stop on the way. I suggest if you need to go, now would be the best time. Get in line by your student numbers and stow your gear and your other luggage on the bus and then get on the bus. Do any of you have any questions or needs to use the restroom before we leave?"

"Are we allowed to eat on the bus?" Kaminari asks, raising his hand.

"Yes, don't make a mess or you'll be cleaning the whole bus by yourself," Aizawa states bluntly. When no one else raises their hand Aizawa starts calling out numbers, checking off students on his list. Eventually, the whole of the class has their things stowed and are on the bus. Izuku and Hitoshi end up in a row together at the back with Tokoyami and Kaminari in front of them.

Almost as soon as the bus pulls away, Hitoshi is pulling out headphones and plugging them in to listen to music as he lists against Izuku and seemingly falls asleep again. "Hey, Midoriya-kun," Kaminari says, turning in his seat before stopping to eye Hitoshi. "Is that even comfortable?" he asks, eyeing the half hunched slump Hitoshi is in.

Izuku shrugs the shoulder currently not acting as a pillow. "I think Toshi can sleep anywhere. He's part cat that way," Izuku says with a grin.

Kaminari eyes them for a second before shrugging. "Anyways, want some?" he asks, holding out a box of candy and Izuku nods with a grin, taking one before he soon falls into a quiet conversation with Tokoyami and Dark Shadow as the bus drives on.

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Hitoshi slits open one eye as a finger pokes his cheek. Izuku's face is right there, inches away as he grins. "Wakey, wakey, Toshi. We're at the pit stop so get up and stretch your legs," Izuku says and Hitoshi sits up quickly, flushing a little at their proximity. "You okay, Toshi?" Izuku asks in concern.

"I'm fine," Hitoshi says before standing. Then he groans as his stiff

muscles make themselves known. "Come on, let's stretch our legs," Hitoshi says to distract Izuku.

Nodding, Izuku follows him off the bus. Outside, the rest of the class is milling about, but he doesn't see 1-B anywhere. "Did the others take a different route?" Hitoshi asks Izuku.

He looks around with a frown, but the only other vehicle here is a dark car. "Maybe? I didn't notice," Izuku says softly. "Maybe it's a precaution, you know, to keep anyone from finding our location, considering everything that's happened this semester."

"I guess," Hitoshi says and stretches his arms over his head. He walks further ahead and looks out over the view. "Wow, we're pretty deep into the mountains," Hitoshi says to Izuku who's standing beside him.

"Yeah, you can see for miles from here," Izuku adds with a grin. He turns back to see that car is still there. "I wonder whose car that is?" he asks.

The answer comes in the form of two very familiar pro heroes and the dawning horror of what's about to happen as the ground heaves beneath their feet and chucks them over the side of the cliff. Thankfully, the earth that brought them down is soft enough that when they land, they don't break anything, but Hitoshi grunts in pain.

"No, why must my favorite hero group be so mean," Izuku whines softly, sitting up and brushing dirt out of his hair.

"Is everyone okay?" Iida calls out while doing a quick headcount to make sure everyone is there.

"Ow," Ashido whines. "Sensei is so mean."

"Shh," Shoji calls out and the all glance his way to see multiple ears pointed towards deeper in the forest. Izuku reaches up to press his hearing enhancers. He's taken to wearing them whenever he can get away with it. As he listens out, he can hear it to. The sound of a deep, reverberating growl and the heavy tread of something large moving through the trees. "Something's coming," Shoji warns.

"One's coming from further that way," Izuku points to his right, hearing the second one under the noise of the first.

"Please don't be robots," Hitoshi mutters as they both quickly stand.

“Midoriya-kun,” Yaoyorozu says quietly and Izuku looks over to see her pulling a metal staff out of her side. “I know you’re proficient with this,” she explains.

“Thank you, Yaoyorozu-san,” Izuku says with a smile, taking the proffered weapon. Hitoshi, thankfully having taken a page out of Aizawa-sensei’s book, has his scarf around his neck. The creature, whatever it is, explodes into the clearing with a roar. Izuku can hear the other one coming up right behind it. Katsuki and Todoroki manage to take the first one down.

Izuku turns to the charging second one, sending out a burst of noise towards it. It seems to react, but not in a way to indicate that it’s bothered by the sound. Koda rushes up to try and placate it and it goes to ram the teen. Hitoshi snaps out his scarf to snag Koda and pull him back as Kaminari unleashes a burst of electricity on it.

Izuku notices the way it crumbles and has a moment of confusion before he realizes what he’s seeing. “They’re not alive,” he shouts. “They’re earth. It’s Pixie-Bob’s quirk.”

“T-thank you,” Koda whispers to Hitoshi.

“*No problem*,” Hitoshi signs with a grin before they hear the distant growl of more earth beasts. “I don’t think we’re making the lodge by noon,” he adds aloud as they all start to advance.

Izuku sighs, but nods. “We should put scouts in the front and heavy hitters in the middle. Support needs to be on the side. We’ll avoid what we can and take out what we can’t,” Izuku calls out and a few nod eagerly at someone shouting a plan. Katsuki shoots him a glare, but thankfully doesn’t comment. As a group, the class moves deeper into the trees, the light fading some as the canopy closes over them.

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Izuku’s arms and legs tremble with fatigue as they finally step through the trees and into the clearing surrounding the lodge they’re staying at. His head is throbbing with a headache from so much quirk use. The earth beasts may not have been affected by his sound attacks, but they could feel sound vibrations and he’s kept throwing his voice out as far as he could to distract the more distant ones so they could sneak passed without having to fight them.

Hitoshi doesn’t look much better. Yaoyorozu had given Hitoshi a staff as well since his quirk was useless against them and he didn’t have the

extra oomph to do enough damage to them that the others did. He'd mainly focused on pulling people out of harm's way with his scarf and scaling the trees to make sure they were going in the right direction.

They're both leaning on their staffs as extra support as the stagger to a stop in front of Aizawa-sensei and the Wild Wild Pussycats. It's well passed lunch time and far closer to dinner time.

"Well, you lot did better than we expected, all things considered," Mandalay says with a grin. "We honestly weren't expecting you for at least another hour, if not longer. You'll be staying here separated between the boys and the girls. We've got a hot spring as well. It's still a few hours until dinner, so go relax, get clean and soak in the hot springs for a bit," she says with a wave towards the lodge behind her.

"Um, Sensei," Hagakure's glove raises in the air. "If we're allowed to ask, who's he?" she asks, pointing towards the kid off to the side and behind the pros.

"AH, this is Kota Izumi, my cousin's son. I'm taking care of him now," Mandalay explains evenly. "He'll be helping out a bit around here so please treat him kindly."

"Go on, you've all earned a rest. We'll let you know when dinner is ready," Aizawa says and they all cheer, rushing off.

Izuku starts to follow the others, but stops when he realizes Hitoshi isn't following them. Glancing at his friend, he sees him looking over at Kota. "Toshi?" Izuku asks softly.

"Ah, nothing," Hitoshi waves off and starts walking towards the building.

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Hitoshi has a problem. Namely that problem is the hot spring and the fact that he's going to be pretty much naked in said hot spring and so will Izuku. It's not like they haven't seen each other in various stages of undress. The boys share a locker room at Yuuei and they did so at Aldera as well. But usually he's busy putting on his gear or changing back into his uniform to really...look around so to speak. Not that he would, but still.

Sucking in a deep breath, Hitoshi leaves the bathing room with a towel wrapped tightly around his waist and steps out into the open air of the hot spring. Steam quickly hits him and a sweat breaks out

across his skin. A few of the others are already in the water and Hitoshi quickly steps in, hissing a bit at the heat before sighing as his aching calves muscles relax in the heated water. He finds a bench in a quieter section and slumps back up to his chin. He hears Izuku coming from the bathing room.

“So your belt is water proof?” Izuku asks as he steps out of the bathing room, Aoyama next to him.

“Oui,” Aoyama says with a nod, small sparkles shining around him. Hitoshi’s honestly not sure if it’s part of his quirk or some strange phenomenon. “I must wear it. It is both a support device and a medical device,” he explains. “I...my quirk...”

Aoyama falters, clearly uncomfortable with trying to explain about his quirk. Izuku is quick to pick up on what the blonde isn’t saying. “Oh, I understand,” Izuku says softly. “Do you want to know a secret, Aoyama-kun?” he asks as they start to near Hitoshi’s spot.

“Oui, Midoriya-kun,” Aoyama says with a nod.

“I speak using my quirk,” Izuku explains softly and the blonde’s brow furrows in confusion. “I was born mute.”

“Oh,” Aoyama murmurs, finally getting it. He smiles brightly. “Thank you for trusting me with such a secret.”

“Of course. I know what it’s like for my body to not work right,” Izuku says softly, giving the blonde a meaningful look. Aoyama flushes a bit, but nods with a grateful smile.

Izuku looks up to see Hitoshi watching their approach. “Hi, Toshi. How’s the water?” Izuku asks as they stop on the edge of the hot spring.

“Nice,” Hitoshi says easily, keeping his eyes up.

Izuku puts a toe in first before he smiles and slowly gets in, Aoyama following. “Oh this is nice. My feet were killing me about half way through the forest. I never got the chance to break in my new boots and boy did they let me know it,” Izuku complains to Aoyama who chuckles.

“Oh, it was horrible, wasn’t it? That was my first time hiking through the woods. I thought we’d be lost for sure.”

“Yeah. I’ve not been to anything this...wild,” Izuku says, waving around them, “but I’ve been to a few smaller preserves and parks for things like class trips. Though usually you’re on cleared trails and not slogging through mud and bushes. Hey Toshi, remember Komida Park?” Izuku asks.

“Please don’t remind me. The mosquitos were so horrible that year,” Hitoshi groans, splashing water in Izuku’s direction.

“Hopefully, since we’re so high up in the mountains, they won’t be so bad,” Izuku says with a laugh.

“Midoriya-kun, come over here for a second. We need your opinion on something,” Kirishima calls out with a wave from the other side of the spring.

“Coming,” Izuku calls back. “I’ll be back.” Standing, he wades through the water.

Hitoshi can’t keep his gaze from watching him leave, seeing the muscles play under the skin of his back before he forces himself to look away, right into the dark gaze of Aoyama who’s watching him with his chin resting on his hand. A slow smile spreads across his face and if Hitoshi weren’t in a hot spring right now, he’s sure he’d be flushing. “What?” Hitoshi snaps at him.

“Nothing,” Aoyama says with a wink and Hitoshi looks away again to see Izuku listening to something Kirishima is telling him, Sero and Sato adding their input.

“You like him, oui?” Aoyama asks quietly.

“What?” Hitoshi yelps softly, sitting up a bit from the water. “What gave you that idea?”

Aoyama shrugs, “Just an observation.” Dark eyes glance at him. “It’s okay if you do,” he adds.

“I know that,” Hitoshi snaps before taking a breath. “It’s not...I don’t...,” he huffs and crosses his arms before sinking back into the water. “He doesn’t like me that way,” Hitoshi admits quietly as the silence drags on.

“Oh,” Aoyama says softly, head tilting as he turns his gaze back onto Izuku. “How do you know? Did you ask him?” he asks.



“No and I don’t plan to,” Hitoshi grumbles.

“Well, how will you know if you don’t ask?” Aoyama asks. “My granmére always says the unasked questions will only tell us lies. If you don’t ask, you won’t know the truth,” he says simply.

“It’s not that simple,” Hitoshi grumbles.

“Matters of the heart are rarely simple,” Aoyama says with a shrug. “But usually, they’re worth it...or so I’m told. Sometimes you have to be a little brave to find the truth,” he adds with a small secretive smile towards Hitoshi before the sound of churning water announces Izuku’s return.

“Sorry about that,” Izuku apologizes.

“It’s quite alright. I was having a nice conversation with Shinso-kun,” Aoyama says with a sparkling smile.

## Chapter End Notes

Oh Hitoshi, hang on.

I really like Izuku and Aoyama's friendship. He's such a pure, sparkly boy who just wants friends. He's also very observant and would notice pretty easily Hitoshi's dilemma. He's definitely going to help push things along. He's a romantic at heart. Maybe he'll give them some cheese platter as a congratulations on finally figuring out you like each other. XD

# Chapter 18

## Chapter Summary

The start of a new day means quirk training all around.

## Chapter Notes

We've got new possible friends, Izuku showing off his big brain, more pinning, and the test of courage. What can possibly go wrong. XD

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku blinks owlishly in the early dawn light as they all assemble in front of the lodge the next morning. They'd all feasted the night before once dinner had been ready and afterwards most everyone went to bed early, worn out by their *long* hike through the woods to get there. They'd been woken up at four this morning with the announcement that breakfast was ready and that they needed to get dressed and eat before five.

Aizawa looks exhausted, but he always does. Hitoshi yawns loudly next to Izuku, Koda rubbing his eyes on his other side as Aizawa explains what they will be doing this week and after Katsuki demonstrates throwing the ball, Izuku frowns, sharing a look with Hitoshi. They never had to do an assessment for Aizawa.

They follow the pro to the clearing where they'll be training in, Pixie-Bob, Mandalay, Ragdoll and Tiger already there and waiting for them. "We designed specific ways for you all to push your quirks and build up your strength with them. The point of these exercises is to push yourselves in a controlled environment and go passed your limits. If it hurts, keep going. We'll be keeping an eye on you to ensure you don't push yourselves too far. If you need a break, ask for one. Make sure to stay hydrated. There's a water station set up over there," he points towards a wooden table set with three large water coolers and cups to use.

He starts placing students where their stations are set up, explaining their exercise and how he wants them to push themselves. Soon, it's just Hitoshi and Izuku left. "Um...Aizawa-sensei...we never did an assessment test with you," Izuku mentions as he leads them further through the trees.

“You’re right, we didn’t,” Aizawa says with a nod. “Normally, I would have, but seeing as I helped train the two of you, I felt I had a good grasp on your abilities,” he explains as the area opens up and a square earthen building comes into view. There are also two others waiting for them: Vlad King and Monoma.

“Morning,” Aizawa calls out with a nod.

“Hey,” Vlad says with a nod as Monoma huffs in annoyance. “These the last two?” he asks.

“They are. Midoriya, Shinso, you two will be working with Monoma. He will be copying your quirks and you will be using your quirks on each other.”

“Why do I need to work with these two?” Monoma demands haughtily.

“Because you need to learn to control mental based quirks better when you do copy them,” Vlad says brusquely. “And because we said so. Don’t press your luck, Monoma-kun. I don’t want to hear back that you refused to work with them. There’s class rivalry and there’s being obstinate,” Vlad warns.

“Yes, sensei,” Monoma mutters sullenly.

“The first half of the day will be quirk training. The second half for you three will be physical training to increase your stamina and rest your quirks. Mental based quirks, as well as copy quirks, are limited so you need to make your bodies your weapons too,” Aizawa states and they all nod. “The room is sound proofed so don’t worry about any sound getting out.”

The three nod and walk inside. It’s pretty simple inside, just a round table, some chairs and some sound equipment, all of which Izuku was taught to use by Yamada a while ago. “Well, might as well get started,” Hitoshi huffs out, dropping into a chair.

Izuku follows, taking his own seat and finally, Monoma takes the last chair. “Um, I guess we should explain our quirks,” Izuku murmurs nervously. “I...my quirk allows me to copy sounds and project them mentally rather than vocally. I have a wide range and can hit infrasonic and ultrasonic frequencies. I can also hear that range and have an eidetic memory for sounds,” Izuku says quickly. “Also, I can throw my voice,” he remembers to add.

"I can brainwash people if they respond to me. Usually a question, but I've been working on ways to word things so it doesn't always have to be a question," Hitoshi explains with a shrug. "Some people I can hold easily, others, it's a struggle. Pain from moderate and higher levels will knock someone out of it. I'm still working on catching more than one person."

"I can copy quirks," Monoma grumbles.

Izuku leans a little closer. "Oh, yours is touch based, right? Do you copy just the quirk factor or do you copy the full DNA strand and if so, do you also get the physical mutations people develop to handle their quirks too? Are there quirks you *can't* copy? Your cells must be incredibly adaptive to be able to change so quickly. I wonder if you have increased cellular division to facilitate the rapid changes to copy more physical based quirks and if that translates into an increased healing ability," Izuku mutters, starting to get lost in mutterings on quirk theory.

Monoma stares at the green haired teen in shock before looking at Hitoshi. "Yeah, this is normal," Hitoshi says with a grin before kicking Izuku's shin under the table and Izuku looks up before flushing slightly in embarrassment.

"Sorry," he mutters with a wry grin. "I like to analyze quirks and copy quirks are really fascinating. I thought mine might be a vocal copy quirk because of how I can copy sounds, but I don't have the adaptive quality to my quirk to do so. I tried to copy the vocal aspect of Hitoshi's and Yamada-sensei's quirks, but it didn't do anything," Izuku explains.

"O-okay," Monoma says slowly, still a bit shocked. "Um, I can copy up to three quirks right now and hold them for five minutes. I can't use more than one at a time and I'm limited physically by what quirks I can use. Things that require training and conditioning I can't use without hurting myself, and things that require a specific resource that is built up over time, I'm unable to use, even if I copy them."

Izuku hums softly, mind absorbing the information. "Can you combine quirks?" Izuku asks with a tilt to his head. "Like, if you had two compatible quirks copied at the same time, could you instead merge them together to make one quirk, thus being able to use them at the same time? Or merge aspects of them?" Izuku asks curiously.

"I...I don't know," Monoma admits. "I've never tried."

“Well, Toshi and I both have mental and sound based quirks, so maybe we can try it once you’ve gotten some control over our quirks,” Izuku offers.

“You’re not afraid of me stealing your quirk?” Monoma asks softly, surprised.

“If you’re not afraid of me ‘stealing’ your voice,” Izuku says, using Monoma’s voice, “Or of Hitoshi brainwashing you,” he uses Hitoshi’s voice, “Why would be afraid of you copying our quirks?” he finishes with his own voice.

“Oh,” Monoma says softly.

“Yeah, welcome to the club,” Hitoshi says with a shrug and offers his hand. Monoma hesitantly shakes it.

“Thank you,” Monoma says and Izuku perks up, hearing the hum enter his voice. “I can hear the hum in your voice. You copied his then, good. Here’s mine,” Izuku says excitedly and holds out his hand.

Monoma takes his hand briefly. Then he winces at the sudden increase in what he can hear. “Oh, here,” Izuku reaches across a nearby stand to snag a pair of headphones. “These will help muffle the sounds until you get used to it. I can hear a lot,” Izuku admits with a grin. “I’ve learned over time to mentally filter it out unless I’m actively focusing on hearing something.”

“Thanks,” Monoma says with a nod and pulls them over his ears.

“Are you using mine or Hitoshi’s quirk right now?” Izuku demands suddenly.

“Um...yours,” Monoma says with a frown.

“Ha, I knew it,” Izuku crows with a grin. “It’s there, there’s a hum Toshi!”

“What?” Monoma asks in confusion.

“I’ve got a working theory that all sound and vocal based quirks have sort of hum to them. It’s hard to tell with mine because...well... reasons, but Hitoshi and Yamada-sensei both have it and now you’ve copied mine and I can hear it as well. I think it’s how the quirk expresses itself. Hitoshi’s hum allows him to create the connection with someone to brainwash them and Yamada-sensei’s hum allows

him to amplify his voice exponentially to create a concussive force. Maybe my hum allows me to throw my voice? Or perhaps to increase the range of my sound frequency?" he mutters to himself again.

Hitoshi kicks him again and he flushes. "Sorry."

"Let's get to work before they come to check on us and find us slacking," Hitoshi says and Izuku nods with a grin, Monoma nodding as well.

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Hitoshi huffs, ducking under a punch and backing away as Izuku follows. After lunch, they'd been assigned with Tiger for physical training with Monoma. He'd put Hitoshi and Izuku to sparring at Shouta's recommendation and was focused on Monoma who didn't have as much training with fighting as the two of them did.

"How's the head, Toshi?" Izuku huffs out as Hitoshi reaches out to grapple him and deflects his arms.

"Better," Hitoshi admits. He'd ended up getting a nose bleed near the end of their morning training after he'd pushed himself a bit too far. "How's your headache?" he asks back, shifting back onto his back foot to dodge a high kick.

"Much better. Some food and water helped," Izuku says with a grin. They pause as Monoma and Tiger move passed them, the man putting the blonde through his paces as Monoma curses up a storm while trying to dodge Tiger's purposefully slowed strikes.

"Less gawking, more punching," Tiger calls out and they turn back to their spar.

"Yes, Tiger-san," Izuku calls out. "Monoma-san seems nice," Izuku says softly once Monoma is far enough away. Izuku aims a punch for Hitoshi's gut.

"He reminds me of us...when we first met," Hitoshi admits quietly, jumping back before going for his own punch only to feint and grab Izuku before kicking his feet out from under him and knocking him to the ground, Hitoshi pressing a knee on his chest with a grin. "Two to one," he pants out and Izuku huffs, but grins and accepts the hand back up.

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Izuku sits off to the side of the main chaos of the cooking area, working on peeling potatoes for their stew. Aoyama is next to him, going much slower, but with a look of concentration as he peels the skin away. "How do you do this so quickly?" he asks after tossing the chunks of his third one into the pot while Izuku's already on his eighth.

"Lots of practice," Izuku admits. "I often help my mom make dinner and when I was too small to reach the counter, she had me peeling vegetables to help."

"We have a cook," Aoyama huffs out. "But I'll admit it's nice to cook our own meal."

"Right? It's really relaxing to cook, plus you can feed people you care about, you know," Izuku says brightly.

"Are you a good cook?" Aoyama asks.

Izuku shrugs, "I'm okay, I guess. My mom is better and so is Hitoshi's dad. They're constantly sharing recipes." Izuku finishes peeling his potato and quickly cuts it into chunks into the pot between them before grabbing another one. "Um...Aoyama-kun, can I...can I ask you something?" Izuku asks, not looking up from his potato.

"Of course," Aoyama says with a flourish of his knife and potato, smiling with some extra sparkles.

"Have...have you ever...well...have you ever had a crush before?" Izuku asks quickly, flushing a little, voice low to keep from being overheard.

"Oh, do you have one?" Aoyama asks excitedly.

Izuku shrugs. "Maybe...I don't know. I...I don't think I've ever had one before, so I'm not sure," Izuku admits with a frown, pausing in his peeling.

"Well," Aoyama says softly. "How do they make you feel?"

"Um...well, I always want to be around them, even if we're not doing anything and I'm always happy to see them too. But that could just be friendship," Izuku huffs out.

"Do they make your heart beat faster? Do you want to kiss them?" Aoyama asks with a knowing smile.

Izuku flushes bright red. “M-maybe,” he admits softly.

“Then I do believe you have a crush,” Aoyama says with a bright grin. “Who is it?” he asks.

“No, I’m not saying,” Izuku huffs out and goes back to peeling his potato, mentally willing his blush to fade.

“Hey thanks,” Hitoshi says, coming up to take the mostly full pot of cut potatoes. “Here’s a fresh pot,” he adds, setting an empty one down. Ginning at them, he walks off, weaving between people to put the pot on a counter space.

Izuku can feel his cheeks burning. “Oh, I see,” Aoyama says softly with a grin. “You like him.”

“Shh,” Izuku hisses, looking around frantically to make sure no one overheard the blonde. “It’s...It’s just a crush. It’ll go away.”

“Why?” Aoyama asks softly.

“I...I don’t want to ruin things,” Izuku admits. “Toshi’s my best friend. We’ve been through so much together. I don’t want to risk that over a stupid crush,” Izuku mutters, angrily cutting the potato into chunks.

“Why do you think it will ruin your friendship?” Aoyama asks, slowly cutting his own potato into chunks.

“What if he doesn’t like me back? Then it’ll become awkward and we’ll drift apart and then he’ll stop talking to me,” Izuku rambles, getting agitated.

“What if he does like you though?” Aoyama asks with a raised brow. Izuku, for his part, doesn’t say anything, unsure what to say.

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Hitoshi glances around, noticing the missing face and stands, putting together a quick plate of food. “Toshi?” Izuku asks with a frown.

“I’ll be back, just keep some food for me,” Hitoshi says with a smile and Izuku nods. Turning, Hitoshi aims for the place he last saw Kota go. He’d accidentally overheard Shouta and Mandalay talking the night before about Kota...and what had happened to his parents, the heroes Water Hose.

He’d noticed throughout the day the boy skulking on the edge of



everything, glaring and scoffing at what they were doing. He'd also recognized the angry grief in his eyes. Though their anger and grief are different, Hitoshi still recognizes it.

It's not hard to find the boy's trail out of the eating area. He's obviously been this way before a lot because there's a pretty worn trail already. He soon finds him up on a cliff tossing pebbles down into the trees below.

"Hey," Hitoshi mutters and Kota freezes mid throw before tossing it.

"Go away," Kota growls.

"No," Hitoshi says, sitting a little away from Kota, but putting the plate between them. "You don't like us much, do you?" he asks.

"What, I don't like a bunch of showoffs? All you care about is being heroes and being famous," Kota hisses.

"Not all of us want to show off," Hitoshi says, looking out over the trees. In the distance, he can see the lights from the lodge. "Some of us want to help people."

Kota snorts angrily. "Yeah right. You'll just end up dead like everyone else," he mutters.

"Your parents," Hitoshi says. Kota sends him a glare. "I overheard Mandalay talking with Aizawa-sensei," Hitoshi explains. "You know, you're lucky."

"I'm not lucky," Kota grumbles angrily.

"No really, you are. You had parents who loved you and wanted you," Hitoshi says softly. "Mine gave me up when my quirk came in," Hitoshi informs the boy. Dark eyes stare at him silently. "I bounced around a lot of different homes before I got a good one. You have a good home too, with Mandalay and the rest of them."

"They're going to die, just like my parents," Kota whispers.

"Maybe they will, maybe they won't, but everything dies eventually," Hitoshi says with a shrug. "Your parents loved you and they did everything in their power to not only save people and you, but to come back home to you as well. They didn't die because they were showing off. They died to make sure you were safe from a really bad person. I'm sure they wanted to come back home to you more than

anything,” Hitoshi says softly.

“They’re still gone,” Kota whispers.

“I know, and it hurts, but they still loved you, enough to give their lives to make the world safer for you,” Hitoshi says softly and stands. “That’s more than a lot of people have in the world.”

He turns away and walks back to the lodge, leaving the boy to think. Izuku looks up at him as he takes his seat and he shakes his head. Nodding, he turns back to Iida to continue their discussion.

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“Today, it’ll just be you two training out here,” Aizawa explains to the three of them, motioning towards a table with some chairs. “Midoriya, you’re with me.”

Izuku waves to the other two before following Aizawa into the sound proofed room. “What are we doing today, sensei?” Izuku asks looking around to see two chairs in the room with the same sound equipment.

“We’re going to attempt to use sound to paralyze,” Aizawa states bluntly and Izuku’s eyes go wide.

“What?” he asks quietly.

“Hizashi reached out to Gang Orca who was gracious enough send a recording of the frequency he uses when he does his sonic attack. You’ll listen to it, memorize it and attempt to recreate that frequency. Once you can reliably hit that frequency, then we’ll practice on a person...me,” Aizawa says simply.

“B-but, sensei...I can’t use this on you,” Izuku insists shakily.

“Why not?” Aizawa demands sharply. “It isn’t permanent and will wear off. We’ll also have one of the others in here once we do attempt it to make sure everything is fine. You will need to be able to use this in real life on real people. You won’t have time to hesitate if lives are at stake. If you can’t do this, then you might as well leave the program,” Aizawa says harshly. “You must use and master all the tools at your disposal.”

“I...I just...I don’t want to hurt you,” Izuku admits, wiping at his eyes as they tear up a bit.

“Midoriya...Izuku,” Aizawa crouches down a bit to look him in the eye. “It’s scary when you’re first learning something. If it hurts, I will inform you and we’ll make this a last resort sort of ability, but I trust you. I know you’ll know your limits and when to stop, okay?” Aizawa says softly, pressing a hand to Izuku’s shoulder.

Izuku sucks in a shuddering breath before nodding. “Okay,” Izuku says with a nod.

“Alright, go grab the headphones and put them on. I’ll set up the recording,” Aizawa says and Izuku does as told. Once set up, Aizawa hits play and Izuku listens to the high frequency note. It’s not as high as he was expecting. In fact, he’s hit this sound before, but there’s a pattern to it, fast pulses to it. It’s not one continuous sound, but a vibration.

He’s never tried to do something like that. Usually, he builds up to a frequency and holds the note until it starts to resonate with a person’s inner ear and the fluids in the rest of their body, but this, he can see how this would affect a person so quickly.

The recording cuts off. “Got it?” Aizawa asks.

“Yeah, I think I understand the trick. I’ll need to be able to get to that frequency from the get go rather than build up to it like I normally do and then create a vibration pattern,” Izuku says with a nod.

“Good,” Aizawa says, grabbing his own sound proof headphones and takes a chair. “You know how to set up the equipment. Get to work. We’ll go at this as long as we have to until you can do it reliably.”

“Yes, sensei,” Izuku says as Aizawa pulls on his headphones. Izuku turns on the machines and sets up the microphone. Once he has everything set up, he plays the recording again to gauge where the frequency is at and then starts to train himself to hit that note reliably over and over again. All the while, Aizawa watches him from his spot in his chair.

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“Why are we here?” Monoma asks quietly as Aizawa and Mandalay set up the room. Izuku is off to the side, fidgeting with his fingers nervously.

“I’m here for emotional support,” Hitoshi mutters. Dad had explained what they were going to be attempting and he just knows Izuku is

going to panic right after he finishes the experiment. "I think they want you to see some of the things sound based quirks can do whenever you copy one," Hitoshi adds.

Mandalay comes over with two headphones. "Put these on so you don't hurt your ears," she instructs and they nod, taking the equipment and pulling them on. Mandalay pulls her own headphones on and stands off to the side as Izuku walks into the center to face Shouta.

"Remember what I said, Midoriya," Shouta reminds him softly. "I trust you. I'm ready when you are," he says with a nod and a glance at Mandalay.

Izuku nods, hands shaking before he tightens them into fists before taking a deep breath. Hitoshi can't hear the note. He probably couldn't even with the noise canceling headphones off, but he can feel it...sort of. He can feel a faint pressure against his skin as the air moves at the sound Izuku is making.

He watches in shock, as a few seconds after Izuku starts, Shouta just drops to the ground. Izuku stops abruptly, rushing forward to help turn Shouta over onto his back. Hitoshi and Monoma pull off their headphones as Mandalay walks forward to crouch over Shouta.

"Aizawa-san, can you hear me?" Mandalay asks and the man blinks. "Can you move?" Two blinks. "Any pain, tingling or numbness?" Two blinks. "Any difficulty breathing?" she asks. Two blinks. Mandalay nods. "He's fine. We'll just need to wait for the paralysis to wear off," she explains.

Izuku sucks in a shuddering breath and falls back on his rear as he cries a little. "Hey, it's okay," Hitoshi says, quickly walking over to wrap Izuku in a hug.

"I-I'm okay. Just...just overwhelming, y-you know," Izuku stutters out, wiping at his eyes.

It takes a few minutes for the paralysis to wear off and Shouta sits up with a groan. "Problem child," he murmurs and Izuku looks up with wide eyes. "I'm okay," he reassures him and Izuku nods frantically, wiping at his eyes with a shaky smile on his face.

They soon get the room set back up and then take their leave. "But, it's still early," Izuku says as they start to head back to the lodge.

“We’ll be letting you all end a little early today since we’re having your test of courage tonight,” Mandalay reminds him. “You’ve all been working so hard the last few days, a little break and fun is needed,” she explains with a smile.

True to her word, not even ten minutes after they left the sound proof room, the rest of 1-A and 1-B are trudging back to the lodge an hour earlier than usual to clean up and start working on dinner. Izuku is quiet for most of dinner, still a little shaky after the experiment with Aizawa.

“You okay?” Hitoshi asks his friend, leaning into his side a bit.

Izuku smiles wanly. “I will be,” he says softly. “It was just stressful, you know. I...I don’t like hurting people I care about...well, I don’t like hurting people in general unless I’m forced to, but...yeah, I’ll be fine,” Izuku finally finishes.

“Okay. Let me know if you need anything, okay?” Hitoshi asks quietly.

“I will,” Izuku says with a nod before turning back to his dinner.

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Once finished, they all head back outside near their training area to begin the test of courage. After the remedial students are drug away to do their lessons, it’s just the rest of 1-A with 1-B already getting into position to scare them.

“I’ve got an idea for scaring, Toshi,” Izuku admits and pulls something from his pocket.

“It that Mei’s drone?” Hitoshi asks with a grin.

“I asked Aizawa-san earlier if I could use it for scaring and he said I could. Between my sound projection and its image projection,” he trails off with a smile.

“Have I said how much I love your evil brain?” Hitoshi says with a grin and Izuku flushes, but grins back.

They call the group to order and explain how groups will be formed. Unfortunately, Hitoshi gets the short straw and is by himself while Izuku gets paired up with Katsuki. “Damn, you got stuck with the bag of dicks,” Hitoshi mutters sullenly.

“Toshi,” Izuku scolds. “Be nice.”

“I’ll be nice if he’s nice first,” Hitoshi shoots back childishly and sticks his tongue out, making Izuku laugh. “Well go on, just leave me. I’ll see you on the other side,” Hitoshi says and Izuku nods, waving as he goes to stand near Katsuki who just glares at him and turns away.

When it’s their turn, Izuku walks a little behind Katsuki as they step onto the trail in silence. Izuku’s heart is beating heavily. He doesn’t really like scary things. Toshi always makes him watch scary movies just to see him jump and squeak at certain scenes. Hopefully, he won’t embarrass himself out here.

Katsuki is ignoring him and the silence is getting to him. They come across the first area when a head pops out of the ground suddenly and Izuku jumps, using a hand to muffle his yelp of surprise. Skirting passed them, Katsuki snorting at his reaction, they keep walking.

“Scaredy-cat,” Katsuki taunts.

“S-so,” Izuku huffs back. They keep walking further along the trail without running into anyone. Finally, Izuku breaks the silence, if only because it’s becoming awkward, at least to him. “H-how are Auntie Mitsuki and Uncle Masaru?” he asks softly.

Katsuki chuffs in annoyance. “They’re fine,” he grumbles. “You’d know if you ever actually visited them,” he points out.

“You know why I stopped going to your house, Kacchan,” Izuku reminds the boy angrily.

“Whatever,” Katsuki growls out while stomping further ahead. They walk in silence for a minute before he lets out an explosive breath. “How’s Auntie Inko?” he asks.

“She’s good. S-she’s started to finish her law classes...to get her law degree,” he admits with a small proud smile.

“Good,” Katsuki mutters.

Izuku draws in a breath and pauses, sniffing again. “Kacchan, wait,” Izuku whispers.

“What?” Katsuki growls out impatiently.

“Do you smell that?” Izuku whispers, looking around. “It smells like

smoke.”

“Someone start a fire?” he demands angrily.

“I don’t know, but I feel like we should have come across another group by now,” Izuku whispers, nerves getting the better of him and he shuffles closer to Katsuki.

“Just keep moving, I’m sure they’re just trying to scare us,” Katsuki growls and Izuku nods nervously. Izuku listens out, but it’s silent.

Too silent. “Something’s wrong,” Izuku whispers even as they walk. “I can’t hear anything, not even night animals,” Izuku points out. “Something scared them off.”

“It was probably us or the others,” Katsuki growls, but even he looks concerned, a frown marring his brow as he looks around, the two having stopped.

“I don’t hear anyone near us, Kacchan,” Izuku hisses, looking back the way they came. There’s no reply and Izuku looks back at Katsuki to see him gone and in his spot, a masked man with a top hat standing there.

“Hello,” he greets and then grabs Izuku’s arm before he can react.

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Hitoshi waits quietly for his turn to go. He had honestly wished it had been him and Izuku partnered together, if only because Izuku makes the best noises when he’s scared. As they stand there, he smells something and frowns. “Hey, do you smell smoke?” Hitoshi asks Pixie-Bob.

Frowning, the blonde looks around before her eyes seem to spot something. Hitoshi follows her gaze and can see dark smoke against the star studded sky. “There’s a fire,” Pixie-Bob says quickly. “We need to call everyone back in and-,” before she can finish, a pink glow envelops her and she suddenly goes flying only to be struck down as someone strikes her in the head.

“Sorry to intrude, but we’re here to take care of you,” a new voice says and Hitoshi stares at the large woman in front of them, hefting a heavy beam wrapped in cloth over her shoulder. Behind her, a second figure appears from the trees, heavily mutated with scales and a tail and over his shoulder is an amalgamation of blades.

“Pixie-Bob,” Iida shouts.

“Stay back,” Tiger orders, throwing his arm out. “We will handle this. Mandalay, send out the alarm.”

She nods and shortly, Hitoshi hears the orders going out for all students to return to the lodge and that villains have infiltrated their camp. Hitoshi’s about to do as ordered when he remembers Kota. He’d left earlier to go to his hiding area.

“Mandalay, I know where Kota is,” he says quickly.

He watches the indecision cross her face before she nods. “Go, grab him and return. Do not fight, only run if you come across anyone else, got it?” she orders.

Nodding, Hitoshi takes off, so glad he’d taken to wearing his capture scarf everywhere he goes like dad does. Grabbing the bottom edge of it in preparation just in case as well as comfort, he sprints through the trees, quickly finding the trail he needs to go to reach Kota’s spot.

What he finds makes his blood run cold. A towering behemoth of a person is standing on the cliff, fist wrapped in Kota’s shirt and lifting him up. Kota’s crying, frantically pulling at the man’s hand. “Hey,” Hitoshi yells, reaching down to chuck a rock at his head.

The man turns, still holding Kota and Hitoshi can only stare at the scar across his eye and the strange implant. “Just wait a moment. I’ll be with you soon. Just as soon as I’m done with him,” he says, waving Hitoshi off.

“And who the fuck are you?” Hitoshi yells out, reaching for a connection.

“I’m-,” the villain cuts off and stares into space. “Put Kota down gently and let him go,” Hitoshi orders and he does, setting the kid down and letting him go. Kota rushes over to Hitoshi who grips him tightly. “Why are you here?” Hitoshi demands.

“To attack the camp, kill as many as we want and to take those on our list,” the man says monotonously.

“Who is on your list?” Hitoshi asks, heart beating heavily with fear.

“Bakugō Katsuki, Midoriya Izuku, Shinso Hitoshi, Ragdoll,” he informs him.



“Why do you want them specifically?” Hitoshi demands, worry worming into his mind. Izuku and Bakugō are out in the woods right now...alone.

“I don’t know,” he says evenly.

“Where is your base located?” he asks.

“I don’t know. I was told to meet the group here,” he says.

Hitoshi curses softly. Unable to figure out any more questions to ask, he turns to subduing the villain. “Lie down and go to sleep. Don’t wake up until I say so,” Hitoshi orders and the villain does as told, lying down and goes to sleep.

“Y-you saved me,” Kota whispers.

“I did, but we need to move, Kota. They’re after people and we need to warn the pros,” he says and quickly hefts Kota onto his back. “Hold on tight,” Hitoshi warns and takes a running jump off the cliff, capture scarf lashing out to wrap around the branch of a tree below and he swings them down, using his heels to slow them as they come to the forest floor and unwinds the scarf from around the branch.

Setting off at a run, he aims back the way they come and almost collides with his dad. “Dad, thank gods,” Hitoshi cries out. “They’re after people, dad,” Hitoshi quickly tells the man.

“Hitoshi, what?” Aizawa says, taking in Kota on his back. “What happened?” he orders.

“Some villains attacked the main clearing and I went to grab Kota. There’s a villain up on the cliffs there. I...I used my quirk to stop him from hurting Kota. He...he said they’re after me, Izuku, Bakugō and Ragdoll, dad,” Hitoshi gets out quickly.

He watches a range of emotions cross his dad’s face before it firms into a look of resolve. “Take Kota back to the lodge. Vlad is guarding the other students there. I’m sending out the order for everyone to use their quirks to defend themselves, so you’re fine. Do not leave that lodge, got it? If they’re after you, I want you somewhere safe. I’ll find Bakugō and Izuku and help Ragdoll. Go,” he orders and Hitoshi wavers before nodding, running towards the lodge, heart in his throat as he does so.

He stumbles into the building to see Vlad in the hall in front of the

door the remedial students were using for their classes. "Get in," Vlad orders and Hitoshi nods. He finds a lot of students have already arrived, but not everyone is there, including Izuku and Bakugō.

He sets Kota down and lets the boy cling to his hand as they wait. They all hear the announcement that the students are allowed to use their quirks and training to defend themselves and that Bakugō and Izuku are targets and must be protected.

Then nothing. Nothing for an agonizing twenty minutes as they wait in silence, people trickling in in ones and twos, no one able to say what exactly is going on. Shoji, Kaminari and Tokoyami come in, Shoji bleeding heavily while Tokoyami looks ashamed. Neither has seen Izuku or Bakugō.

Those from 1-B stagger in too, many of them unconscious and draped over people's shoulders to be laid down on the floor as others gather to do what first-aid they know. "There was a guy creating gas," Tetsutetsu says huskily, wavering slightly from his fight. "We took him out, but I still inhaled some," he admits and leans against the wall as Kendo fusses over him.

After seemingly an eternity, Tiger comes in with Pixie-Bob cradled in his arms to lay her down, Mandalay coming in behind him. Hitoshi jerks up from his crouch when Shouta walks in as well. The look on his face has Hitoshi stilling. Dark eyes glance around the room counting people and obviously coming up short by three.

Kota runs to Mandalay and Hitoshi walks slowly to Shouta. "Dad," Hitoshi asks softly, voice shaking.

Shouta shakes his head. "Ragdoll is missing, as are Izuku and Bakugō," Shouta admits softly, face pale and shaken at the outcome. Hitoshi's ears ring at his dad's words and he has to sit down hard to keep from falling over.

"I've already called in emergency services as well as the police. They're on their way," Vlad says with a grim twist to his mouth. "Nedzu is also aware and is rallying staff to help out. Recovery Girl will meet us at the hospital. He's already started calling students' parents," he adds.

Hitoshi tunes them out, curling up some against the wall as they wait for emergency personnel to arrive. He doesn't remember much of what happens after that. He ends up in a police car on the way to the hospital to be checked over.

He loses track of his dad in the hours afterwards as he and Vlad speak with police and organize with other Yuuei staff that arrive to look over the students and gather their things from the lodge. Hizashi finds Hitoshi in a waiting area turned rest area for the students who aren't hurt badly enough to need a room. The closest hospital is a small country hospital not equipped to handle almost forty patients in various states of injury and distress.

"Hey, Toshi," Hizashi whispers. Most of the other students are asleep. No parents have arrived yet, but it's only a matter of time. "I brought your stuff," he adds.

"Is there any news?" Hitoshi asks softly, pleadingly.

"I'm sorry, but there's not," Hizashi says apologetically. "We'll find them Toshi. I promise," Hizashi whispers and pulls Hitoshi into a hug, the teen latching on as his shoulders shake.

## Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me!! T\_T

Welcome to the club, Monoma. You can never escape from Izuku's friendship.

*Monoma: \*surprised pikachu face\* you mean you're not afraid of my quirk?*

Bakugo being reminded why exactly Izuku cut himself off from people he considered family is the best. Why the fuck did you think I stopped visiting?

I felt like Hitoshi would connect better with Kota in this fic. Losing parents, whether by abandonment or death, will always leave a mark. Hitoshi's grown so much. Before Aizawa and Yamada, he would have never reached out to Kota.

Hitoshi is Izuku's emotional support human.

Also, Aoyama playing matchmaker is the best. You just know he's silently screaming at them to just kiss already.

# Chapter 19

## Chapter Summary

What does the League have planned for Izuku and Katsuki?

## Chapter Notes

It's almost done!!!!

Things really heat up in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Izuku lets his gaze wander frantically around after he's shoved into a chair and bound to it by handcuffs. They force a muzzle over his mouth before he can say anything. He has no idea where he is or how long it's been. The last thing he remembers is being in the forest with Katsuki, turning to see that masked man and then nothing. Something obviously happened between now and then. A quirk probably, used to subdue them.

As he watches, another chair is brought out, much sturdier than Izuku's with heavy restraints on it. The same masked man from before comes up and holds out a blue bead before it suddenly expands and Katsuki is just standing there in shock before they force him back into the chair and strap him down. Heavy metal boxes are strapped over his hands to keep him from using his quirk.

"Sit tight, don't go anywhere," the one with heavy burn scars all over says with a smirk before walking out of the room. Katsuki looks around, spies Izuku in the chair near him and his eyes narrow before he growls softly.

Izuku has to fight to keep his panic at bay, starting to feel like he can't breathe with the muzzle on. He can hear Aizawa in his head speaking calmly and soothingly. *"When you're in a bind, whether physically restrained or in a tight situation, you need to remain calm. Panic will only have you make mistakes. Calm your breathing, calm your heart. You can panic later. First and foremost, you need to be rational and calm."*

He needs to keep calm. He slowly breathes through his nose. *"Once you're calm, the next thing is to study your surroundings if you can. Find your exits, find things you can use or what can hinder you."*

Izuku flicks his eyes around. It looks like a bar, a rundown bar, or at least what Izuku thinks a rundown bar would look like. He's never been in any bar before. There's a man made of purplish smoke behind the counter in a suit cleaning glasses. He's not paying them any mind, but Izuku is sure he's well aware of them.

There's a door behind the counter that the others went into. There's a second door near them, but as Izuku glances at it, he can see it's a heavy wooden door with multiple locks on it. They're not getting out that way easily. There are no windows as far as he can tell. There are rows of glasses and bottles behind the counter, metal stools and a few chairs across the room. There's a TV across the way as well. Other than the guy behind the counter, they're as alone as they can be right now.

*"Figure out your opponent's mistakes. They always make one. Find it and use it to your advantage."* Their mistakes...there's the obvious. They think his quirk is vocal and not emitter. The muzzle is useless except as a means to make it harder to breath. It's a little ironic to put a muzzle on a mute person.

Izuku shifts slightly and tests the handcuffs. They're tight around his wrists where they're tied behind him, but not cutting into his skin or cutting off circulation. He shifts his feet and realizes that the ones around his ankles are attached to the legs of the chair. If he tips back far enough, he can slip the other ends off the legs and free his own legs.

He also notices the faint bulge in his pocket and realizes with a start that they didn't check what he has on him. They just cuffed him to the chair and left after securing Katsuki. Does Katsuki have his phone on him? Izuku doubts it. He hadn't brought his with him, not expecting to need it and not wanting to get it broken in case he fell in the woods, but he does have his drone...which has a tracking chip in it!

He also reaches as discretely as he can, straining his shoulders to do so and feels along the bottom hem of his shirt. It takes a second, but he finally finds it. A small discreet bit of wire he'd stashed in his shirt. Something Aizawa had said he should do and it had become habit. *"You never know when you'll need to pick a lock, problem child. A bit of good wire can go a long way."* He'd even shown him and Hitoshi how to pick locks using both lock picks and different, uncommon tools like wire.

Izuku's breathe hitches a bit at the thought of Hitoshi. Is he alright?

He hasn't seen him so hopefully they didn't take him too, but the villains attacked the camp. Izuku had smelled the fire in the woods. Did Hitoshi get hurt? What about Aizawa and Vlad? The other students? Kota? The Wild Wild Pussycats?

Izuku forces himself to take a slow breath to calm down. He can panic later. Right now, he needs to figure out a plan for him and Katsuki to get out of here and call for help. Izuku can use his drone, but it's noisy and will draw attention and they'll destroy it. So, they need to get out of the room and the building first.

Breathing, Izuku closes his eyes and listens. Somehow, they'd not noticed his hearing enhancers and he listens out. How many are there? He hears Katsuki closest, grinding his teeth as metal rubs against the wooden armrests of his chair. He can hear the one behind the bar. There's the sound of his breathing and the squeak of the cloth over glass as he cleans the cup.

He can hear voices beyond the door. One he recognizes as the masked person. Another is the burned man. One is horrifyingly familiar, Shigaraki talking as well. He can make out two female voices, one deeper than the other. He hears two other male voices, one speaking in two different voices, but with the same vocal base notes.

*"Well, we got them, though we were unable to get the brainwasher,"* the burn guys says. They wanted Hitoshi too?

*"My apologies. I was unable to locate him and once the time limit was up I decided to cut our losses,"* the masked one says.

*"That's okay, Compress. You did wonderful,"* the higher female voice says. *"Hey, Tomura-kun, can we make these two bleed please?"* she asks sweetly.

*"No,"* Shigaraki mutters. *"These two are pieces towards my goal."* Izuku frowns, recalling his words to the man. Had it really struck that much of a chord with him?

*"The green one was there the night Stain was taken. He deemed him worthy enough to save. We can't kill him,"* one of the unknown males says.

*"Well, what are we doing with them?"* burn guy demands. *"I didn't trek through the woods for nothing. What's your plan?"*

Shigaraki sighs. *"I will explain it soon enough. We need to wait for things*

*to calm down before we make any moves. No one leaves here without telling me, got it?"* Shigaraki orders.

*"Of course, darling,"* the other woman murmurs.

*"This can't go wrong! **You're not the boss of me!**"* another voice speaks twice.

Izuku opens his eyes with a huff. Why did they take them? He looks to see Katsuki is still glaring a hole in the smoke guy's head, though the man isn't reacting. Breathing slowly, Izuku throws his voice out, keeping it to a bare whisper into Katsuki's ear. "Kacchan," he murmurs and red eyes flick over to him. "Don't speak, just listen."

Katsuki's eyes turn ahead to continue glaring. "We need to get out of here. I have a way to signal for help, but first we need to get out of this room and building," Izuku explains. "How tight are your bindings? Can you get out of them on your own?" Izuku asks. The faintest shake of a head is his answer.

"Okay, okay, I can pick the locks on mine, but unless we can distract them or incapacitate them long enough for me to get you free and to bust down the door behind us, we're stuck here," Izuku says with a frown.

Katsuki shoots a glare at him for stating the obvious. "Yes, yes, I know," Izuku mutters with a roll of his eyes. He checks the guy behind the bar, but he's still focused on his glass cleaning, strange yellow eyes not even glancing at them. "I'm thinking of a plan, but until I have it all thought out, don't do anything stupid please?" Izuku asks. Katsuki doesn't answer so Izuku takes it as agreement.

To be honest, he has a way to take them down, at least for a few minutes. The problem is, he's only done it once...on Aizawa-sensei. From what he can hear, there are eight people in the bar, including the one behind the bar. That's a lot of people. The only way to make this work is if everyone is in the room with them. Thankfully, the bar's main room is fairly small so it just might work.

Izuku closes his eyes again and listens, but no one is having any conversations about their plans. He can hear humming, the sound of someone typing on a phone, the scratching of nails on skin, the same squeaking of cloth over glass, the sound of mechanical breathing... wait.

Izuku opens his eyes in surprise. It's faint, but it's there. It's coming

from this room, but all he can see is Katsuki and the smoke guy. Where...Izuku's eyes scan the room and he pauses on the TV. He can just see a faint red light blinking slowly and it takes a moment to pick out the glint of light on the lens of a webcam in the shadows. Someone is watching them...right now! The screen is off, but he's not sure if the microphone that is probably there is off.

"Kacchan," Izuku whispers again. "I think I can take them all down... at least for a few minutes. It's something I was working with Aizawa-sensei on, but...I've only done it once on one person," Izuku admits. Katsuki growls lowly under his breath. "Look, it's all I've got and it's not like I had a chance to practice it more, what with being kidnapped," Izuku reminds him. "Look, I can take them down for a short while. The problem is, we're being watched. There's a webcam on that TV and I can hear breathing coming from the speakers. If we do this, it has to be when they stop watching us otherwise they can call in help," Izuku explains.

"I need you to act as both lure and distraction. We need to draw most if not all of them into this room before I can hit them with my quirk. I can't do it because they think my quirk is contained by this muzzle. If I start talking, it will give up our plan. Do whatever you have to, to get them in this room short of making them hurt you," Izuku orders.

Katsuki sends him a withering glare. "Yes, I know, I'm not the boss of you, shut up freak, yada, yada. Get over yourself Kacchan. I'm not dying here because you don't like taking orders. If you've got a better plan, I'm all ears," Izuku hisses quietly. Katsuki is silent, shoulders tense. "That's what thought. You can yell at me later. Let's just get out of here. I'll signal when the person stops watching us."

There's an annoyed huff of breath, but Katsuki nods ever so faintly. Breathing slowly, Izuku closes his eyes, letting his head hang a bit and just listens. He hears conversations, people moving about and various other sounds. He can faintly hear the sounds of foot traffic outside the building, but more than likely they're somewhere that a lot of people don't go.

Izuku doesn't know how much time has passed when the door behind the bar opens and Shigaraki comes in by himself. He sends the two of them a look, but settles on a bar stool. "Sensei," Shigaraki says aloud.

"Yes, *Shigaraki Tomura*," a deep voice murmurs out of thin air and Izuku shivers at the sound of that voice, some inner animal part of his brain saying that this voice means trouble, more than anything he's



encountered so far.

“What are they doing?” Shigaraki asks.

*“The heroes are scrambling to cover their tails and redirect blame elsewhere while they search fruitlessly for their lost people. I doubt they will come anywhere close to finding us. I suggest you start your plan soon. I believe they are broadcasting a conference tomorrow,”* the voice says.

“Hmm,” a slow smile spreads across Shigaraki’s face. “Yes, that will do nicely,” Shigaraki murmurs.

*“I will do whatever is needed to make your goal a reality,”* the voice murmurs and then the sound of breathing cuts off. Shigaraki remains seated at the bar as the bartender fills a glass for him to drink from.

Izuku listens, but the sound of breathing is gone and if he focuses hard enough, he can’t hear the hum of electrical currents through the wires to the webcam and in fact, the blinking light has gone dark. This is the opportunity they need.

“Kacchan, he’s stopped watching us,” Izuku whispers as quietly as he can to make sure Shigaraki can’t hear them.

Katsuki doesn’t acknowledge him and Izuku waits, heart beating like a drum in his throat before Katsuki finally makes his move. “Oi,” Katsuki growls lowly and Shigaraki lowers his glass to turn and look at him. “What the fuck are you planning, you wrinkled asshole?” Katsuki yells out.

Izuku can hear the sounds in the other room stop as Katsuki’s voice carries. “I don’t think you deserve to know just yet,” Shigaraki huffs angrily back. “It’s not time yet.”

“The fuck with that! Like I fucking care what time it is? You fuckers went and attacked us, snatched us up and you expect us to be docile little lambs for the slaughter? Take these fucking cuffs off and I’ll show you how docile I can be,” Katsuki howls out.

The door opens and the burned guy steps into the room. The one in the mask follows and a third with a heavy reptilian mutation soon follows. “I see someone’s finally woken up from his nap,” the burn guy huffs out.

“Shut the fuck up, you horror movie reject,” Katsuki snarls out, straining against his cuffs.

“Now that’s just rude language,” the lower female voice murmurs and another comes in, two more behind her. Izuku can’t believe this is working. They’re all in the room. He focuses on the TV and it’s still silent.

“Shut the fuck up before I make you shut the fuck up,” the burn guy hisses and blue flames erupt from his palm.

“Dabi, don’t be mean,” a blonde teen says with a wicked grin. “Let me calm him down. Blood always calms me down,” she says, a knife appearing out of nowhere. “Do you want to bleed?” she asks, head tilting with a giggle.

“Fuck you, you dumb blonde,” Katsuki snarls. Izuku pulls the wire from his shirt with a move that makes his wrist hurt, but he ignores the pain. They’re all focusing on Katsuki which means he can focus on picking the lock. Heart in his throat, Izuku tunes them out to pick the lock as quickly as he can without being obvious about it.

“I think blondie needs a lesson on who’s in charge here,” Dabi mutters angrily advancing.

“No,” Shigaraki speaks up and they all look to him. “They just don’t understand why they were chosen. If we simply explain, they’ll come to understand why we took them and be more agreeable.” Izuku pauses to see eyes on him as well. He’s almost got the lock picked. Focus back on Katsuki!

“Who the fuck cares about that shitty Deku? He’s fucking useless,” Katsuki growls out.

“Now that’s not very nice,” the knife girl says angrily. “No one is useless,” she scolds.

They focus on Katsuki again and the cuff clicks faintly with a final twist of the wire. He checks and finds webcam is still off. “I’ll try to keep it away from you, but sorry in advance if I hit you,” Izuku whispers to Katsuki. Focusing on the room as a whole, he throws his voice out and unleashes his strongest frequency without his voice enhancer.

There’s a moment of nothing and then glass starts shattering all around them as bottles and glasses shatter under the resonating sound waves. They all panic, looking around for the source of the attack, but before they can do more than move a few feet, they start to collapse, one after the other. The smoke guy collapses almost instantly and

Izuku files that away for later contemplation.

Izuku slips the unlocked half of the handcuffs off his wrist and tips the chair back to release his legs. Ignoring the muzzle for now, Izuku focuses on the metal contraptions strapped around Katsuki's hands. "Hurry the fuck up," Katsuki hisses.

Izuku doesn't even answer, too focused on getting the strap undone and pulling it off. Katsuki reaches for the other one and Izuku turns to his legs, freeing them as well. Katsuki stands with a surge of rage. "Can you take out that door?" Izuku asks, pointing towards the door.

"With pleasure," Katsuki growls and with a single explosion, knocks the door off its hinges and into the wall of the building across the alley they're in. They start running before it finishes landing. Izuku messes with the strap of the muzzle as they run and finally gets it undone, yanking it off to pull in a deep breath.

Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out his drone and presses the top. It lights up and beeps. "Activate distress beacon for Liarbird," Izuku orders and it beeps loudly before buzzing in his hand. Izuku tucks it back into his pocket. "Let's hope Hitoshi is near his gear. We need to get somewhere crowded. I don't know how long that will keep them down. Aizawa-sensei was only down for a few minutes, but there was only him. Spreading it across a whole room will probably lessen the amount of time," Izuku huffs out as they careen onto a deserted narrow street and keep running.

"Then move your ass," Katsuki growls and picks up speed, Izuku right on his tail.

~\*~

Hitoshi sits in a chair and stares silently ahead. Parents have been coming and going for hours, taking students home that are well enough to go or demanding answers about what is wrong with those who aren't. Most of those who had been put in this makeshift recovery room have already gone home. It's just him, a few from 1-B and Iida.

Iida, having just come in from getting something from the vending machine down the hall, walks over to hand a can of coffee to Hitoshi who nods in thanks. Popping the can, he takes a swig. It's not how he usually takes his coffee, but anything is better than nothing right now. He hasn't slept since they got to the hospital, too keyed up and worried to sleep right now as his insomnia rears its ugly head. Not that he wants to sleep, not while Izuku is gone, kidnapped and having

who knows what done to him.

Iida settles next to him with a sigh. "I spoke with Midnight-sensei in the hall, but still no news," he murmurs and Hitoshi nods morosely. "How are you?" he asks softly.

"How do you think?" Hitoshi snaps angrily before forcing himself to take a slow breath. "Sorry."

"It's fine," Iida waves off. Then he frowns, head cocking to the side. "Is something beeping?" he asks and Hitoshi frowns as well, listening. There's a muffled beeping sound coming from under his seat. Leaning forward, all he sees is his duffle bag of his things and his costume case.

Reaching down, Hitoshi pulls the costume case up and hears it a little better. Snapping the clips open, he pops open the lid and the shrill beeping gets even louder, a couple of the 1-B students looking his way. Hitoshi's heart skips as he opens a compartment in the case and sees the stealth drone is blinking, vibrating and beeping shrilly.

"What's wrong with it?" Iida asks as Hitoshi realizes what he's seeing.

Snatching it and the wrist attachment next to it, Hitoshi snaps the case shut and stands in a rush. "Iida, where are our teachers?" he demands quickly.

"Um... down the hall in that conference room," Iida says and Hitoshi takes off at a dead sprint. His eyes flick along the wall, searching out for the room in question. The hospital isn't that big and they've all taken the second floor. The room in question comes into view and Hitoshi doesn't even knock, simply barges in in a panicked rush.

Heads turn quickly at his entrance. "Dad! Dad!" Hitoshi yells out breathlessly as both Shouta and Hizashi stand quickly.

"Hitoshi, what is it?" Shouta demands.

"It-it's Izuku," Hitoshi says breathlessly and holds up the drone that's still beeping. "M-Mei installed a distress beacon program that linked the drones together. It's...he had his on him when they took him. He must have activated it somehow," Hitoshi gets out in a rush.

"Show me," Shouta orders and Hitoshi nods, pressing the top button on the drone to make it hover before pressing a few buttons on the wrist screen. There's a beep and a mechanical voice calls out

'Mockingbird in distress' loudly before a map is projected on the floor.

"Where is this?" Hizashi asks, watching a blinking light move from one section of street to another before making a turn.

"Where is Mockingbird?" Hitoshi asks the drone. A few seconds later, a city name pops up.

"Kamino Ward," Nedzu murmurs.

"How quickly can we get there?" Vlad asks.

"I can get there the fastest," All Might speaks up, suddenly growing into his muscled form. "If I can take that, I can track them and extract them," he continues.

"Not without me," Shouta snaps back, already taking the wrist screen and attaching it to his wrist.

"Aizawa-san, I can do this," All Might says evenly.

"This isn't about what you can do, All Might. It's about the fact that I am getting my students back myself. You can keep arguing, or you can just agree and we can leave."

He presses a few buttons on the screen and the drone's map disappears as it lands on his hand. The screen lights up with the map. "Well?" Shouta demands.

"Very well. I assume you can hold on tight," All Might capitulates.

"Oh, I can," Shouta says grimly, gripping his capture scarf.

"We will keep acting like normal to draw a false sense of security while you search for the two. I will rally some help and send them your way as soon as possible," Nedzu says.

"Hang on," Hitoshi says quickly and tears off back out of the room to his case. Iida looks up as he reenters, but Hitoshi ignores him while he finds the small container with his communicators. Snatching them up, he races back out to see Shouta and All Might standing in the hall waiting for him. "These are my communicators. When you get close enough, they should connect automatically to Izuku's hearing enhancers," Hitoshi explains and Shouta nods, taking one out of the case to tuck it into his ear and hands the other to All Might who tucks it in as well.

“We’re going. Stay with Hizashi,” Shouta orders and Hitoshi nods, hands shaking. “I’m bringing him home, Hitoshi. I promise,” Shouta says, squeezing his shoulder before the two pros walk quickly from the hospital. Hitoshi watches through the hospital window as Shouta wraps his capture scarf around All Might and holds on as the man launches himself into the air and quickly disappears in the direction of the distress signal.

“They’ll get them, Toshi,” Hizashi murmurs from behind him and Hitoshi nods.

~\*~

Izuku curses, ducking under another grabbing body and keeps running. Apparently the one in the body suit can make multiples of himself and others because that’s the fifth one that’s tried to grab him. They’re thoroughly lost in the maze of what appears to a warehouse district.

A small explosion pops ahead and another clone turns to sludge as Katsuki snarls in anger. “Where the fuck are they?” he growls to Izuku.

“I don’t know. Just keep running,” Izuku huffs out. A figure appears at the end of the road and Izuku recognizes him. “Watch out,” he shouts as blue flames erupt from the man’s hands and stream down the road towards them. Izuku and Katsuki make a quick right only to see a dead end. “Go, I can scale it,” Izuku huffs and Katsuki nods, hands igniting as he launches himself to the top of the wall.

He turns and reaches out as Izuku take the wall at a sprint, using a corner to jump back and forth up the wall until he flings his hand up for Katsuki to grab and pull him the rest of the way up. They jump down to the other side and keep running.

Izuku’s hearing enhancers beep in his ears and he frowns, pressing the button on them. “*Liarbird connecting*” sounds in his ear before a voice comes through. “*Izuku, where are you?*” Aizawa’s voice sounds like the best thing in the world right now.

“S-sensei?” Izuku says shakily. “I...I don’t know. This part of town is a maze. Kacchan, let off a small explosion towards the sky to act as a flare,” Izuku calls out to Katsuki.

“That’ll draw them right to us,” he growls out.

“Aizawa-sensei is on close enough to connect with my communicator. Hitoshi got my signal,” Izuku explains breathlessly.

“Fuck,” Katsuki stops for a second, aims up and lets loose a blast into the air.

*“I see it. We’re on our way,”* Aizawa says.

“Who else is with you?” Izuku asks as he and Katsuki keep running, hearing steps getting closer.

*“I am here, young Midoriya,”* All Might says over the connection and Izuku could cry right now.

They come out into an open area where it looks like a building was torn down and find even more clones waiting for them as well as probably the originals. They skid to a halt, unable to go further.

“Kacchan, they’re almost here, Aizawa-sensei and All Might. We just need to keep them at bay,” Izuku whispers to him and Katsuki nods, explosions popping from his hands.

“Fucking try it, I dare you, you assholes,” he yells out.

One of the blonde clones giggles before rushing at Izuku, knife slashing at him and Izuku grabs her wrist before twisting, using her momentum to throw her over his shoulder and slam her down onto the ground. She dissolves into sludge. An explosion pops behind him and two clones burst.

*“Hang on,”* Aizawa says firmly and then something lands on the ground with a heavy slam, the ground cracking under the impact and Izuku looks to see All Might standing in a small crater, Aizawa-sensei perched on his shoulders, capture scarf wrapped around his torso.

“Oh thank gods,” Izuku whispers.

The scarf unwinds and glowing red eyes scan the group of villains before suddenly, most of them dissolve as Aizawa erases the villain’s quirk. “That’s not fair,” the villain cries out. ***“That’s so cool!”***

Shouta jumps down and positions himself in front of Izuku and Katsuki. “Stay behind me,” he orders.

“This lame hero again. I thought I beat your level already,” Shigaraki growls out, walking forward.

“Party poopers,” the blonde whines. “I just want to see them bleed, just a little bit,” she says eagerly, waving her blade around. “They’d look so pretty covered in red.”

“Kurogiri, take care of the interlopers,” Shigaraki orders.

“Yes, Shigaraki Tomura,” Kurogiri says and steps forward.

Aizawa switches his gaze to Kurogiri and he frowns. “How long can you keep from blinking, Eraserhead?” Shigaraki asks with a smirk.

Izuku throws his voice out and uses the same attack he used before on the warp user, only all of it is focused on him and the man goes down like a puppet with its strings cut. Aizawa shoots him a glance as he blinks. “He’s apparently really susceptible to sound attacks. I think it’s because of the smoke that makes up his body,” Izuku says quickly and he nods.

Shigaraki growls in annoyance. “Get up, Kurogiri,” he commands, but the man neither moves nor speaks. “You,” he mutters, turning burning red eyes on Izuku. Aizawa steps between them.

Before anyone can move, All Might suddenly moves in a blur of motion and where he leaves, bodies land on the ground. The fire guys gasps for breath, clutching his stomach in pain as the larger woman cries out shrilly. The lizard guy and the blonde girl go down with cries of pain while the body suit guy and the mask guy don’t even make a sound. Only Shigaraki is left standing.

“I will bring you all in myself,” All Might says lowly, angrily.

Before anyone can say anything, black sludge starts to appear around them and loud screeches sound out as more of those strange creatures, the Nomu, appear. “Shit, where the hell did these come from?” Aizawa snaps, his capture scarf lashing out to wrap around one and fling it into two more.

Izuku backs up to put his back to Katsuki’s. He ducks under a reaching hand and kicks out, but it doesn’t have much impact. He lashes out with a sound attack and the thing screeches and recoils. Explosions sound behind him as Katsuki takes out one.

“Kurogiri, take out All Might,” Shigaraki orders.

Izuku looks over to see the man starting to rise as the paralysis wears off. Thinking frantically, Izuku tries something stupid. Bringing up



that voice he heard in the bar, he calls out to the warp user. “*Kurogiri, send Shigaraki Tomura back to the bar,*” Izuku orders in the voice.

Izuku is too busy focusing on Kurogiri to see the way All Might stares at him in shock at the voice he just used. Kurogiri, as if that voice hit some button in his brain, nods and opens a gate under Shigaraki’s feet, the man disappearing with an angry shout before the gate closes and Kurogiri stands there, waiting for more orders.

“Well now, aren’t you a clever one,” the voice says and Izuku looks around, Katsuki, Aizawa and All Might doing so as well and watches as a tall figure walks out of the shadows of a nearby alley. “It was a mistake to underestimate you and to not realize the full extent of your quirk. It won’t happen again.”

“No,” All Might whispers in shock.

“Yes indeed, All Might,” the man says and steps out into the light of the street lamps, the light reflecting off the sharp and curved edges of some strange helmet he’s wearing.

“All Might, who is he?” Aizawa demands sharply even as he sends another Nomu flying into another one with his scarf.

“All For One,” All Might whispers.

“In the flesh...well, most of me. You did manage to deal some damage after all at our last confrontation. Of course, I returned the favor, but as you can see, it didn’t stick,” All For One says with a grandiose wave of his hands. “Now, I believe we have some unfinished business to attend to, but first,” he looks towards Kurogiri. “Kurogiri, bring Tomura back.”

Izuku goes to hit Kurogiri with another sound attack, but before he can, All For One holds up his hand and strange pulsing red threads burst from his fingertips towards Izuku. Aizawa shifts between them and they retract as Aizawa erases his quirk. Kurogiri opens a portal and Shigaraki stalks through it furiously.

“Ah, an erasure quirk. A tedious, but fascinating quirk,” All For One mutters. “Perhaps I should take it for my own. One can never have too many tools at their disposal.”

“Do not let him touch you with his quirk. He can steal quirks,” All Might warns and Aizawa nods with a wary look at the man, eyes still glowing red.

Izuku hears a soft sound and looks up to see a red feather floating down from above. “Sorry to interrupt, but you all look like you could use some help,” a voice calls out and they look up to see a new figure perched on a nearby roof.

Izuku would recognize those wings anywhere. “Hawks,” Aizawa shouts out as soon as he sees the number three hero. “Take them and get them to safety,” Aizawa orders and golden eyes zero in on Izuku and Katsuki.

“On it,” Hawks says with a jaunty salute as two red feathers zoom towards them and snag their clothes, lifting them into the air.

“Sensei,” Izuku calls out frantically.

“Go,” Aizawa orders. “The whole point of this is to get you two to safety. We can’t fight at our fullest if we have to protect you too,” Aizawa states bluntly.

“Come on baby birds. Let’s get you somewhere safe,” Hawks says as the feathers deposit them on the roof in front of him. “There’s more help on the way, Eraserhead, All Might,” Hawks calls out. “Nedzu got the word out.”

“Then go,” Aizawa shouts as the Nomu converge on them, Shigaraki rushing towards the building they’re standing on. He touches it and it starts to collapse as part of it disintegrates. Hawks wraps an arm around each of them and launches into the air with a heavy beat of his wings.

Katsuki curses up a storm, demanding to be put back so he can kick their asses. Izuku just clutches at the arm around his waist and watches as the fight grows further and further away. Distantly, he can see more figures converging on the fight, but he’s not sure if they’re friend or foe. A helicopter passes by overhead.

“They’ll be fine,” Hawks murmurs softly and Izuku realizes he’s crying. “Have a little faith in them.”

“Yeah,” Izuku whispers.

## Chapter End Notes

My reasoning for Kurogiri being so susceptible to sound based attacks: part of his quirk is from Loud Cloud, as we know (sorry if I spoiled something for someone). Clouds are made up of water

and water conducts sound waves very well. Kurogiri's body, as far as we can tell, is predominantly cloud/smoke and only that part with the metal neck brace is solid, though he can make his cloud body solid, as Loud Cloud could with his clouds. So basically, Izuku just vibrated the hell out of his body. Since there is not insulation like with human bodies (muscle, bone, fat, etc.) it hit him harder and faster than the others.

It's the same for the Nomu. Their brains are literally exposed. They're getting a direct attack to their brains and brains are like...75% water I think. I haven't looked it up, but it's a significant percentage. That's got to hurt.

I just love the image of Aizawa perched on All Might, eyes glowing red like a fucking badass.

I know in canon, Hawks was nowhere near Kamino and wasn't able to help. My own personal head canon is that he was but that the Commission sent him away. The number one and number two hero were already involved, plus the number four hero. They want Hawks to be the next number one, so they're protecting their investment in the off chance that something happens to them. That's just me though.

You know All Might nearly had a heart attack when he first heard All For One's voice coming from Izuku. XD All For one, this is why you don't have your puppets only respond to your voice. If someone can copy your voice, they can control your Nomu. Duh!

And if you think Aizawa wouldn't fucking prepare them for shit like this, think again. That man is an underground hero, has probably been in situations similar to what Izuku and Katsuki are in. You damn well better believe he would prepare his problem children for everything he can. Picking locks, using improvised tools and weapons, etc.

# Chapter 20

## Chapter Summary

The end of an era and the start of something new.

## Chapter Notes

So apparently, I can't read my chapter numbers. I thought it was 21 but it's actually 20 chapters in this fic so...here's the last chapter. I just couldn't wait to post it, so enjoy.

Everything is coming to a dramatic conclusion, but what doesn't in their lives?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They land in front of a hospital not too far from the fight and Hawks quickly escorts them into the building. He explains what happened and they get checked in and escorted up to a room with two beds. Hawks follows the whole way.

Almost as soon as they get situated, a doctor trying to look over them as a nurse helps, Izuku reaches for the remote on the side table frantically. Turning, ignoring the man asking him questions, Izuku turns on the TV, flipping through channels before he finds what he's looking for.

The helicopter that passed them is hovering over the scene of the fight and Izuku can only stare in shock at the devastation on the screen. The doctor and nurse fall silent, Katsuki coming over to his bed to stare at the screen in shock. Half a block of buildings are rubble and as they watch, another chunk collapses from an attack.

"Shit," Hawks hisses.

"Go," Katsuki growls at the hero.

"I was told to help you," Hawks mutters, but his golden eyes are narrowed.

"We're safe," Izuku says quickly. "Go help them," he demands and finally, after a long drawn out second, he nods and disappears from the room. They watch the fight unfold on the screen and not even a minute later, they see Hawks appear on the scene, darting in and out

to extract civilians from the rubble who were caught in the fight.

He and Katsuki watch silently as the other heroes are forced back, until it's just All Might and All For One fighting, the hero standing against such awesome and overwhelming power. Izuku's shaking, breath hitching as the number one hero gets pushed around like nothing.

And then one attack strikes true as the hero stands firm, planting himself in the path of the attack to protect someone, Hawks diving in to extract them, but it's too late. The camera zooms in on All Might, his emaciated form on view for all to see.

Izuku distantly hears murmurs in the hall, people shouting to turn on the TV as the whole hospital watches the fight unfolding. Izuku doesn't even realize he's crying until he feels the tears dripping onto his hand, watching All Might fight for his life.

Katsuki is screaming at the screen, shouting All Might's name angrily as the man, with one last swing of his fist with everything he has left behind it, takes down All For One for good, the villain not getting up. A sob tears from Izuku's throat as the number one hero just stands there, teetering on his feet, but keeps standing and holds up his fist.

Katsuki screams and yells break out throughout the hospital, people chanting All Might's name. Izuku can only press his hand to his mouth and sob, vision blurring with his tears as All Might's career comes to an end.

Eventually, the mayhem dies down as hospital staff goes rushing down the halls. One pokes their head into the room. "We just got word. We've got ambulances in route from the fight: heroes and civilians. It's all hands on deck," the woman informs them.

"We'll be there shortly," their doctor says and gets Katsuki into his bed as he and the nurse quickly finish their exam, inserting an IV into both their arms to give them fluids. "We have to go, but there will be someone on the floor if you need anything. Just press the call button," the doctor instructs and Izuku nods silently before they rush out to go help the incoming wounded.

Silence descends on the room. The TV is still on, the helicopter still hovering over the ruined ward as they report on the rescue efforts of the heroes still present at the scene. Izuku watches closely, but the camera doesn't show a close enough image to pick out who is who unless they have a very distinctive outfit.

An hour passes in silence. A nurse stops in to check on them before leaving. When asked, she informs them that they have started diverting patients to other hospitals, their rooms full up with injured people. She doesn't know which heroes were brought in either.

Izuku's staring out the window quietly, lost in thought, when the door abruptly opens without a knock and they both jump, turning to look and Izuku nearly collapses in relief as Aizawa walks in. He's got a nasty cut over his right brow that's bleeding heavily with a bruise turning dark on his cheek and jaw. His right arm is in a makeshift sling created by his capture scarf. He's filthy and obviously exhausted, but he looks relieved at seeing them.

"Eraser-san, you really need to be checked over," a nurse is saying behind the pro.

"I'm fine. There are people who need help right now more than me. Come back for me," Aizawa grumbles, marching into the room.

"Sensei," Izuku whispers shakily. Their teacher grabs a nearby chair with his uninjured arm and collapses into it with a groan.

The nurse huffs angrily, but follows him into the room, rummaging in the cabinets to pull out items to use. Dragging over a rolling tray, she quickly cleans the cut on his head to examine it. "You'll need stitches but I don't have the time or tools to do that," she mutters and quickly slaps on a gauze pad and taps it down. "Try not to bleed out until we can," she orders. A flashlight comes out and examines his eyes. "You've got a concussion too."

"I'm aware," Aizawa mutters, wincing at the bright light.

Deft, but gentle hands examine his arm. "This is broken and dislocated. I'll send someone to do that as soon as they're free," she says with a huff before stepping away. "Boys, make sure he doesn't fall asleep until we can get that head injury checked out," she orders.

"Yes, ma'am," Izuku says, Katsuki nodding with a huff. With that, the nurse leaves, shutting the door behind her. "What...what happened?" Izuku asks softly.

Aizawa groans, but sits up straighter. "All For One has been taken into custody, but the rest of the League managed to escape through a warp gate," Aizawa informs them.

"All Might?" Katsuki asks in a subdued voice.

“He’s being seen to in the hero ward, but he’ll live,” Aizawa informs them. “However, his days as an active hero are done.”

Katsuki growls and curses under his breath, hands fisting tightly in his lap. “Oh,” Izuku whispers. “Are...did we do this?” Izuku asks, mind whirling around everything that happened. Did they cause All Might to retire? Maybe if they’d gotten away sooner or hadn’t needed help getting away...or...

“Hey,” Aizawa snaps out harshly and Izuku looks up. “This is not your fault, either of you,” he says fiercely, dark eyes boring into theirs to make his words stick. “You didn’t cause this.”

“But...,” Izuku whispers.

“No but, problem child,” Aizawa says gently. “The fact of the matter is, All Might has been on borrowed time for a while now. This was bound to happen sooner or later. This fight just made it sooner,” Aizawa says.

“What do you mean?” Katsuki asks and Izuku remembers his talk with All Might, about the injury he took.

“A few years back, he was badly injured. To the point it limited him to how long he could do hero work. Unfortunately, that is the life of a hero. You either live long enough for your body to give out and force you to retire, or you die saving someone. It was only a matter of time before his injury forced him to retire. This is not your fault,” Aizawa says again.

“It was the villain...All For One. He said something about them fighting before and that they injured each other,” Izuku says.

“So it would seem,” Aizawa says with a sigh and slumps back in his chair. He tilts his head back against the wall with a groan.

“Sensei, don’t go to sleep,” Izuku says softly.

“I’m not going to sleep,” Aizawa mutters, one dark eye peeking open to glare at him. “I know what to do with a concussion. This isn’t my first one.”

Smiling faintly, Izuku glances over at Katsuki to see the teen staring down at his hands contemplatively, a frown marring his brow. Izuku leans back on his own bed, the last few days catching up to him and he discretely wipes at his eyes as a few tears escape.

Hitoshi is nearly vibrating with impatience as Hizashi pulls into the hospital parking garage. It's filled with vehicles, but Hizashi bypasses the lower floors and finds the section reserved for heroes and parks. Shouta had finally gotten ahold of them at the hospital where the last of the students were being cared for. They'd all watched All Might's last battle, screaming at the screens in shock and grief. He'd explained that Izuku and Bakugō had been recovered and had given them the address to the Kamino hospital they had been taken to.

Hizashi walks with him into the hospital and they find barely contained chaos as people rush about seeing to all the injured people in the fight. Hizashi pulls him off to the side of the hall as a bed is wheeled passed with someone groaning on it, doctors and nurse moving with it. "They're in room 818," Hizashi informs him softly. "Inko should be almost here. The trains aren't running so she had to come by cab and it might take a few minutes to get around the traffic and road blocks. Let Sho know I'll be up with her as soon as she arrives," Hizashi says with a fragile smile, no doubt wanting to rush up to see his husband, but needing to be there for his Izuku's mother too.

"I will," Hitoshi says, quickly hugging his dad before rushing down the hall at a fast walk, dodging around people until he finds the elevator and takes it up to the eighth floor. It's a little quieter up here, not as much chaos as nurses and doctors see to patients up here.

It's not hard to find the right room, following the signs. He soon finds his dad standing out in the hall with what looks like an officer, his arm in a cast and a bandage around his head. A dark bruise starts on his cheek and disappears under his jawline. "Dad!" Hitoshi calls out, rushing up and Shouta quickly pulls him into a hug with his good arm. His hand cradles Hitoshi's head as he just holds him. "Are you okay?" Hitoshi asks, pulling back.

"I'll be fine. Nothing Recovery Girl can't fix later," Shouta reassures him.

"Pops is waiting downstairs for Izuku's mom. She's on her way," Hitoshi explains when his dark eyes sweep the hall for Hizashi.

"Ah, of course," Shouta says with a nod. He nods towards the room behind him. "Izuku's in there. He was awake the last time I checked on him. I'll be out here if you need me," he murmurs.



“Thanks,” Hitoshi says and gives him one last hug before pulling away a little reluctantly to walk towards the door. A soft knock and he opens the door, peeking in.

Green eyes glance his way and Hitoshi feels a knot in his chest unwind as he sees his friend alive and in one piece. “Toshi,” Izuku says with a tired and wan smile.

Hitoshi steps in, shutting the door behind him. There’s a second bed that is empty. “Kacchan is talking with the police and giving his statement. I already did mine,” Izuku explains when he sees where Hitoshi is looking.

Hitoshi’s heart is beating heavily in his chest, so many emotions twisting inside: relief, anger, happiness, frustration, fear, all clamoring for attention. “Are...are you okay?” Hitoshi asks, coming closer.

“I’m okay,” Izuku whispers. “Just some scrapes and bruises, a few minor burns.”

Hitoshi nods...can feel his hands shaking slightly and just reaches out to pull him into a bone crushing hug. “You need to stop *doing* this,” Hitoshi whispers harshly, breathing ragged as Izuku clings back. “Every time I’m not there, you keep disappearing or getting in trouble.”

“I’m sorry,” Izuku whispers. “It happened so fast. I...you got my message?”

“Yeah, I got it,” Hitoshi says with a nod. “Mei saves the day again,” he says with a wet chuckle. “Gods, I was so fucking scared you wouldn’t come back,” Hitoshi admits, throat getting tight.

“I’m here, Toshi,” Izuku says firmly, pulling back a bit to stare at him, eyes wide and wet, but smiling still. “I’m not going anywhere, not without you.”

Hitoshi doesn’t even know what pushes him as he just surges forward and kisses Izuku, hands cradling his face as he breathes shakily against his mouth before he realizes what’s happening and pulls back with wide eyes. “I...,” Hitoshi’s mind blanks on what to say.

Izuku looks stunned, still staring at him with wide eyes. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have done that,” Hitoshi quickly starts to ramble, fear curdling in his gut that he just ruined everything. “I was just worked up and...and...adrenaline and...um...you can forget this happened...,”

Hitoshi stutters out, trying to pull away from his friend the longer he goes without saying anything.

He pulls up short, Izuku's hands clinched in the cloth of his shirt and not letting go. "Toshi," Izuku whispers, eyes still wide.

"I understand if you don't...um...feel that way," Hitoshi says, rubbing at the back of his head. "We can just be friends and forget this happened, so..." Hitoshi says quickly.

"I don't want to forget," Izuku says quietly and Hitoshi freezes, staring at his friend to see pink flushing his face, eyes darting down as he lets go of Hitoshi's shirt to fidget with the hospital wristband they put on him.

"Izuku," Hitoshi whispers, heart lurching a little bit as hope takes root and sees Izuku shyly peek up at him. "Can I kiss you again?" Hitoshi asks, taking a bit of a leap and Izuku nods. This time, Hitoshi goes slowly and just presses a soft kiss against his mouth, hands shaking and hovering, not sure what to do with them even as Izuku presses against the kiss a bit.

They break apart and Izuku chuckles a little, grinning even as his cheeks burn brightly. Hitoshi's sure he's grinning like a loon too. The moment is ruined when Izuku yawns widely and Hitoshi feels his own yawn respond, the last few days finally catching up with him.

Izuku grabs at his shirt and pulls him onto the bed with him. "Don't go anywhere, please," Izuku asks and Hitoshi nods, wrapping his arms around Izuku to hug him close. The bed isn't the most comfortable, but he doesn't care. Izuku is a line of warmth along his side, head pillowed on Hitoshi's chest and Hitoshi isn't moving any time soon.

He fights sleep, giddy with the fact that Izuku likes him back, but eventually sleep claims him too and he eventually succumbs to its pull. They don't wake until the next morning and ignore the disgusted glare Bakugō sends them.

~\*~

Izuku will admit, he cries when his mother comes in the next morning and hugs him. They both do. The Midoriya household is not afraid of their tears and they shed a lot of them that morning as Inko releases all her pent up stress and worry over him. She also hugs Hitoshi who ends up caught in the mess, the boy flushing, but not fighting the hug as she fusses over him as well.

After being checked over by the doctor and found well enough to be discharged, Inko takes off to do just that with Yamada and Hitoshi while Aizawa escorts Izuku and Katsuki up a few floors to the hero wing to see All Might who is awake and well enough to have visitors. Izuku cries some more when the former hero hugs them and expresses relief over their safety. Even Katsuki looks a little damp in the eye as he accepts All Might's hug.

When they return to their room, they find it crowded with not only his mother and Hitoshi, but with Mitsuki and Masaru who have finally arrived after fighting through the mess that is Kamino right now. Mitsuki instantly pulls Katsuki into a bone cracking hug, giving him her own patented angry love as she yells at him for being so reckless and worrying her so much. Katsuki endures it and Izuku notices the way his hands are clinched in her blouse.

Masaru hugs him as well and then they turn on Izuku, hugging him too and Izuku accepts the scolding as well before Mitsuki quickly turns on his mother, hugging her. Mitsuki and Masaru soon grab the doctor and once it's confirmed that Katsuki can be discharged, they head off to do that.

"Izuku, sweetheart, we're leaving now," Inko says with a happy smile.

"Okay," Izuku whispers and turns to Katsuki. "I'll see you later, Kacchan," he says softly.

"Whatever," Katsuki growls, but there's not as much venom as there used to be in it. Izuku nods and follows his mother, Hitoshi and Hizashi out.

"I'll catch a ride from Nemuri," Aizawa explains when he remains by the door. "There are still a few more things to tie up here on my end and I'm still waiting for my scans to come back before I can be discharged."

Hizashi looks torn between getting Izuku, Inko and Hitoshi home and staying with Aizawa. "I'll be fine, Zashi," Aizawa murmurs, stepping closer to press a kiss to his cheek. "Nem will keep you updated and me in line when I inevitably snap at the idiotic doctors," he murmurs.

"And you call them problem children," Hizashi shoots back, but he still smiles, if a little smaller than usual. "Call me as soon as you're on your way back."

"I will," Aizawa reassures him. "You two...try and stay out of trouble

for a few days at least,” he says to Izuku and Hitoshi. They both nod. “We’ll check up on you two later,” he adds to Inko who nods with a smile.

The group, after many farewells, leaves and heads for Hizashi’s car. Inko takes the front seat while Izuku and Hitoshi take the back. Izuku slowly slides his hand across the middle seat between them, keeping his eyes ahead and grins with a blush when he feels fingers lace with his. A quick glance shows Hitoshi is also flushed, but smiling as he looks out the window. Neither sees Hizashi’s sharp eyes taking in what’s happening in the back seat or the knowing look Inko sends the blonde.

~\*~

“I’m not allowed to leave the apartment, for protection they say,” Izuku mutters as he and Hitoshi lounge on his bed holding hands. “I’m going a bit stir crazy here.”

“Maybe we can come pick you up and you can come over to our place,” Hitoshi offers, turning to look at the other teen.

“I’d like that. Plus, you have the gym and I could really go for a run on a treadmill just to burn off some excess energy,” Izuku says with a grin before he grows serious. “Did you see the letter in the mail?” Izuku asks softly.

“About the dorms? Yeah. Dad and Pops have been running themselves ragged to get everything ready. We’re going to have to pack up most of our apartment and move it onto campus into the teacher dorms,” Hitoshi says with a sigh. “What did your mom say about them?” he asks.

Izuku shrugs. “She’s being tight lipped about it. I...I think I really scared her with what happened,” Izuku whispers. “The paper said dorms are mandatory to stay enrolled. W-what if she doesn’t want me in the dorms?” he asks, voice worried.

“I’m sure we can convince her,” Hitoshi says, nudging Izuku’s side with his elbow. “She knows how much this means to you. She won’t just take it away.”

“I hope so,” Izuku whispers.

“Hey,” Hitoshi says, changing the subject. Izuku turns his head to look at him and Hitoshi flushes a bit. “Um...once you’re able to leave...and

things calm down...would....would you like to go on a date with me?" he asks the last part quickly.

Izuku blinks and then flushes as a grin spreads across his face. "I'd like that," Izuku says and Hitoshi grins back, squeezing the hand in his happily.

"Boys, lunch is ready," Inko calls out and they get up to go eat, still grinning like loons.

**End.**

## Chapter End Notes

It's done and posted!!!!

Aw, look at my boys being so cute and such goofy teens in love. Just to clarify something, Inko, Hizashi and Shouta actually came into the room before the morning to find them sleeping all snuggled up in the hospital bed. They took lots of pictures to traumatize them later about it and there will eventually be awkward conversations from 'The Talk' and they will both die of mortification. Look forward to it. :D

Canon with All Might and All For One still happened. I honestly still haven't decided if All Might gave Mirio One For All or if he never got around to it or was waiting for a better time sort of deal. I'll figure it out later.

The next fic, 'Adding To The Flock' will start off right before they move into the dorms.

## End Notes

I'll be posting each chapter once a week for now but if I finish this sooner, I might post them faster. Look forward to the next one. :)

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